

KRS-One Lyrics

"Outta Here"

[DJ Premier samples/scratches between verses:]

[Slick Rick:] "Boogie Down was performin, hey they ain't no joke"

[KRS:] "Down with the sound called B-D-P"

[Verse 1:]

Back in the days I knew rap would never die
I used to listen to Awesome-2 on WHBI
I used to hear all kind of rap groups before sampling loops
Rappers wore bell-bottom Lee suits
Me and Kenny couldn't afford that
So we would go to the park when they was jammin' to hear rap
I used to listen till the cops broke it up
I always thought to myself "Damn, why they fucked it up?"
But never the less I was in love with the microphone
And it stayed that way until I left home
On the streets of New York, now I'm free
But with freedom comes big responsibility
I used to walk around driven by the force
I remember how large Super Rhymes was when he fell off
I used to wonder about crews that used to rock
They were large, but none of them could manage to stay on top

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Record deal and video outta here?
Mercedes Benz and Range Rover outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

[Verse 2:]

After livin' on the streets alone
Some years went by, I signed myself into a group home
I used to watch the show "I Dream of Jeannie"
And dreamt about "When will I be large like Whodini?"
But I was messin' with graffiti on the subway
And gettin' chased by the cops almost everyday
I knew it had to be a better way see
So I would go to my room, blast RUN DMC
Around 1984 I left the group home, again alone
Still dreamin' about the microphone
Gimme a chance man, I know I can rock it
But I had to worry about puttin' money in my pocket
So when I reached the shelter I met my helper DJ Scott La Rock
And we both loved hip-hop
I was takin' suckas out in the shelter system
Yeah there was rappers in the shelter but I had to diss 'em
But all along, my vision was never lost
I kept seeing all these rap groups fallin' off

Do you ever think about when you're outta here?
Fly girl and fresh gear outta here?
Five-thousand dollar love seat outta here?

No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

[Verse 3:]

While I'm battling these rival crews
Yes, BDP would stay in the street news
Some said all they wanna do is battle
They can't write a song, so their careers won't last long
Around this time I used to hang with Ced Gee
And DJ Scott La Rock used to buy gold with Eric B
I didn't meet Rakim till later with Scott
I remember we were jammin' at the rooftop
It used to irk me when these critics had opinions
Scott would say "Just keep rappin', I'll keep spinnin'"
We had a fucked up contract, but we signed it
And dropped the hip-hop album Criminal Minded
We told the critics your opinions are bull
Same time Eric B and Rakim dropped Paid in Full
Hip-hop pioneers we didn't ask to be
But right then hip-hop changed drastically
People didn't wanna hear the old rap sound
We started samplin' beats by James Brown
In the middle of doin' My Philosophy
Scott was killed and that shit got to me
But knowin' the laws of life and death
I knew his breath, was one with my breath
I had nothin' left and it was scary
So I dropped By All Means Necessary
Another hip-hop group that was a friend of me
Was a revolution crew called Public Enemy
It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back
These two albums set off consciousness in rap
But all along, I'm still lookin' around
And all I can see are these rap groups fallin' down

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Condominium and beach house outta here?
Credit cards and bank accounts outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, be we ain't goin' out!

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker, Christopher E Martin

KRS-One Lyrics

"Black Cop"

Buck buck buck-buck-buck, buck-buck buck buck!

All rude bwoy lissen up!

Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop

Stop shootin black people, we all gonna drop

You don't even get, paid a whole lot

So take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock!

Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock!

Lookin for your people when you walk down a block

Here in America you have drug spot

They get the black cop, to watch the drug spot

The black drug dealer just avoid black cop

They're killin each other on a East Coast block

Killin each other on a West Coast block

White police, don't give a care about dat

Dem want us killin each other over crack

Anyway you put it it's a black on BLACK

Black cop black cop black cop

Black cop black cop black cop

Thirty years, there were no black cops

You couldn't even run, drive round the block

Recently police trained black cop

To stand on the corner, and take gunshot

This type of warfare isn't new or a shock

It's black on black crime again nonSTOP

Black cop!! Black cop black cop

Black cop black cop black cop

"Don't be the sucker..

Don't be the sucker comin into my face..

Don't be the sucker.."

Here's what the West and the East have in common

Both have black cops in cars profilin

Hardcore kids in the West got stress

In the East we are chased by the same black beast

The black cop is the only real obstacle

Black slave turned black cop is not logical

But very psychological, haven't you heard?

It's the BLACK COP killin black kids in Johannesburg

Whassup black cop, yo, whassup?!

Your authorization says shoot your nation

You wanna uphold the law, what could you do to me?

The same law dissed the whole black community

You can't play both sides of the fence

1993 mad kids are gettin tense

Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop

Stop shootin black people we all gonna drop

You don't even get, paid a whole lot

Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock!

Take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock!

Take your uzi, put it 'pon lock!
Black cop black cop black cop
Black cop black cop black cop

"Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't.. don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't-don't
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't, don't-don't
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't!
Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that yang-yang!"

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mortal Thought"

Adjust that treble right now adjust the bass
Turn it up, stop frontin
C'mon, turn it up
Alright, check it out ninety-three lyrics, here we go
Bo!

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Are you tired of lyrical liars, passing fliers
Wannabe MC's, but really good triers
Tripping over mic cords, getting you bored
A total fraud, this kind of thing I can't afford, so I
pick up the mic and kill it ill it top bill it
The cough is a skillet, where MC's get fried in it
You got beef chill it, blood I spill it
After seven long years of ripping the party and I'm still widdit
You call my name I don't think about suing ya
I come to the club with that BOOYAKA
Laughing while I'm doin ya the crowd is booin ya
Gimme one month, record for record on tape I'll ruin ya
Some likkle awl pon sound bwoy wan fi rule de city
His style is lookin pretty beats and rhymes are dibby dibby
Here comes the rootical ratical teacha
I'll eat ya defeat ya beat ya till ya stagger and ya teeth chatter
You'll be goin through convulsions as I flash data
Any rapper can be a decapitated rapper now what's the matter
You're full of more junk than a sausage
Let me show you what a real hip-hop artist

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"]

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Of course yeah I'm the most brilliant recording artist in your life
Never have to repeat a rhyme style twice, precise
In a lyrical drought like water to your lips oh yes my lyrics will suffice

I'm nice, like beans and rice, I am delicious
Who's the freshest lyricist on the mic, you don't want to fuck with Kris is
Lyric for lyric rhyme for rhyme style for style I break you like dishes
Either you come fully correct or the lyrics you simply makin wishes
We got no time for fake black leaders and dreamers blowin wishes
you're a fraud, I mean a fraud like in fraudulation
I know what it is, the crown of rhyme supremacy you're tastin
And yes, before the flavor hits your greedy tongue
You get ripped up by KRS-One
Now, lyrics, somebody want lyrics, from the lyrical terrorist
Here's a little somethin for you all to remember Kris, and remember this
I am no pessimist, more of an optimist
Activist revolutionist, yes the hardest artist
And the smartest, Premier, spark this

[Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"]

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The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
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Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Christ Martin

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Can't Wake Up"

[Intro]

What I want you to do is count to ten.
Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two
On one, you will be asleep - one

[Chorus]

I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up

[KRS-One]

I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt
I'm runnin around and I just can't wake up, hah!
I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt, ho!
I'm walkin around and I just can't wake up

[Verse 1]

I'm tryin to wake up, I can't wake up
So I run and jump, someone yelled, "Get that blunt!"
Get that blunt - now I'm thinking this is major
I've got a bunch of people chasin me with a razor?!
I don't like this dream as a blunt
But I can't get out of it and I can't seem to wake up
So I'm runnin and racin, blunt smokers are chasin
This is insane, I'm caught by House of Pain
I'm picked up, they said they gonna (Put My Head Out)
They slit my back and all the tobacco fell out
Now I'm hollowed wet thin and yes ready
They poured the shumpang gently and re-wet me
I'm in the mouth yo, I can't wake up
Yo I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Check it out now, in the same attire here comes the fire
OW they lit it, now I'm burnin by the minute
But check it out, more heads came to chill
Everlast took a pull and passed me to Cypress Hill
Cypress Hill took a pull, lungs are full
Who's next? I'm bein passed to Das EFX
As they took a mad pull, smoke blows in heaps
It's really smoky but I can still see Black Sheep
Whoa! Black Sheep gets me, relights me
Room is proper, now I'm passed off to Shabba
Shabba's voice gets low like a tuba
He said, "Me no folllow no rumor" and passed me to Grand Puba
I wasn't burnin right so Puba got mad at me
And said, "Who rolled this?" and passed it to Kid Capri

Kid Capri said, "I won't front!"
Pass it to Redman, he knows how to roll a blunt"
Redman said, "No need to re-roll"
He hit, relit it, and passed me to De La Soul
De La Soul took a hit and kept hittin
Now they're buggin cause they passed me to Bill Clinton
Bill Clinton said, "I'll smoke but I won't inhale
I'll only hit it twice," he got slapped by Greg Nice
Now I fell on the floor, Greg Nice picked me up
I'm bein smoked and I can't wake up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Get me out of this, somebody wake me up
I'm still on fire and I'm still bein smoked up
half my body is gone, now they're comin to my head
Now my head is being pinched by Teddy Ted
A crazy nightmare I got to go
I got to wake up and I'm passed off to Yo-Yo
Yo-Yo gets respect as a lady
She didn't smoke, she passed me to Showbiz & A.G.
A.G. said, "Respect due seen"
He got one big pull and passed me to Smooth B
Smooth B, although he's talking to Teddy
Took a hit and passed me to Fab 5 Freddy
Freddy said, "Yo! There's nothing left pop"
Looked at me in my face and passed me to Chubb Rock
Chubb Rock said, "Yo Freddy chill!
If you ever catch me smoking, just kick me in the grill"

[Chorus]

I'M DREAMIN!!!

Writer(s): Christopher E Martin, Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Slap Them Up"

(feat. Ill Will)

[D.J. Premier]

Tellin' it like it is, right about now D.J. Premier is in the motherfuckin' house and shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? But yo, yo Kris, run that shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? That, that shit, my joint. Run that motherfucker...it's only right kid...

[KRS-One]

(Do it, do it, do it...)

Drop that bassline...

You want lyrics? We give ya lyrics. Check it out now, one time...

(Do it, do it, do it...)

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!

Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!

Ill Will, slap dem up

[Ill Will]

MC's get ate, get broken like a pretzel
and get dissed if they ever try to step to
They can't take a MC with loose lips
Talk a lotta shit (but sink no motherfuckin' ships)
Lyrics make bigger holes than hollow tips
Watch another rapper body get stiff
Just like in church, we pass the basket
as I preach over his casket
Fuck it, kick the body right over
and say "See ya, hmm...nice to know ya"
Got another rapper to see
Yo Kris, bust that ass (certainly)

[KRS-One]

If you're shiverin' get off the pot
Let the original rapper rock the spot
You stand there and jock, goin' (mumbles)
This is absolutely ludicrous, what can you do to Kris
Chattin' foolishness, step along quick with that stupidity
It's me rippin' this for self, where else ya lookin'?
I got more rhymes than all the Jamaicans in Brooklyn
So beat it or be seated, Gee I'm mad undefeated
Young boy, you can't see me, run along and make pee-pee
I was rockin' rhymes when "La-Di-Da-Di" was a demo
Admit you been on my tip for years and just can't seem to let go
Go, go call your mother, tell her you wanna battle KRS quick
I bet the minute you get home you'll get your ass whipped
Crazy ill mad styles is what I give'em

Not a run-of-the-mill'em, I drill'em, I got ridiculous rhythm
None of my styles you can get with'em
Still um, will um, your crew come get some so I can kill'em

[Ill Will]

Well I roll by myself but don't let it fool ya
If I got beef my crew'll damn step to ya
We don't play no games, I'll come straight to your rest
Lift up your shirt and blast you in your chest
(Well that was fresh)

[KRS-One]

A fad doesn't fill the bill, but mad skills will
Don't let me have to kill you kid, god forbid still
Greed will lead your need to succeed
but your speed, your speech
Your outreach is a breach of what I teach
For lyrical styles you're a leech
If I was Spanish I'd say, ("You lie like a beech")
Wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow...
Wow, for a amateur you really looked hard
But you're really a bitch, when you get it together
call me, here's my card
Check the list: you lack breath control, mental behaviour
Lyrical talent, imagination and flavour
I got no time for amateur rhyme, you could be hurt
Thinkin' you're hard because you wear a gangsta T-Shirt
I'll smash your wanna-be ass in the deep dirt
Black, you'll come up dizzy sayin' "How da fuck he do dat?"
'cause you're yappin' like you can't be reached
If your name ain't Arrested Development, well save your speech
Time to ill, I got mad skills to fill
Not a fake, I got more styles than Drake's got Tasty Cakes
Gotta be the best Gee, don't try to test me
You'll get jacked son, even if your name is not Jesse
Let's be up front when I meet ya
Peace, uh, I'm the motherfuckin' teacher

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up, up, up, up, up...

(Do it, do it, do it...) *[x2]*

Yo...South Bronx, South South Bronx
South Bronx, South South...yo, Uptown
Brooklyn's in the house, lemme tell ya 'bout Staten Island
What about...Queens?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Sound Of Da Police"

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
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That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!

Stand clear! Don man a-talk
You can't stand where I stand, you can't walk where I walk
Watch out! We run New York
Police man come, we bust him out the park
I know this for a fact, you don't like how I act
You claim I'm sellin' crack
But you be doin' that
I'd rather say "see ya"
Cause I would never be ya
Be a officer? You WICKED overseer!
Ya hotshot, wanna get props and be a saviour
First show a little respect, change your behavior
Change your attitude, change your plan
There could never really be justice on stolen land
Are you really for peace and equality?
Or when my car is hooked up, you know you wanna follow me
Your laws are minimal
Cause you won't even think about lookin' at the real criminal
This has got to cease
Cause we be getting HYPED to the sound of da police!

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!

Now here's a likkle truth
Open up your eye

While you're checking out the boom-bap, check the exercise
Take the word "overseer," like a sample
Repeat it very quickly in a crew for example
Overseer
Overseer
Overseer
Overseer
Officer, Officer, Officer, Officer!
Yeah, officer from overseer
You need a little clarity?
Check the similarity!
The overseer rode around the plantation
The officer is off patrolling all the nation
The overseer could stop you what you're doing
The officer will pull you over just when he's pursuing
The overseer had the right to get ill
And if you fought back, the overseer had the right to kill
The officer has the right to arrest
And if you fight back they put a hole in your chest!
(Woop!) They both ride horses
After 400 years, I've _got_ no choices!
The police them have a little gun
So when I'm on the streets, I walk around with a bigger one
(Woop-woop!) I hear it all day
Just so they can run the light and be upon their way

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
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That's the sound of the beast!

Check out the message in a rough stylee
The real criminals are the C-O-P
You check for undercover and the one PD
But just a mere Black man, them want check me
Them check out me car for it shine like the sun
But them jealous or them vexed cause them can't afford one
Black people still slaves up til today
But the Black police officer nah see it that way
Him want a salary
Him want it
So he put on a badge and kill people for it
My grandfather had to deal with the cops
My great-grandfather dealt with the cops
My GREAT grandfather had to deal with the cops
And then my great, great, great, great... when it's gonna stop?!

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
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Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Maurice Lemay, Bryan James Chandler, Allan Lomax, Eric Victor Burdon

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Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Maurice Lemay, Bryan James Chandler, Allan Lomax, Eric Victor Burdon

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mad Crew"

[Intro:]

So in the clubs I get (mad)
On the mic I get (mad)
On the beats I get (mad)
Yo,

[Chorus:]

I got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm wit the
I be chillin' wit the
I'm rollin' wit the

[Verse 1:]

See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this
Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris
They watchin' too much television and they rocka
This ain't the TV show "Taxi," and I ain't Lotka
I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me
Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me
But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin' NOTHIN'
You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or "Productions"
I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets, believe me
Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee
You're rated PG
Again I win when I begin
I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend
I don't bend
I ravage and damage
I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses
Hot flashes, your style's with trash's
Stay out of my classes, PUNK
Stay out of my classes - yo

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star
I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar
So here's a quick freestyle to my target:
My core audience, (fuck) the rest of the market!
'Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it
Then break your legs if you try to chart it
I got heart, it
Doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it
Some MCs can't rock for five minutes
Sorry, that's not the way to approach me
Use caution
I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often
You probably don't know this:

I give birth to MCs
And I also give abortions
I'll do a number to your body structure
You look like supper
And I'm that _hungry_ motherfucker!
You don't wanna be on the menu!
I'll end you, twist you up and bend you
Like Gestapo
Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco
No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow
That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem challenge trouble
Me are number one of me there is no double!
And you don't want no trouble
'Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Check

Me comin' on quick, me cominadance, now me a sing
KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting
Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one
All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up
We have the champion belt and lyrical cup
Any DJ they want my title filled, no way now man step up
But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up
This ain't no game upon the mic
Me bring the noise to you like Chuck

[Chorus]

Kid Capri got the
Gang Starr got the
Ill Will got the
Flavor Unit got the

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Uh Oh"

[Chorus:]

You ain't that tough ya
Choose the right friends
You ain't that tough now
Don't make your life end

You walk around the town like you a big man
But you never know now that there's always a bigger man
You sling the M-16 and flash the M-1
But you don't know what you're doing never learned to handle one
But true! All you friend thinking you a gangster
While your mother tried to warn you from certain danger
So when you in your room you playing with your Mac-10
Fully loaded automatic, just you and a friend
You posing aw dey mirror like you a gangster clown
But the Mac-10 go off and you friend go down

Uh oh! What you gonna do now?
Uh oh! They gonna blame you somehow
Uh oh! Tell me what you gonna say
Uh oh! Look, they cutting you away

Your father telling you "Now son just go to school
Don't go acting like a fool and don't go acting too cool"
You get to the school and meet up with the right bunch
Just a group of kids with no names taking people lunch
You join the click because you wanna meet some girls
And you want a little prestige in you little school world
One day you're walking with your crew along the road
And a member of your crew pull out a gun and unload
He shoot a parked car and all you run far
You and your friends laughing like you a superstar
And you get home and you thinking it was fresh
And a cop meet you there with a warrant for your arrest
Them ask, "Who shot the gut why you walking down the street
Didn't you see the little boy there in the back seat sleep?
Now the boy dead we want to know from you
Who shot the car up, are we gonna take you?"

Uh oh! Now what you gonna do now?
Uh oh! Boy, them gonna blame you
Uh oh! Now tell me what you gonna say
Uh oh! Look, they cutting you away

[Chorus]

White kids! You living in the whitest part of town
You are a white kid but you know you hang around
So you and your friends thinking that you are all of that
When you see a youth walk by and yes the youth is black

One kid say "Hey, what you doing on the block
We don't want no niggers here unless he is a cop"
So the kid pull out a big baseball bat
And them him slap with the bat because the kid is black
Now then the kid fell down but still alive
So he reach in his pants and pull out a four-five
Pop! One friend drop and everyone run
Out of all the white kids now you the only one
You start cry, cause now you gonna die
And it's all because what your friends did to this guy

Uh oh! What you gonna do now?
Uh oh! He gonna blame you somehow
Uh oh! What you think you gonna say?
Uh oh! Now them cutting you away

Check!

[Chorus x2]

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Brown Skin Woman"

(feat. Kid Capri)

[Kid Capri]

Aiyyo Kris, yo yo yo!
That was fresh, come with that next shit

Uhh! Fat fat fat fat beats!..
How refreshing is it really?
How refreshing is it really?!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Whoo!..
Big shout out to Philly in the house
G. Simone, you know you're not alone
KRS-One on the micraphone
Now we gonna come down ruffneck like this now seen?
Mad Lion hold tight

[Chorus:]

Brown skin woman, you a queen, not a HOE
Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO
Brown skin woman you a queen and not a HOE
Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO

[Verse 1:]

We don't come with disrespect, we come with intellect
If you come with disrespect you get a rope around your neck
Some people don't expect me, to be so violent
But me NAH violent, just myself I protect
Too many time I see, young gwal pickadee
Pay five ten twenty thirty dollar to see
some rapper some singer some [?] celebrity
Talk bout they wan fi sex up and fill up you body
But them NAH talk about peelin off some money
for the pumpin onna bed, when you haf the baby
Whattaya think can happen next? After you're done havin sex?
Too much of ignorance, not enough intellence
Mahn me NOT against sex, but too many DJ
talk sex but them not talk about the next day
Cause the next day them gone, and you sit alone
Got em soup up your mic, pon de micraphone

[Chorus: w/ minor variations]

[Verse 2:]

Brown skin gwal them can't diss yo
Cause you run the show-ow-ow!
Them call you all type of bimbo
But you know you're not a hoe-oe-oe!
Bwoy pickade, check out your history
Brown man is a God in any ci-ty
White, man knew dat, and dat was a shock
So dem whip up your bod', and dem whippin not stop

But dem NAH can't stop us wit de whip and de chain
So dem take away your history, erase your name
STILL, with no name, with no fight, with no fuss
We just, take on the name, that MASSA give us
That name is NI-GGA, the correct is NE-GRO
It's spa-nish for BLACK, white mahn call us DAT
There is also NE-GROID, also NE-GRO
Now, all nigga pon the corner playin cee-lo
Man you're not a ne-gro, cause you're skin is not black
Take a look at yourself, you're brown and that's a fact
You not jump from no tree, you not live in no cave
That's some GARBAGE dem print, dem want you to behave!
You a African man, some say Asian
You must respect your love, all brown skin 'oman!
If you diss your 'oman, you not come wit no plan
So shut up your mowf, til you must understand!

[Chorus: w/ minor variations]

[Outro:]

I know you want me to call you a nigga.. NO!
I know you want me to call you a hoe.. NO!
I know you want me to call you a bitch.. NO!
This is how it go!

[Kid Capri]

Yes Kris, you're large!
Another fat production by the KIIIIID Capri
Big shouts to the engineer Naughty
Big shouts to Luca, and we OUTTTTTTTTA here!

Peeeeeeeeeeace!

Writer(s): David Love, Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Return Of The Boom Bap"

[Intro]

Boom Bap Original Rap

Boom Bap Original Rap

See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!) [x4]

[Verse 1]

Now bad boy squad and bad boy crew
everything I do, I do jus for you
another silly sucker wants the champion belt
but like a microwave these days I make em melt
Return Of The Boom Bap means jus that
it means return of the real hard beats and real rap
the ladies in the place like it jus like that
I'm a around the way gay with a baseball cap
you know my style, you know my name
I'm chillin at the top, but I'm still the same
I never crossed over, never went pop
you know Krs will give you real hip hop so..

[Chorus]

See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!) [x4]

[Verse 2]

People always callin me a top celebrity
cuz when I'm on the mic
I like to speak freely
You hear me chattin lyric but I'm not an MC
A one poetic member of the crew B.D.P.
I looked around the nation but I simply couldn't find
another entertainer wit a rhyme like mine
I pick up the mic and I tear up the phone
At this point in the party I should be left alone
but uh-oh uh-oh Ive come to show
a brand new flow
Is the flow wack? NO!
listen to the pro
come to the show in a b-boy stance..bogle in the dance
bogle and a bogle and a bogle in the party
Here's a likkle stylee, come an wake up everybody
Boom Bap original rap
Boom Bap, Boom Bap original rap
Refreshin when you hear it hard rap is all that so...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance
bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance

bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
On and on to the PM Dawn
I buck two shots and you squad is gone
you add a little street in your R-a-p
but never do you wanna challenge B.D.P.
cuz smashin up a crew, one-two is the least
when a sucka wants ta battle that just gets me geesed
I never backed down from to an MC feud
never on stage KRS got booed
stayed hardcore never changed my attitude
I got the hip hop juice for the hip hop food
I eat when I drink, an I drink when I eat
when I speak, what I speak
what I speak is not weak
now Boogie-down, boogie down, boogie down produc
wit the buck buck buck buck buck buck BUCK!
Throw ya hands high in the sky
wave em around, cuz I get down
down to the nitty, to the nitty, to the gritty
peace to all the hardcore kids in the city so....

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

Fresh for 1993 you S U C K A S!!!!!!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"P" Is Still Free

Awww yeah! All ruffneck rudebwoy hold tight
Just a little somethin for the Jeep
Turn my voice up a little bit and let's get this started
Comin to you live and direct from the 1986 version
Comin up to 1993
Of course, Premier on the beat
Now check it out

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

Ridin one day in a '92 Beamer
After seven years I seen Denise she still a skeezer
But look what she did, she went and had a kid - no dad
And just released her ass out the rehab
You think she'd act like she don't know
She's still a hoe, but umm check my man for the show
"Hiiii, DJ K-R-S"
She tried to shake her butt, I rolled my window up!
She got pissed and said, "You ain't all that!"
And went and got some other girl schemin for crack
In my car, I couldn't hear what they spoke about
I hit the ac-celerator and I was out!
I never check my man but I knew the plan
Come to the jam MC's in there be thinkin they Superman
Sure enough, the place is packed with no breeze
Crazy girls - and wall to wall MC's
I'm like a cat these MC's are Fancy Feast
I'm thinkin of rhymes but I'm interrupted by Denise
She said, "Kris I really need a favor honey
My girlfriend here really needs some quick money!"
I looked at her girlfriend and her girlfriend was fly
But I ain't stupid, she had that LOOK in her eye
I touched her back, she said, "Denise has he got the crack?
Is he the one? I gotta run back and feed my son"
I said, "How old is your son?" She said, "Three months"
I walked away but my man cold bust her fronts
So she pulled out a gun and shot him in the party
Except for the MC's, I knew EVERYBODY
She tried to let off a shot, one more time
But got stomped so bad, she turned to wine
No one could find Denise for several weeks
You know the time, on this '93 beat

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

I knew a group that had a dope lead singer
Swinger, single guy, that knew his style was fly
After the show he was tired sweaty and kinda sloppy

But of course, a million girls are in the lobby!
He saw a group of girls hangin out and lookin good
So he took one to his room because he knew he could
Inside the room he said, "Make love to me and never stop"
She said, "Sure, but how's about a crack rock?"
I knew my man down the hall had it all
So he called, down the hall, but homeboy wasn't there at all
He turned to the girl and said, "My man ain't there"
So she let down her hair, unzipped his pants down right there
Oral sex in effect, or rather deep throat
But just before he came she bit his dick and slit his throat
As he fell back dizzy, he began to choke
She took his wallet and said, "You ain't broke!"

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Oh yeahhh!"]

Yes Premier you know you rule hip-hop, an'
yes Ced Gee you know you run hip-hop, an'
yes Kenny bwoy you run hip-hop, an'
but KRS-One'll rock it non-stop!
When I'm Brooklyn, we rulin HIP-HOP!
When I'm in Jersey, we runnin hip-hop
Over in Brazil yes we rulin HIP-HOP!
Over in Germany we rulin hip-hop
But in New York, we rulin y'all tonight badda-bye-bye-bye
In New York, we rulin y'all to-NIGHT!
We come to rock you whether you black or you white
Cause KRS-One, you know I'm never frank, come catch the style

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Boogie Down Productions"]

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stop Frontin'"

(feat. Kid Capri)

[KRS-One]

Bo! Boom bye bye, hip-hop will never die
Despite the fact that I'm fly I'm never dry
You could beat me, cheat me, when you meet me try to defeat me
But nevertheless you'll have stress, cause I don't rest
You wanna know what my problem is, if you're curious??
I take this hip-hop shit too serious!!
I forget that other rappers ain't true to this
So when they grab the mic I get hyped like LET'S DO THIS!!
All my rhymes are fat, while rappers are skimpy, wimpy
So I simply chew they crew like a Blimpie
Skip me when you dissin, skip me when you on a ego mission..
I blow up, like nitroglycerin!
You better tune in to Teddy Ted
"Yo stop frontin', and use your head"

[KRS-One]

Well if you ain't called it hip-hop, there's a door, I ain't stoppin
I got more flavors than Baskin Robbins!
I flash the funky fresh flavors force-fully
Freak the phonies and flip philosophy constantly (true!)
That reminds me, rappers rock drip-drop
Not hip-hop, they wanna SING and all dem ting
Thank God KRS is still rappin; all that "ooh I love you baby"
and "blink blink blink" - this ain't happenin

[Kid Capri]

Yo this is curtains for these rappers that be frontin on the next man
Lookin down at brothers just because they gettin checks and
haven't got a skill but they're LARGE on the hum-bum
You wanna step to Kid Capri, COME COME COME!!
I break em up, just for actin like a superstar
Around the way, we got a neighborhood trooper car
We ride by, and spray your crew, and your honies too
And rip you open and drink your blood like a Mountain Dew

[KRS-One]

I descend to lend a friend a helping hand
to stop a trend, again and again and again, I just can't say when
I beg to confess my sins to other men
Reverends guard lips, within there I'll begin
I'll always win, over-sakin
The party is ripped, without a hit or with a hit I'm rippin shit
You must admit, I'll never quit the lyrics I flip
I'm tough like licorice, battlin Kid Capri? It's ridiculous
We come to the party inconspicuous..

Writer(s): Love David A, Parker Lawrence Krsone, Bernier Buddy, Simon Nat, Lilso M

KRS-One Lyrics

"Higher Level"

[Verse 1:]

After seven years of rockin'
How do you rate me?
Poorly or greatly?
Everybody seems to be goin' for their's lately
Yo mad heads be needin' money
So listen very close as I conduct this little study
See it's, funny to me, you can watch TV
And give up your life trying to be all you can be
In the Army
Not knowin' your history
You either fight and die or come back home in misery
Yo get with me, I deal with reality
Loosen your mind to the truth, and don't get mad at me
No politican can give you peace
If you trust Jesus, why do you vote for a beast?
Emancipation is long over due
So overcome procrastination
Because freedom is within you
For some reason we think we're free
So we'll never be
Because we haven't recognized slavery
You're still a slave, look at how you behave
Debatin' on where and when and how and what Massa gave
You wanna know how we screwed up from the beginning?
We accepted our opressor's religion
So in the case of slavery it ain't hard
Because it's right in the eyes of THEIR God
Where is our God, the God that represents us?
The God that looks like me, the God that I can trust?
A God of peace and love, not mass hysteria
I don't want a God that blesses America
I could never really vote for the devil
Let me take you to a higher level...

[Verse 2:]

Title, take the title from the Bible we can get there
Rip the title from off the front of the Bible, God don't live there
Too many inconsistencies, too many mysteries
Picture the Pope and the Vatican, laughing and drinking and singing and
Kissing me
I stand with God whether I'm paid or whether I'm cryin' broke
I like to ask these politicians would Jesus vote?
The way we view God is a freakin' shame
Church is to blame
We trust God, but bomb Hussein
We simply lovin' the scripture
Same scripture that whipped 'cha
Sooner it'll hit 'cha
Religion's gettin' richer

With that European version of Christ made into a picture
Our society's gettin' sicker, and sicker, and sicker...
Like liquor, we are God-Intoxicated
Not to the true God, but the one the government created
The same governments tellin' people to vote
I pray to God because the people have lost hope
You either vote for the mumps or the measels
Whether you vote for the lesser of two evils, you vote for evil
Politics and God are not equal
But the education if you don't guard, is really lethal
People have more respect for a holy book
Than they do for a cow on a meat hook
Believers of Jesus be denouncing Satan on every level
But every Halloween they're dressin' like devils
I pray to you for the light you might give them
Mother make them know that you're livin' with them
You begin them and end them in silence
Frankly, if they knew you, they would understand violence
I pray to you for the Pope and the Vatican
Have mercy Mother, cause I know that you're mad at them
The White Jesus deceived us awhile ago
And Pope Julius the Second paid Michaelangelo
I know this happened in 1519 yet
This is the image we can't seem to forget
Vote for God, don't vote for the Devil
Let me take you to a higher level...

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker

A close-up, high-contrast portrait of KRS One. The image is dominated by warm, orange, and red tones. His face is the central focus, with his eyes looking slightly to the right. His hair is dark and curly, visible at the top and right edges. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of his skin and the intensity of his gaze.

KRS ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Rappaz R. N. Dainja"

[Verse 1:]

Blastmaster Kris I don't talk ish
Expand your consciousness and dismiss foolishness
No one is new to this or new to Kris
In hip-hop's atomic structure, I am the nucleus
That is the center of the group we/us
they/them/you, every squad every massive every crew
Dental floss is lost when a true rapper jumps off
The cash is incidental but not mental distract you off course
The style that I am kickin is like chicken
It will be bitten, rewritten, then performed for a \$25 admission
Reviewed in The Source
You will listen then find somethin missin of course... it's skills
That's what you're fishin for, it's lost
I'm gettin too explicit, the track jingles
I won't do a wack album then remix it for my single
Kickin rhymes til I wrinkle, and my brown eyes twinkle
God called hip-hop for the nine-cinco

[Verse 2:]

Tasty like a souffle french croissant on Tuesday
Rappers be boo-tay
Goo-fy that's how they crew stay
Bitin whatever you say to boost they ego
We know the steelo, your whole character is foul
Makes me want to shoot a free throw, BLAOWW
From the git go, no, get go, my flow hits low
Wherever all the dope shit go, there's where my shit go
Bee-dee-bee-bo, skank, I think
Self with ya groups everyone else and the bank
Others like to bring the shottie to the party
I bring knowledge of self, you cure the mind, you cure the body
Some rappers like to come to the party, hopin to leave with somebody
check, I come with skills and I leave with your motherfuckin respect
Ahh yeah... so check, UH!

[Verse 3:]

New types of verbal hip-hop I bring
When you know you can sing BOY you know you can sing
I do not clutter up the airwaves, with stacks of useless facts
MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks
Freak that, I'll snap your back as it cracks
you will experience, loss or lack of balance
Stop the violence, fry from week to week like an allowance
All of you are cowards hiding behind the mask of MC
I remember, thinkin back to eighty-three
No video, no you had to be a real live MC
Now you younguns grow up buggin, any new jock you're huggin
weak production, let me tell you somethin
Any MC can battle for glory

But to kick a dope rhyme to wake up your people's another story
Act like you never saw me
Cause when it comes to lyrics, I'm in a different category

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E, Best Anthony, Pastorius John, Credle Omar Gerryl

KRS-One Lyrics

"De Automatic"

(feat. Fat Joe)

Some fear de 'matic
Ah hah hah, heh heh heh, EHHH
Check it out

Some fear de 'matic, yes de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Crazy MC's waste they time chasin millions
While KRS-One, holds the minds of the children
I'm buildin a followin of a hundred and forty-four thousand
Chosen few heads up in project housin
A true rapper, street rapper, rappin to the center
I enter any cipher, with tales of adventure
If rappers are ridin beats like cars, I'm bendin mad fenders
Put down your mic and surrender
Youse a pretender, Blastmaster KRS rules the pavement
Kickin Edutainment while you wait for your arraignment
Save it friend before your chest I cave it in
I got my way again, I'm classical like a fuckin Harley Davidson
How do you think I kick a lyrical style no and you figure
It's simple, I'm a rap God, and youse a nigga
Don't mean I'm bigger, it simply means I'm smarter
For starters, I come at you poetically harder

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Ha hah, fake ass rapper, how you think you got juice?
When you rock a pair of panties underneath your bubblegoose
(Word) KRS-One will fuck up parties dramatically
My reflex'll slap a wack rapper automatically
When you was home witcha mother, afraid of the dark
I was sleepin out in Prospect Park
Eatin one meal every 48 hours
Writin dope rhyme styles that you now devour
Don't you realize, that I'm all about survival
I got only friends cause I KILLED all my rivals
Show up at the rhyme recitals, took they titles
From eighty-six to ninety-six completes my first cycle

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

I spent 40 days, and 40 nights in the wilderness
I'm hard, from head to toe yo there ain't no killin this
I wrote over 100 rap hooks
and sociological books, while you worried about your looks
Now you wanna enter the dragon in sound
But I've got the live club show locked down
Platinum and gold don't hold in my arena
You gots to keep it real on the mic, when they see ya
I manifest, in the West the East and overseas
The vision in rap is wack, and I don't know of these
I represent New York to be specific
The South Bronx, but in Japan I'm still gifted
I grab a jet and land on your set, what the fuck?
Twenty bucks for a rap show is still, twenty bucks
I start from eighty-six, and bring you into ninety-six
No gimmicks, tricks or lip-sync lyrics

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

[Fat Joe]

Yeah yeah it's the God Fat Joe
Representin the motherfuckin South Bronx
With my nigga Kris, knockin off frauds
Motherfuckers wanna do what?
Big shout out to my nigga Kenny Parker
Ill Will, BDP crew for life nigga
Naughty Gotto, the Big French productions
Of course the TAT crew, my nigga Brim
The T.S. crew, and the whole Godsville
South Bronx represent nigga, uhh

The South Bronx, the South South Bronx
South Bronx, the South South Bronx
Yeah! Uhh!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"MC's Act Like They Don't Know"

[Intro]

Clap your hands everybody, if you got what it takes
Cos I'm KRS and I'm on the mic, and Premier's on The Breaks

[Verse 1]

If you don't know me by now I doubt you'll ever know me
I never won a Grammy, I won't win a Tony
But I'm not the only MC keepin' it real
When I grab the mic to smash a rapper, girls go "IIIIII!"
Check the time as I rhyme, it's 1995
Whenever I arrive the party gets liver
Flow with the master rhymer, that's to leave behind
The video rapper, you know, the chart climber
Clapper, down goes another rapper
Onto another matter, punch up the data, Blastmaster
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody
Call up KRS, I'm guaranteed to rip a party
Flat top, braids, bald heads or natty dread
There once was a story about a man named Jed
But now Jed is dead, all his kids instead
Want to kick rhymes off the top of they head
Word, what go around come around I figure
Now we got white kids callin' themselves niggas
The tables turned as the crosses burned
Remember You Must Learn
About the styles I flip and how wild I get
I go on like a space age rocket ship
You could be a mack, a pimp, hustler or player
But make sure live you is a dope rhyme sayers

[Verse 2]

This is what you waited all year for
The hardcore, that's what KRS is here for
Big up Grand Wizard Theodore, gettin' ill
If you see then ya saw I'm in your grill with mad skill
MC's can only battle with rhymes that got punchlines
Let's battle to see who headlines
Instead of flow for flow let's go show for show
Toe for toe, yo, you better act like you know
Too many MC's take that word 'emcee' lightly
They can't Move a Crowd, not even slightly
It might be the fact that they express wackness
Let me show ya whose ass is the blackest
I flip a script a little bit, you ride the tip and shit
Too sick to get with it, admit you bit, your style is counterfeit
Now tone it down a bit
My title you will never get, I'm too intelligent
I'll send your family my sentiments, my style is toxic
When I rock and shock and hip hop it unlock your head, I knock it
It split quick from the lyric

Direct hit, perfect fit, you can't get with it

[Verse 3]

Some MC's don't like the KRS but they must respect him
Cos they know this kid gets all up in they rectum
Slappin' and selectin' em, checkin' em, disrespectin' em
Just deckin' em, deckin' em, deck-in' em
Who in their right mind can mimic a style like mine?
I design rhyme and get mine all the time
MC's standin' on the sidelines, always dissin'
When I roll up and rush their crew they start bitchin'
I don't burn, I don't freeze, yet some MC's
Believe they could tangle with the likes of these
Cross your t's and dot your i's whenever I arrive
Wide, magnified, live like the ocean tide
You dope, you lied, I reside like artefacts
On the wrong side of the tracks, electrified
Comin' around the mountain, you run and hide
Hopin' your defence mechanism can divert my heat-seeking lyricism
As I spark mad iszm
The 1996 lyrical style's what I give 'em

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ah-Yeah"

Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you see a devil down
Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you take the devil's crown
Ah yeah, stay alive all things will change around
Ah yeah, what? Ah yeah!

So here I go kickin science in ninety-five
I be illin, parental discretion is advised still
dont call me nigga, this MC goes for his
Call me God, cause that's what the black man is
Roamin through the forest as the hardest lyrical artist
Black women you are not a bitch you're a Goddess
Let it be known, you can lean on KRS-One
Like a wall cause I'm hard, I represent GOD
Wack MC's have only one style: gun buck
But when you say, "Let's buck for revolution"
They shut the fuck up, kid, get with it
Down to start a riot in a minute
You'll hear so many Bowe-Bowe-Bowe, you think I'm Riddick
While other MC's are talkin bout up with hope down with dope
I'll have a devil in my infrared scope, WOY!
That's for calling my father a boy and, KLAK KLAK KLAK!
That's for putting scars on my mother's back, BO!
That's for calling my sister a hoe, and for you
BUCK BUCK BUCK, cause I don't give a motherfuck
Remember the whip, remember the chant, remember about rope and
you black people still thinkin about vot-ing
Every president we ever had lied
You know I'm kinda glad Nixon died!

[Chorus]

This is not the first time I came to the planet
But everytime I come, only a few could understand it
I came as Isis, my words they tried to ban it
I came as Moses, they couldn't follow my commandments
I came as Solomon, to a people that was lost
I came as Jesus, but they nailed me to a cross
I came as Harriet Tubman, I put the truth to Sojourner
Other times, I had to come as Nat Turner
They tried to burn me, lynch me and starve me
So I had to come back as Marcus Garvey, Bob Marley
They tried to harm me, I used to be Malcolm X
Now I'm on the planet as the one called KRS
Kickin the metaphysical, spiritual, tryin to like
get wit you, showin you, you are invincible
The Black Panther is the black answer for real
In my spiritual form, I turn into Bobby Seale
On the wheels of steel, my spirit flies away
and enters into Kwame Ture

[Chorus]

In the streets there is no EQ, no di-do-di-do-di-do
So I grab the air and speak through the code
the devil cannot see through as I unload
into another cerebellum
Then I can tell em, because my vibes go through denim
and leather whatever, however, I'm still rockin
We used to pick cotton, now we pick up cotton when we shoppin
Have you forgotten why we buildin in a cypher
Yo hear me kid, government is building in a pyramid
The son of God is brighter than the son of man
The spirit is, check your dollar bill G, here it is
We got no time for fancy mathematics
Your mental frequency frequently pickin up static
Makin you a naked body, attic and it's democratic
They press auto, and you kill it with an automatic

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"R.E.A.L.I.T.Y."

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"These are the streets!
Shit is real out here!
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

I lived in a spot called Millbrooke Projects
The original Criminal Minded rap topic
With twenty cents in my pocket I saw the light
If you're young gifted and black, you got no rights
Your only true right, is a right to a fight
and not a fair fight, I wake up wonderin who died last night
Everyone and everything is at war
Makin my poetic expression hardcore
I ain't afraid to say it, and many can't get with it
At times in my life, I was a welfare recipient
I ate the free cheese, while the church said believe
and went to school everyday, like a god damn fool
Well anyway, here I am, chillin at the party
Brothers lookin at me like they wanna kill somebody
A cypher manifested in the center of the jam
I got to show these wack rappers really who I am
It's me against them, so I clear the phlegm
and wage the war, hardcore to the end
For someone lookin inside, yeah from the out
it seems like disrespect is what rap is all about
But hip-hop as a culture, is really what we give it
But sometimes the culture contradicts how we live it
Cause every black kid lives two and three lives
The city's a jungle, only the strong will survive

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

Every single day I hear lie after lie
Like "Black people don't die, we multiply"
So when I kick a rhyme I represent how I feel
The sacred street art of keepin it real
Why I gotta listen, to somebody else?
How they got wealth, let me talk about myself
But all I really got is hip-hop and a glock
The results are obvious, if I'm confined to my block
Occasionally, in the city I'm released
to meet other beasts, lookin for the feast
We grunt and growl, on the prow, as the air gets thinner
"Yo yo there he go, him," there's the dinner
White meat, carryin a bag of some sort

Life is short, white meat is quickly caught
A scuffle a muffle yet none of us hesitated
Like Mother Africa, white meat is violated
We quickly dissapear, like Santa's little elves
And go into a area to fight amongst ourselves
We say, "peace/piece" cause that's what we really want
A piece of the pie that America flaunts

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"Oh shit!"

The truth is that police must serve and protect
REALITY is black youth is shown no respect
The truth is government has a war against drugs
REALITY is government is ruled by thugs
With all this technology, above and under
Humanity still hunts down one another
Rappers display artistic cannibalism
through lyricism, we fight each other over rhythm
Through basic animal instincts, we think
So the battle for mental territory is glory, end of story

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Yeah

"These are the streets!
Shit is real out here!
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Free Mumia"

(feat. Channel Live)

Knowledge, where the people at?
Free Mumia!
Channel Live! (KRS-One, come and represent)
(The wisdom)
Hah hah hah hah hah hahaha!
Free Mumia!

Everywhere I look there's another house negro
Talkin about they people and how they should be equal
They talkin but the conversation ain't goin nowhere
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

[Verse 1: Hakim, KRS, Tuffy]

I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster
I said I MC, she said, "You're a gangster"
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a breakdance
Wrapped her up like the arms in a b-boy stance
You have money cause I hear u get stars
She said "where you from?" I said "I was born up in the south Bronx!"
But now I reside all across america
She said "You the one who be causing all that mass hysteria.

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and sucklings
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady judging
But judge not, lest ye may be judged
For the judgment ye judge ye shall surely be judged, you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"
Then I said, You only on my dick because I fill brotha's pockets
Cut the bullshit take me to you pad. she said, I'm gonna give you the ass cause I like the way your pants sag
Spread the legs with the otha hand she threw her kitty then I sprayed jizm like graffiti on her titty
Freestyled all night no doubt the bitch could'nt get enough cause she was strung the fuck out.

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia
[x2]

[Verse 2: Tuffy, KRS, Hakim]

Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the _Final
Call_ as I watch, Babylon fall
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin cannons that's phat
Because he censors the uses of the metaphor
You can get the dick bum up
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore
Expenditures forgettin, gut from the poor

Why sure! Back before we were born they sold us out
Yeah J. Jackson we know what you about
Back when you were running for the presidency and competeting
All rap was dope and u love every beat and but you took the beating
You was using us then like you're using us now in the urban nation league
I don't know how you figure the stop the violence movement gave you \$600, 000 NIGGA
And now u quicker to diss and get with miss Tucker you better find another you sell out
Mutha fucka's

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls
House niggaz are full of shit, like my Colin Powell
Kickin vowels, is how we relieve the tension
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension (revolution)
You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast
It's Hakim that voice from the East

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: KRS, Hakim, Tuffy]

Buck buck! Buck buck buck!
It sound like gunshots but it could be the cluck
Of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin and
Listen to your children instead of dissin em
Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people
Like they be sayin want to, but we be sayin wanna
They gettin dumber every summer as they walk the rope
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality
Always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple
Rays of the sun I gots melanin so check it
Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked
Suspect it, was it a means for the end
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the pigskins
Turned you into mannequins, cause the trick of technology
A revelation, revalations
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution
That's my solution, there will be no sequels
I'm audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwarzenegger
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior
Who enslaved ya (it's the Devil) but the God of virtuosity
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy
Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath
The rock cock back the glock, cause I don't trust
The Devil I rebel until Babylon is dust

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Vincent Morgan, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Hokiem Green

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hold"

Yeah....yeah.....
Mmmmm....Mm!
Alright, here we go...

I'm thinkin' real hard about some money I can hold
But everybody I know is deep in the hole
A steady payin' job is too hard for me to hold
I call around for work but they puttin' me on hold
But in my hand a shiny .45 is what I hold
I make a mayonnaise sandwich out of some whole-
Wheat, I'm feelin' weak, I can't hold
I gotta rob somebody tonight and take the whole
Bank roll, some cash I gotta hold
At the bottom of my shoe is a little bitty hole
That's it, my mental sanity I can't hold
I'm walkin' to the store with this pistol that I hold...

Yeah....yeah.....

Half of me is sayin' maintain and uphold
Suddenly I bump into some asshole
He's cursin' me out, but this pistol that I hold
Took control, and in his head I put a hole
Ahhh man, now I'm lookin' around the whole
Area, the gun is still hot that I hold
I'm buggin' out, and I don't know how much longer I can hold
I feel myself sinkin' deeper in the hole
So in my victim's pants I rip a little hole
And felt for the wallet, and took the whole
Bill-fold, forty bucks is what I hold
Suddenly I hear, "Freeze! Police! Hold!"

Yeah....mmmmm.....
Come on!
Yeah....wooh!
Come on...

In the penitentiary I see a whole
Bunch of blacks and Hispanics that they hold
In my cell I cry like hell, my head I hold
One day somebody ax if my shoes they could hold
I told this guy, "Listen! My shoe's got a hole
But what's up with that shiny sharp knife that you hold?"
He lunged forth, the first thing that I thought of was to hold
The arm with the knife so that he couldn't put a hole
In me, but then I put him in a chokehold
Took the knife and in his neck I put a hole
Suddenly all the C.O's come to me and it's me they hold
Beat my ass and I spend two weeks in the hole
I'm ready to bug out, my sanity I can't hold

My needs and wants messed up my life on a whole.

Damn. Just wasn't satisfied with life.

Yeah....uh!

Yeah....

Check!

The moral to the story is...your addiction to your needs and your wants is what causes problems in your life.

Make sure you got whatcha need. Put at a safe distance all the things that you want.

It's wants that get you into trouble.

This is the balance of life...the balance to life on a whole.

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Wannabemcee"

"One two, testing one two
Alright party people in the place to be
The party has already started
An-an-an-and it's about to il-il-il-ill" *[echoes]*

Let me introduce you to another type of rapper MC
where glamour and glitter don't matter gently
I'm tired of the Chattanooga empty
Classical like a German luger
Deep like a tune for scuba diving who am I the hyper
Like I said before my radar's going BIBBIT BIBBIT
The microphone I grip-it grip-it, lyric lyric I live it
Hear it my spirit is where it should be
Don't push me if you pussy, HUH
I spot em, it seems you want to ride the dillz
I got em, KRS got skills in the place
I waste megahertz of bass bottom, chill
As I rock em and get ill, I build the perfect spot to kill
Verbal excitement will lead to your indictment
Whether or not you like it, still, number one I hype it
Your album, rewrite it

How many MC's, wannabemcee
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemcee
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Triplet syllables for minimal criminals
Lyrical riddles that got hard flavors in the middle
Sit back and chittle as I stand and still rebuild on skills
The admission of serial lyrics, calculated to weaken the spirit
will be diverted by this lyric when you hear it
Ricochet any style any day
Any which way and you'll Cherish the Day like Sade
The advanced oratorical techniques I speak
Keep the heat at full peak! My grammar
with stamina, grabs a rapper like the fresh catch of the day
and crack the back of that DJ
I'm strappin and attackin a pack
And whatever happens after that just happens, FACT
Flamboyant and flashy is one point in time when you're not ashy
Focus on the syllable formats and the cash G
G for guard your grill, I'm hard to kill
Odd but ill, a job to fill is to refill on skills
We built and killed style and skill
while poetically recriminate you like a child I will
get ill, and switch to earn
Cause I prefer to slur but not blur
Blurring you're stirring up trouble surely you don't need it
be seated I'm undefeated dem not see it

Observe me then beat it

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Let's get back to the point quickly, get with me
The voice from New York City is too witty
I come from a era of 'OJ cars', Latin Quarter
fake Gucci and fake Fendi, you can't send me
Nowhere, that I ain't been to
You can't tell me nuttin that I ain't been through
Disrespect the teacher I gots to get you
(cause they can't MC)
But what you really sayin
You sound like a bitch-ass rapper when he's saying
"Yo Kris you hit too hard" stop playing!
Switching and swaying
Day in and day out, your styles are played out, see you way out
Before you're laid out, your bright lights start to fade out
The last thing you heard is "Who let the K out?"
No great area[?]
Everything is black and white we took the gray out it's scarier
Either you're winnin or losin, spinnin the rules of conscience
But lyrically there ain't no stoppin
I'm droppin a lot in your noggin
Cause I know that you're lyrically starvin
Carbon, your name, battle battle
Everybody wants to battle but you BAB-BLE
Who knows ya, battlin me, is the only way that you can gain exposure
I feel for ya soldier
I hate to say it but I told ya so
You know that I know the ancient flow KRS-One
is the holder of a boulder yo, money folder yo
You want a fresh style let me show you slow
your blow, I'm not your foe
Battling me? No no no no no no NO!

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

[Mad Lion]

If a DJ think he man den he better prepare for war!!
BDP crew get up in that ass like a piece of toilet tissue
General Lion I chase them all and I am on fiyah
Represent the hardest crew, you know how we do
Anything tess, dead! Gun shot to dem head
Gwan *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Represent The Real Hip Hop"

(feat. Das EFX)

Only a few... will understand
and appreciate what's about to happen
Das EFX, come in!!!

[Verse 1: Das EFX]

[Drayz]

Well it's the super duper rhymers I'm about to set it
Niggaz best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D
So what it B... the D to the fuckin P
(Yo it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see)
I be's the ultimate, drop the ultra shit, fuck the other shit
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin kid we runnin shit
Now who you fuckin with is Diggey Das EFX'n
We flexin, cause kid we got this rhyme and took effect y'all

[Books]

Aiyyo I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my pocket, watch it
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime scene
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green
Fuck a dime we, strictly fifty, the BDP and Hit Squad committee
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot
Diggity Das KRS East coast on lock

[Verse 2: Das-EFX, KRS]

[Drayz]

To corny niggaz y'all get ate, my shit'll make you faint
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the fuckin paint
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin
Now look we comin back and runnin shit like fuckin Michael Jordan
Accordin, to my niggaz in the sewer
Yo you a, corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

[Books]

This for my niggaz on the block, handlin rock like Kenny Anderson
I'm brandishin, stiggedy styles to keep MC's vanishing
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering
My pattern's amazing son Blazing like a Saddle and
Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C. niggaz
Y'all know the haps we movin strapped on the East nigga

[Drayz]

Yo, yo, well miggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy Drayz's payday
I rigged wreck it eryday, kick shit like fuckin Pele

But wait a minute, cause we get in it for the masses
For classes, yo KRS come get up in they asses

[KRS]

What... I say, follow me follow me
with my syllable syllable lyrical criminal
MC threats are minimal to my physical they just
whittle and whittle away, with little and little to say
As they piddle and paddle away, they say OK
But I chop that ass up anyway
What's your handle I got mad MC heads upon a mantle
I got genuine MC skin sandals
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt
Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin for help
when you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear it
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit!!
As I fa-la-la-la-la, I'm comin with that rara
Rockin mics when you was googoo gaga to your momma
You wanted to battle KRS when you was young you told your poppa
He slapped you in your head and said UHH-UHH
But you didn't heed the warning
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face
Lookin at your crew but they all broke out
because they nothin but lace
KRS is like mace, in your motherfuckin face
Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place!!

Writer(s): Andre "krazy Drazyz" Weston, L. Parker, Willie "skoob" Hines

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Truth"

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

Listen to the lyric as the negative is shrinkin
It's shrinkin out your life when you decide to change your thinkin
One of the first things we gotta switch around of course
Is Jesus Christ, and him dying on the cross
You're looking at the cross, surrounded in it's mystery
With Jesus on the cross in a, total misery
Now seperate Jesus from the cross so you can see
The truth about the cross, and the cross's history
The cross was created by the Roman government
It's only purpose and use, is cap-i-tal punishment
But Jesus Christ, was all about the revolution
While the cross was used as Jesus Christ's execution
See what if Jesus Christ, was hung upon a tree
Upon every church wall, that's exactly what you'd see
If Jesus Christ, was shot in the head with no respect
We'd all have little gold guns around our neck
If Jesus Christ was killed in electric chair, now get it
You'd be knealing to the electric chair with Jesus, still in it
You gaze upon the cross, and you see the execution
You yell stop the violence but the cross you're still using

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

So I say listen, listen, open up your third eye vision
God is not down with religion
Religion they be sellin it, listen up, God is intelligent
Reading of the bible is irrelevant
You gotta look within yourself, not a scripture
KRS-One comes to rearrange the God picture
If you sit and believe, you can acheive
If you sit and accept, you don't know, what's correct
or incorrect, take for instance Adam and Eve
The first two people on the planet, or so you believe
Their first time in heaven kids they had, Cain and Abel

Huh, now let me show you why the story's unstable
According to the story, according to what you believe
There was only Cain, Abel, Adam, and Eve
on the whole planet, now use your intellect
and tell me, what did Cain and Abel do for sex?
Upon the whole planet there was not another
Could it be for sex, heh, they were looking at each other?
Hold up! I thought the church wasn't into that
But wait, still yet, there is another fact
How did the world get populated?
Now tell me if I'm wrong, but obviously Eve had it goin on
Think for a minute, I know it gets notorious
But yo G, check out the chorus

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

[Rich Nice]

Yo yo...
Yo bring that back
I wanna say something on this BlastMaster session
Yo this is Rich Nice
You brothers gotta stop treating these hoes like nice girls
and these nice girls like hoes

[KRS-One]

True indeed, I'd like to welcome the rebirth of the Goddess
Word up it's all about knowledge of self
Yo Busta Rhymes, why don't you take the session over from here

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Build Ya Skillz"

[Verse 1: KRS-One]

Check, I control your mind with one rhyme I speak
And get you open like a prostitutes buttcheeks
Rapper get kicked in they mouth with cleets
cause they're speech refuses to reach beyond the beach
Have a seat quick I speak or spit flicks on your [?]
Time to complete shit, no weak shit, I mean freak shit properly
I can feel myself becoming a lyric monopoly
Others will copy me but repeat my shit sloppily
Shocking me with inclinations of rocking me
Insanity it got to be
My true identity is never meant to see
I simply use the gifts sent to me mentally

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo! Word up! Get from out my face, before you get bust quickly!

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

Thats the hip hop, the hibby
I rip it in a minute cause I'm gifted
Like December 25th
Now let me flip
I'm all knowing lyrically syllable growing
Even when it's snowing I'm party going
Free flowing and stomping!
Never tip-toeing
Overthrowing the comp
Big up Bronx!
I got more styles than the planet got women
I got as many rhymes as is many styles of women
Don't make me come out on that ass start flippin'
Your mental I'm afflictin'
Actin' ill and sickin'
Pickin' the victim at random, slammin' 'em
Draggin' them to the stage and dismantlin' them
As my Hydrogen turns to Helium I shine!
None of your lyrics I'm feelin' 'em
You rhyme
Like you should be wearin' an apron scrapin' a pot with a name like Mariam

[Chorus:]

But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyrics
Build ya skills

It's time for the raw shit
Not that on tour shit
That real hardcore shit
KRS-One runs shit like diarrhea
Bitin' motherfuckers hear my shit and get up outta here!

I don't care this year
A lot of albums is wack this year
"Will KRS bring it?" Ahh yeah!
Thanks for the invite
It's just about to get hype
That straight up raw street type shit is what it feel like
I will be displayin' lyrical styles I'm saying
Lyrical styles from the miracle child
Want a pile of ill styles wildin' on your radio dial?
Smile
I been here for awhile
Peep my style while I go on with the song
I rock the microphone then it to the streets with the Krylon
clicka clacka! clicka clacka!
Take a spraycan and slap a wack rapper!
Stacks of money for videos I don't have it
You're lookin' at the last MC with true talent
Get your tape recorder fast kid
Boombastic another classic
Turn up the cassette!
All my styles are lyrically fantastic and movin'
While soothin' any urges for booing
Ungluing your mouth from my private
The more the merrier
Syllable superior
East Coast - West Coast battles are inferior
Cause I by myself will take out the whole North America
We need to expand rap beyond this land
Set up competitions with England and Japan
World cups for rappers that really fuck shit for fun
....Yeah I know I'll get one

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Anthony Grayson, Joseph L Kirkland

KRS-One Lyrics

"Out For Fame"

[train whistle]

Yo right here, right here

It's right through the fence, right through the fence

Jump! *[feet landing]*

Yeah.. right there, right there

That's the 2's and the 5's

[bag rustling]

Joe gimme that, the fat, the fat cap, fat cap

Yeah..

[train rolls in]

Aight

[shaking can up]

Aight, let's do it now, let's do it now

[spray paint]

Yeah.. yeah..

Nah gi-gimme the other cap, gimme the other one

Yeah right there

[more spray]

Front.. Page.. Entertainment.. Group

Yeah..

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x8]*

[first time, minus "I'm"]

Hah! Hahahaha

All graffiti artists hold tight, hooo!

All graffiti artists hold tight, word

Check check check it out y'all

Check check check check check it out y'all

[KRS-One]

I got twenty-five cans in my knapsack, crossin out the wick-wack

Puttin up my name with a fat cap

Suckers that want to be in my face I just slap that

Big respect to Artifacts, Fat Joey Crack and

Mack and, Bio, and Brim come again

with B.G. 183, recognize me

with the mad colors, I'm a fiend for spraypaint

Laugh if you wanna, I really care if you ain't

cause you don't me see, and I don't know you

But I do know Cope2, he be gettin walls too

It's the underground community of what we call writers

Worldwide burners, gettin hotter gettin brighter

Whattup Nicer, whattup Razor, whattup Chino

Masta Ase in the place, you know we know

my man Rican, my man Zorro, taught me how to draw

in the yards of the 5 train and the 4

So when I'm on tour I represent the hardcore

I'm taggin up your blackbook sure, I'm out for the fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x4]*

[first time, minus "I'm"]

Yeah, check it out check it out check it out one time
Hip-hop music in effect one time

[KRS-One]

When I was growin up, I had no butcher baker candlestick maker
I had rubbing alcohol and carbon paper
Yeah, carbon paper and a blackboard eraser
got me chased in the bus yards, with Rican and Nazer
Historically speakin, cause people be dissin
The first graffiti artists in the world were the Egyptians
Writing on the walls, mixing characters with letters
to tell the graphic story about their life, however
today we do the same thing, with how we rap and draw
We call it hardcore, they call it breakin the law
There used to be a time when rap music was illegal
The cops would come and break up every party when they see you
But now the rap music's making money for the corporate
It's acceptable to flaunt it, now everybody's on it
Graffiti isn't corporate so it gets no respect
Hasn't made a billion dollars for some corporation yet, so
in the name of Phase2, Stay High, Pre-streets
Grab your cans and hit the streets, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x6]*

Yeah, hip-hop culture in the house one time

All graffiti artists in the house one time

Yeah..

Biggin up the other side things here y'all

The visual, not your video (check it out)

[KRS-One]

I'm livin in the city, inner city not a farm
Steady bombin til I get fatigue in my arm
Watchin for the beast cause many artists they shot em
And beat em in the yards, while doin a top to bottom
So pass me a can, not of Old Gold
but full blue, sky blue, watch me unfold
with the cold burner, of names you mighta heard of
like Fab 5 Freddy, Sam Sever
Word to the wise, Futura 2000 recognize
Nation of creation, G Man come alive
Checkin out Revolt and Zephyr
My man Easy, and Rembrandt, Mitch 77
Oh no with the paint we can never dilly-dally
Big up and respect to Con Art in Cali
The Soul Artists, The Rebels, The Rascals, 3YB
United Artists, TAT and Dondi
Yes the other side of hip-hop is representin the visual
Toys we be DISSIN you, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x10]*

Hip-hop in the house one time

Video graf in the house one time

All graffiti artists in the house dig the rhyme

Put up your nine, put up your nine, yeah!

Fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-five
You SUCKERS!!!!

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Health, Wealth, Self"

Yeah.. yeah.. yup!
You know what? I was just downstairs
and I was on my way up here to the studio and
a guy bumped into me and
and he said.. he said, "Yo Kris!
How is it that you stay in this music?
You know, this rap music ex-specially for SO.. LONG.. SO.. LONG"
I said, "Well you know years ago I made a deal with the Goddess"
He said, "The Goddess?"
I said, "Well yeah, you might know her as God
but I know her as the Goddess"
The universal mother
The mother of everything you see in existance
I ax-ked her for assistance
in lyrical persistance
and she gave it to me, under one condition
She said, "I'll give you the gift
but use the gift to uplift"
I said, "Okay mom!"

So I tell you the truth, really
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

In the beginning was the word, the word was made flesh
Knowledge K. Reigns R. Supreme S.
Some of us guess while others of us are blessed
Take heed to the word, that I manifest
I manifest the future, the present, followed by the past
Everything in nature, rules by kickin ass
What they tellin me, but yo, you a friend to me
so I'ma tell you the secrets of MC longevity
Secret one: if it ain't fun, you're done
And about your career, huh, well choose another one
If you don't like what you do, you're through
Lesson two: make sure you got a dope crew
Not some crew, that's like an anchor on a shoe
A MAD CREW, that's of some benefit to you
Lesson three, might be contradictory or funny
but MC's should have OTHER WAYS of gettin money
That's to say learn other things beside music
Make money elsewhere, Hip-Hop you won't abuse it
Too many MC's, just emcee
so their longevity, is based on an Uncle Tom
at the record company
Lesson four: sell your image, never sell a record
Image is respected, records come and go
and get collected

Even the records of platinum artists, that used to rip shop
can be bought, for a quarter at the thrift shop
Which brings me to lesson number five, the illusion
has me thinkin, the minute they drop a record
they'll be cruisin, in the Acura
Slow down! You're still a amateur
What seperates the pro from the amateur is stamina
Not how long you can rhyme, but how long you've been rhymin
changin with the times, and findin yourself
still CLIIIIIIIIIIIMbin for wealth
Blow for blow, you're still growin, still showin
(all knowin) now that's a pro at it

Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

Thank you Mother, I'm out

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

I GOT NEXT

The background of the entire cover is a vibrant, fiery orange and yellow, resembling a sunburst or a fire. In the center, KRS-One is depicted from the chest up, wearing a blue jacket. He has short, dark dreadlocks and is looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. His hands are raised in front of him, palms facing forward, with fingers spread. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

DOUBLE VINYL!

Includes **BONUS TRACK**
"Step Into A World
(Rapture's Delight)"
remix featuring
Puff Daddy

KRS-ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"1st Quarter - The Commentary"

Welcome to hip-hop culture
Where DJ-ing, MC-ing, graffiti art, breaking
and the philosophies are expressed everyday
within the inner cities of America, and the world
You are not doing hip-hop
You ARE hip-hop
Love yourself and your expression, you can't go wrong

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"2nd Quarter - Free Throws"

Anybody in here right now with tape decks turn em on
and put em on record, I'll give you a second
I want to add authenticity to your tape
so when it's sold out in the street
you all can know this was a real party

These are poems circulating throughout the nation
everybody's bad and everybody's tough
but how many people are intelligent enough
to open up their eyes and see through the lies
discipline themselves, yourself to stay alive?
not many

That's why the universe sent me today on this stage
with this to to say
the rich will get richer and the poor will get poorer
and in the final hour many heads will lose power
what does the rich versus the poor really mean?
psychologically it means you got to pick your team
when someone says the rich gets richer
visualize wealth and put yourselves in the picture
the rich get richer, cause they work towards rich
the poor get poorer, cause their minds can't switch from the ghetto
let go, it's not a novelty

you could love your neighborhood without loving poverty
follow me, every mother, father, son, daughter
there's no reason to fear the New World Order
we must order the whole new world to pay us
the New World Order and the old state chaos
the Big Brother watching over you, is a lie you see
Hip-Hop could build it's own secret society
but first you and I got to unify
stop the negativity and control our creativity
the rich is getting richer, so why we ain't richer?
could it be we still thinking like niggas?
educate yourselves, make your world view bigger
visualize wealth and put yourselves in the picture!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"The MC"

Who am I? The MC, la-di da-di
I don't wear Versace, I wear DJ's out quickly at the party
Who am I? If you're like me hip hop is in your body
Who am I? THE MC!
When the jam is slow and you need a proceeder
Who am I? THE MC!
When you need a lyrical leader wit oratorical triple features
Who am I? THE MC!
When you need to rock your 3000-seat arena, best believe, uh
Who am I? THE MC!
When you need to get the word on the street wit demeanor
Who am I? THE MC!
I beg thee, let me splurt rhymes, I have plenty
Who am I? THE MC! Lord have mercy
I hit sudden like Hersey
always New like Jersey, stay thirsty
Who am I? THE MC!
Showin my authority, superiority
an artistic minority, now you startin me
Cuz party philosophy can only be carried out by
Who am I? THE MC!
No doubt, predicting far ahead what will set the party off immensely
with plenty of who? THE MC!
Trained at Rooftop, Red Zone, Roxy and Bentley's
Who am I? THE MC!
Gently move crowds with harmonious rhythm
Cuz the lyrics we give em they miss em
Who am I? THE MC! again, THE MC!
Her infinite power helps, oppressed people sent me to tell you
if you truly study lyrical flows and stay on your toes you will be
Who am I? THE MC!
and as an MC you will study verbal magic
but watch what you say cuz you'll attract it
control your subconscious magnet from pullin in havoc
Who am I? The MC!
Non-stoppin MC, hip hoppin MC
Verbal rockin, head knockin, quick droppin MC
I laugh cuz I mastered the craft MC
In sound clash I'm the first and last MC
It's sort of like Jim Carrey throwin that Mask to me
I black out and wake up to catastrophe
3 MC's dead from the sound blowin out massively, wow!
Who am I? The MC!
Untouchable, can't be caught off guard with fast tracks or slow tracks
Ass cracks get waxed to the max, MC's pack raps for all tracks
Indigenous cultures, Asians, Whites and Blacks
never missed it the linguistic of
Who am I? THE MC!
Meta-lyrical poetic mystic MC
Hearin the voice of an ancient spirit MC

Premeditated worder
Killin negative concepts out the mind of the observer MC
You deserve a break from counterfeits, frauds and fakes
claimin to be an MC for heaven sakes
Well, this MC done raised the stakes
under the stress from KRS
contracts and mental gats are bound to break
Who am I? THE MC! again the MC!
Conduct yourselves properly MC...

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Domingo Padilla

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Got Next - Neva Hadda Gun"

It's meant to be evidently
When I rock so eloquently
Put the beat on and let me
Kill another wack emcee
Can't trust them, never test me
I practice and study
But I'm not in it for the money
But to me they look so funny
You can't test the teacher
The teacher won't reach intact
Through the speaker you're weaker, now sit your ass in the back
My lyrical you hear it, you fear it, you can't get near it
Cause the spirit eat Eric
And Eric your rhymes is wack
Like that, that, right back

Check it out!

Check it like this
Just skills You know you gots to build just skills
[A phone is dialed a man says hello and a woman starts speaking in Spanish]
You know you gots to build just skills, uh come on get down
Just skills You know we got to build just skills, come on get down

Yeah, uh come on
I got that rip track, flip that, underground rap
When I kick back
Most of what I'm hearin be weak
So I speak through beats and the streets as I teach
I impeach, through speech, each lyric leech I reach
Have a seat in the lecture
Nothin can protect you
Hard is the texture
Of the mic wreckin rock in your sector
Better than ever remember I am no beginner
I like to shout out Eric Skinner
Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills, come on a get down
Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills, come on a get down
Yo, we livin in a world of private jets and limousine
The fruit we eatin as we prepare tangerine to nectarine
See everybody livin in the same routine
We need the telephone, and yes, we need the fax machine
You listen to the sound, well I think you know it's me
Now, let me educate you with my concious poetry
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap
Me love, me love, me love, me love, me love it when it's bad
See if you wack rap you ought be steppin out the back
See emcees on the microphone forgettin that they black
See hear them kick the lyrics that are holdin people back

But when you hear the teacher, KRS will find the track
You bound to see the light, and you don't want return back
So listen very closely to the secret scientist
I'm sending this one out to all my inner city kids
Now you supposed to be apostle what you have inside your head
Can make you more reliable, it can make you feel dead
Now listen very closely to the way I say this rhyme
It's the thing called the brain, and the thing called the mind
But I'm outta time

[Chorus: scratching on the word "can"]

Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?
No, you can't cause now you bouts to get done!
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun
Never had a gun, never had a gun?
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?
No, you can't cause now you bouts to get done!
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun
Never had a gun, never had a gun?

On the block you just yap a whole lot
About the clothes that you got
Yo, or the gold that you got
Everybody sees all the friends in your Benz, yo, it's fat
But they ain't gettin money like that
Word to my brother Kenny, jealous one envy
The rich are few, while the poor, many
But you got gold cuffs and cars and stuff
You eatin well, but still in the ghetto you dwell
You know it's hot, so you make it known about your glock
To any perpetrator tryin to blow up your spot
You grab the microphone and talk a good ramble
You the hardcore outlaw, criminal, vandal
Burnin emcees like a candle, but you frontin
You ain't got nothin, with your life you gamble
One day you gamble up snake eyes
Talkin all that junk about you don't take dives, you take lives
Nobody on the block tries, cause you claim you got powerful ties
So at the red light you arrive
And to your surprise you get heffed up with just two steak knives
You're terrified, they take your Benz, and what makes things worse
You ain't got gun the first

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Heartbeat"

(feat. Angie Martinez, Redman)

[Redman]

Alright everybody move back from the ropes
If you don't move back we're gonna turn this music off
and that's my word, move back!
Word is bond let's get this shit goin
Word up, it's the Funk Doc in the house
say hell yeah! HELL YEAH!
Say fuck yeah! FUCK YEAH!
Word up, it's the Funk Doc Spock you don't stop
It's my man KRS you don't stop
It's the girl Angie you don't stop
With the hah haha ha haha hah!!

[Angie Martinez]

It's the Butter Pecan Rican speakin deletin
other radio jocks that think they competin
they pre-sweetened, like candy, I'm hot like pepper
Big up to Sandy but my name is Angie
Martinez, what a true microphone fiend is
Steppin up lovely with MY, AD-IDAS
through your speakers, representin
boriquas, and all hip-hop rhyme seekers
You may think I'm crazy right, but I'm crazy hype
Slay this nice y'all, everytime Angie grab the mic
I jams it right tonight, not the hardest
But peep the style of this Puerto Rican Goddess

[Redman]

Aiyyo yo yo yo, stop the music!
Aiyyo back up off the ropes, man, word up!
Yo get from the off the ropes
Now aiyyo yo yo, KRS-One, come again the selector!

[KRS-One]

It's been a long time but we made it, you waited
You gettin frustrated cause these MC's in trainin
Skills on the mic for a royalty save it
Pullin down rap so that others can't make it
They can't fake it in front of KRS they naked
That same old MC trend I'm here to break it
The highly conceptional multidirectional
Hot in ninety-seven so I guess I'm flexible
Rap relieve stress so yes I guess it's medical
All your wrecking and raping is still theoretical
Redman, you know you must understand (Whatup?)
Redman, you know you gots to understand (Hah! Whatup love?)
Angie, rockin with the one BDP (Ha, haha)
Representin right now at Hit Factory

[Redman]

One two hah, and you don't quit
It's Kris and Angie with the ultimate
One two hah, and you don't quack
It's Funk Doc smoke weed and don't smoke crack
Hahaha, hah, and you don't quit
Hoohahhahah, and you don't quit
I rock jams like, Samsonites with mics
Stage two boomin system and flood the lights
The lyrical, fo'-fo's lettin off like suppose
Reggie Reg is rockin on the ra-dioooo!
Hahh, huh, the oooh-child too chill
Caps peeled, Someone In My Bed like Dru Hill
Raise em up, cause I feel my spot can't be touched
No time for the Pauline jack, hit the clutch
Shotgun what?? It's the high exalted
Ruler of the buddha, the cash make my pockets
stick out like a tumor, for the consumers
I get busy with La Pluma, detonate the bomb
to make you hibernate sooner, certified luna-tic
My click run deeper than Charlie Tuna
Kahunas, raw for the able key movers
all over the hood like them Crooked I coolers
Bang maneuvers, from Jerz to Vancouver
Back to the Bronx with heartbeats ample looped up
I Blastmast like Kris, funk abyss
like a phone chauvenist with a Roley on the wrist
Sike! I can afford it, less I slaughtered
three platinum niggaz and none of em prerecorded
KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butter Pecan Rican - tell them to get off his

KRS-One Lyrics

"Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)"

[Intro/Chorus: sung to the tune of Blondie's "Rapture"]

Step into a world (Klaka klaka, klaka klaka!)
Where there's no one left (Buku, buku! Alla de massive!)
But the very best (Klaka, bo bo, BDP crew, bo bo bo bo!)
No MC can test *[cut and scratch of KRS saying "but one"]*
Step into a world, where hip-hop is me
Where MC's and DJ's
Build up their skills as they play every day
For the, rapture

Yeah, what what!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

I'm bout to hit you wit that tradional style of cold rockin
Givin options for head knockin non stoppin
Tip-toppin lyrics we droppin but styles can be forgotten
so we bring back the raw hip-hoppin
Just like the records and tapes you be coppin
Cop some breakdancin, boogie poppin, and lockin
Tic tockin, guaranteed to have you clockin
We only get better and only better we have gotten
This type of flow don't even think about stoppin
Beware, the length of the rhyme flow can be shockin
All music lovers in the place right now
That never understood the way that KRS got down
Yo I'm strictly about skills and dope lyrical coastin
Relying on talent, not marketing and promotion
If a dope lyrical flow is a must
You gots to go with a name you can quickly trust
I'm not sayin I'm number one, uhh I'm sorry, I lied
I'm number one, two, three, four and five
Stop wastin your money on marketing schemes
and pretty packages pushin dreams to the beams
A dope MC is a dope MC
With or witout a record deal, all can see
And that's who KRS be son
I'm not the run of mill, cause for the mill I don't run

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah
Everybody on the mic in the party sound alike
until I recite, in black and white what's right
Let me take flight, my style is TIGHT AN GOOD
TIGHT AN GOOD, come is it TIGHT AN GOOD
Old styles I pass dat, slow down on fast rap

All in yo' ass crack, old King go Blast dat
Conjure to ask dat, hyper type of flashback
I publish like ASCAP lyrics for hand clap
No past rappin, youth trackin, talent lackin
MC's more worried about their financial backin
Steady packin a gat as if something's gonna happen
But it doesn't, they wind up shootin they cousin, they buggin
I appear everywhere and nowhere at once
I know my style is bumpin, even though some people front
It's the God of rap, you heard of it
The one that rhymes toward the sky givin airplanes mad turbulence
In rap tournaments, I reign permanent
Don't you think by now the number one spot I'm not concerned with it
The course of rap I'm turnin it
Back to that good old fashioned way of getting cash money by earning it
No bogus hocus pocus, I bring back to focus
Skills if you notice my position is lotus
Now quote this, MC's are just hopeless
Thinkin record sales make them the dopest

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Christopher Stein, Deborah Harry, Harry Palmer, Jesse Samuel Williams

KRS-One Lyrics

"A Friend"

The beat was sposed to drop right there
The beat was sposed to drop right there
The beat was sposed to drop right there
Yeah yeah yeah... uhh

I send this one out, to my right hand man
or mens, or womens, the whole crew
The real fam

[Chorus:]

We can count the dough or kick a flow
or chill out watchin videos
or actin really silly yo but really doe
all that can end...
Whether at the bar with superstars
or cruisin in the trooper car
I really don't care who you are
All I really need is a friend

If we can't have trust then you can't hang with us
We respond to those who show respect with respect
We respond we connect on the same deck
same intellect, my man, never shifty, thinks quickly
If you can't understand, we boys we boys
We could stand on the corner with a hat sellin toys
It ain't about your Benz I hope it ain't about mine
my man, I be dissin in my freestyle rhyme
Gettin G's around the world, I can trust you with my girl
my man, we chillin at the jam, what's the plan?
I'm not a yes man and none of my friends are yes men
or women, I'm drivin, I see my peeps yo get in
Where you fit in? True friends are quick to sit
in the beginning of all trouble, and when your bankroll doubles
Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble
Still I got my own space like Hubble

[Chorus]

Cause don't nobody care about us, all they do is doubt us
Until we blow the spot then they all wanna crowd us
and wanna shout us, but you my man from way back
I just gots to say that, actin large I don't play that
But I can't say that, where I play at isn't fast-paced
A friend can acquire the taste to become two-faced
And that's a disgrace there ain't nothing you can say to us
When the kid you grew up with betrays your trust
When we used to ride the bus we had trust
Now we cash checks and drive Lex, and can't show respect to one of us
Yo the heads I hang with ain't tryin to just get
what they can get, sit quickly backstabbin the click

I roll thick, but only some are friends really
down to the end, my right hand men and women
Mutual support, from the beginning
Been in, exactly what I've been in

[Chorus]

Back to back we attack corporate America
Gettin fees that amount to G's in every area
You my man I ain't gotta drag you along
You pull your own weight, yeah you definitely got it goin on
I don't see nothin wrong wit a little bumpin car system
thumpin, between the crew we always got sump'un
But if we had nuttin no frontin whatever
We'd still be crew you and me, me for you together
Word, fake people ain't worth a turd
They only want to be your friend because of what they overheard
I send this record to the well respected
Friends that I've collected, I hope I am what you expected
Yeah, so check it, so check it

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Cootie Williams, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Lemay, Thelonious Sphere Monk, Bernard D. Hanighen

KRS-One Lyrics

"H.I.P.H.O.P."

(feat. Thor-EI)

[KRS] Yeah that's the one - yo
[Thor-EI] Just just check your mic

[Verse 1: Thor-EI]

So you wanna be the million dollar man, kid what's your plan
Make a deal with the devil settle for a hundred grand
Not enough I call your bluff, hit you with the stuff
Deal with this and think you're tough, gimme a call when things get rough
You get no Vette and, if I could stay leaded
I'm leavin rappers one-legged from fakin like the prosthetic
you're artificial by cripple, rap is like your pistol
Grim Reaper, I got the whistle, death I pull no tissue
Hit you, like the Mac-11, MC's subtract by seven
Callin callin for the reverend, lookin at hell like heaven
I'm on the map, makin it like the crazy on the track
Oh what the hell I get my mail while I raid you til it crack

[Chorus: KRS and Thor-EI]

H, I, P, H, O, P, we are
H, I, P, H, O, P, we are

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

C'mon, uhh
Dead two in the head before some A&R tell me
I must give up the streets you lift the company can sell me
What's the sense in being large if you can't take a risk?
Thinkin a risk upon a disc means you're written off the list
I'm not sayin you can't have your fame and glory just don't bore me
when I come to see you live, and I paid twenty-five
That's, crazy loot Kris is saying I don't play those games
Killing Rhyme Sessions is the meaning of my name
But don't call my name in vain, cause I will appear
And your livest MC will get slain right here
See I do the homework, and I do the extra credit
You could sell a million records, and still can't set it
Cause the Lex or Beem is probably just the matches and a Jeep so
I'm sure your rap career now if they come before your people
Ohh Lord!! You can't be thinkin about Billboard
With the mic cord, and several thousand people just bored
Being dope live is like being insured for life
You always get called back twice, you are

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Thor-EI, KRS-One]

I burn like hy-dra-cho-loric and my city got itty
He's terrible, Thor-EI's incredible and terrific
Is it, that you're under the influence of local obvious
Rappers that die, but why, explain the obvious

No stoppin this lyrics from the esophagus rockin strictly the hip-hop populace

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Thor-el

KRS-One Lyrics

"Halftime"

Right now as we rockin they shootin outside
Now we have got to chill
We have got to chill
We can't have no gunfire because hip-hop can't build

Let's leave all the shootin and the violence outside
I know there's some people in here, armed to the teeth
But understand...
It is the conciousness behind the gun
that determines if the gun is positive or negative
So let's not blame it on no pistols, no guns, no gats
Let's blame it on the conciousness of the mind holding the gat

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Gordon Opharel Williams

KRS-One Lyrics

"3rd Quarter - The Commentary"

For those interested in higher knowledge
on issues of health, wealth, and self-mastery
you are urged to register with the Temple of Hip-Hop
by filling out the attached registration form and questionnaire
located on the album's pull-out panel
And here now, another KRS classic

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Blowe"

(feat. Redman)

[Intro: Redman]

Hey baby bring me something to drink in here
Sit down and watch a little TV.

[KRS-1:]

(static) Yo they comin'. It's crazy but I know it they comin'. Maybe not
lately I feel it coming. I knew it, they comin'. (static) This just in.
President (static) I guarentee (static) Jim...Jimmy, Jimmy wake up. Jimmy!
(static) Only the Lord can save (static) 5.99 no obligation (static) Let me
start to rock this mic (static) Now the polar bear hibernates (static) And
and what was going through your mind right now.

[KRS-1:]

Look aat these weak MC's getting G's
Never wore BVD's or even bellbottom Lees
Please, with these fantasies about you selling keys
When you know you bees in front of the TV eatin' grilled cheese
On your knees you know my steez
Kris is nice with theses M-I-Cs
I'm Poison like BBD the plot thickens while I be hitten
And lyric lickin', flippin' any mix and over the skippin'
And cable clippin', still sickenin'
Even though some people ain't admitting
Through they system I keeps it kickin'
And tippin' the scale I pay tuiton not bail
Drink water not ale, MC Hammer hits it right on the nail
I can't fail with my 7 stripes
Strike one pierces the lung over the drum MC's become dumb
Like "um?" They numb, bite the tongue over the bass drum
I am D the MC like Run, spittin' lyrics for fun
And for a sum of the bread crumb
You missed when you swung, I connected whole hum
Another one done underestimated KRS-1, yeah so...

[Hook:]

[Redman:] Say blowe

[KRS-1:] If you really want true skill

[Redman:] Say blowe

[KRS-1:] If you want the hip hop to build

[Redman:] Say blowe

[KRS-1:] We rock it all year round

[Redman:] You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

[KRS-1:]

It's just beguuuun, to bubble
KRS-Onnnne spells trouble
On the mic soooon there is no double
I emerge from under the rumble
Count the truth poetic construction, audio abduction

Showbiz production for wack lyric reduction
And fly rhyme instruction keep the party hoppin'
Keep the DJs buggin' for the orthodox
Non Xerox hip hop chatter box
It was dope first crack out the box with Scott LaRock
How MC's are washed up like sweat socks
KRS-1 makes the heads nod

[Hook]

[Redman:] KRS-1

[KRS-1:] Yes my son

[Redman:] Tweet tweet [x2]

[KRS-1:] You know they can't compete, ain't that right

[Redman:]

No doubt. You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

[KRS-1:]

When it's my turn kid, look at what you done did
Like my head is dreadful you edible
I kick incredible shit, for my poeple
I'm jackin' these like me so sue and Stretch like Bobbito overloops
While you sittin' on stoops I'm rockin' mics for U.S. troops in group
You screwed up, oops, I can read a true crook
Like I can read a good book
I'm hooked on hip hop culture
Look at the tip top lyrical structure
Floatin' like a soap bubble that you don't wann puncture
Or rupture, I write what I udder, mother mother mother
There's too many of us dying still trying and not doin'
Not succeeding still pursueing what you doing?
What you doing? What you doing?
The session is started departed on schedule
I beg you please lookover my lyrical menu
What other can't do I can do
Enhancing 7 levels of your mental
I dismantel stress, you're listening to the advanced lyrical best
Worldwide qualified to administer any MC test
Stop guessin' class is in full session
Now Showbiz show 'em how

Writer(s): L. Parker, R. Noble, S. Lemay

KRS-One Lyrics

"Real Hip Hop - Part II"

(feat. Mic Vandalz)

[KRS-One]

Hah! They not ready, uhh uhh
Set it off, South Bronx
Set it off, uhh, check it

The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there

It's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo
Steppin out the limo, KRS-One, gettin in you
From the get-go kiddo throw em out the window
flip em like a nickel
Peep the hottest single
He'll sink them like the S.S. Minnow
That same kid that rocks the Benz rocks the Pinto
Watch my signal, I rock the rap game like Nintendo
Hey diddle, diddle, get played now like a fiddle
I watch you wiggle, in front of the audience that was fickle
Now you can't make a nickle, the sour pickle you are
KRS-One, ninety-seven superstar
I got one thing to say and let me make this clear
Everywhere, now throw your hands in the air

The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!

[Mic Vandalz]

Yo, been rockin rooftops, knahmsayin?
Internat', yaknahmsayin?
KRS, vandalizin, yaknahmsayin? With the Mic Vandalz
Boogie Down, Uptown, yaknahmsayin?
It's dope, check it out

[KRS-One]

When I ain't doin a show, or bringin all the money in
or at the studio, or home studyin
I'm checkin out Funkmaster Flex on cassette
as he wrecks turntable sets with many subjects
Huff now that's the Blastmaster connects, the larynx
to a high-tech mic set, you get what you get
Tech and Sway, index of singles is complex
On Technics sets, he wrecks, collects a fee next
While you rejects practice, suffix and prefix
Hip-Hop I reads it, and mark your album incompleated
I seen it, saw it, back in eighty-five

Platinum rappers yo that can't rock live
Their mental facilities, lack the ability
for lyric agility - battle? You're killin me

The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is it over here?
The real hip-hop, yo it's over there
The real hip.. now throw your hands in the air!

[Mic Vandalz]

Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)
Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)
Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)

Aiyyo I'm breakin, in this rap thing, I've been waitin
Ready for the world, rude like awakening
Homo sapien, [?] rock every stadium
Scholars and players, here to Las Vegas
Embrace the papers, land of money makers
Brothers hate us cause the brothers ain't us

Yo yo, from coast to coast I'ma overdose you and BDP you
and Kris-Kross your mind, wouldn't wanna be you
A Uptown thing, world premier
Throw your hands in the air baby it's on
How many MC's wanna get they rep torn?
From Joe to Cage and mics in my juvenile days, I abuse
The mic get lifted, the crowd gets amused

I got next.. you lose!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Come To Da Party"

(feat. Joe)

[KRS] One, two, three..

[Joe]

Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is fightin
So they fired up, up and away
Come to da party, come to the dance
To pull out the vinyl
so they fired up, up and away

[KRS-One]

Yeah, yeah

Hardcore lyric comin at ya they attackin ya
Rappers bite like Dracula the soul of hip-hop
I'm puttin back in ya, with the South Bronx vernacular
Bound to put the crack in your armor, I am much sharper
than a lot of other mic rockers, slightly eccentric
but everything's authentic, when I said, "I'm hip-hop," I meant it
Emcees wanna debate the issue, but false though
If they studied they would see that they are hip-hop also
Hip-Hop you can't do it, you gots to be it
You can't confine it, you have to free it, so you can see it
as your expression, and learn the lesson, on life in ghetto sections
and what you feel is the forward direction
for black people, not these Star Wars save that for R2-D2
I got five fingers like Bruce Lee do
And with the five fingers I grab microphones and bring the
stinger to DJ's, rappers, singers and beer drinkers
This MC's a thinker, unlike others but I won't diss yaz
You're still my brothers and sisters, Kris is
ONE aspect of hip-hop rap
Negative rap, positive rap, forget that black it's a trap
to set us back, concentrate on various rap talents
Presently the rap radio format is unbalanced
You either got the player, or the concious rhyme sayer
all day, on your radio, not with a different flavor
Someone has to DIE before you hear a concious record
People don't like gangsta rap, but concious rap, they don't respect it
The truth is people are afraid of black youth
Our expressions, our lessons and gold teeth, so..

[Joe]

Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is shoutin
So they fired up, up and away
Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is singin
so they fired up, up and away

KRS-One Lyrics

"Can't Stop Won't Stop"

Open a de herb gate sellin pure ganja
Babylon come but they undercova
They never really want me stop sell ganja
(They just wanna take a cut of what you make so far!)
But I'm not havin it, I load the SLR
Pack the ganja BOOM! They break down the door
Pop-pop! T'ree shots, exchanged at close range
Out of three Babylon, me hit one in the brain
Pop-pop! Two shots hit da window pane
I exchanged four shots, I drop and feel pain
but I'm not hit, into the bathroom I crawl
I look out the window, it's a one story fall
I'm fallin, hit the ground and start crawlin
Soon I'm walkin 'round, blandin in with the crowd
Another day, I got away, I gotta fix this problem someday
But the very next day...

[Chorus: x2]

Can't stop, won't stop - sellin mad izm
All comeptition - I gots to get wit 'em
Me nah go jail and me nah go prison
(Take it to his face kid, diss him!)

I'm in another herb gate like a superstar
Eleven A.M., things are safe so far
I used to worry 'bout the competition on the block
But now the competition on the block is the cops
And even block watch doesn't know where we lay
Well.. ("Open up! It's the D.E.A.!")
Aww man, just when I went for more lead
The door opens up, I got a glock to my forehead
("Get down! Get on the floor!") I felt the stick, I thought I was dead
But I woke up instead in a cell layin on my bed
I lay back down, then I heard the crack sound
Two D.T.'s came in and laid they glocks down
One was whistlin a love song, as he put some gloves on
I thought to myself, damn something's wrong
Boom bap! Boom ba,p against my head
I fell back on the bed, down to his feet
The pain was insane but the hit was sweet
Cause these dumb-ass cops punched me right by the heat
The glock, two shots, three shots they screamin
Then someone said... ("Hey wake up kid, you're dreamin!")
I said, "Yo dreamin?! That nightmare was hell"
But as I look around, I was still in my cell
Damn, I got myself caught up in a jam
The D.T. that woke me up was like, WHAT?!
I wiped the saliva, off my mouth
The D.T. said.. ("Let's make a deal") No doubt!
No question, now we started up the session

No need for guessin, yes they want my supplier
I said, what makes you think there's anyone higher?
He said.. ("Don't be a God damned liar!")
You killed three D.T.'s yesterday, you heard me
But still the cops you knocked off yea was dirty
Now the whole investigation is federal
We want you to point out, the rest of the cops that are criminal
He continued to say, you can't think it through
This whole drug game is BIGGER than you!
Follow our plan man and you'll be free
Let me explain one thing so you can see, we

[Chorus]

Now I'm back in the herb gate, all wired up
Constantly thinkin about bein tied up
Snap out of it - I'm thinkin, "Damn we like elves!
The federal and local cops got wars with themselves;
and I'm in the middle, and can't solve the riddle.
My nose is runny.." *[knock at door]* ("Let me get a 20!")
A 20 of the green or a 20 of the brown?
("Gimme the whole pound, clown, or duck down!") *[gunfire]*
God damn, God damn, here we go again
But this time I'm set up by my federal friend
Suddenly I hear.. ("Yo, move from the door!") *[two shots]*
Followed by the shot sounded like a four-four *[two shots]*
After the violence, then there was silence
Then I heard.. ("Hey yo it's us, open up the door!")
But rule number one in this game is self-reliance
So I pickd up the mini-mac in case they wanted more
The door opened up, the feds said WHATTUP?
They was stickin you up, so they had to get bucked
Suddenly a sense of trust came over me
I thought to myself, "Well soon I'll be free!"
But as I turned around, I heard the gun go click *[clik-clak]*
I said wait, but it was too late - *[GUNSHOT]*

Writer(s): Muggerud Larry E, Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Over Ya Head"

But am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
But am I over ya head?
Yo am I over ya head?
But am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
Well am I over ya head?
Yo am I over ya head?

Huh? What? Where? Who?
What? Whattyathinkinabout
when who says what when how
You can't maybe follow my style
You be the child, I be the teacher
Smile, who said when, what
mouth not shut, what?
Whenever however whenever
whatever the cut
How you maybe could you ever
believe, that you could so quickly achieve
these crafts, please laugh at his stupid ass
upon your knees in glass
You lust, for everything but trust
So we bust back, with conciously charged art
with a mic instead of a brush

But am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
But am I over ya head?
Yo am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
Yo am I over your head?
Yo am I over ya head?
Listen..

Yes, us must trust us, who? Us must trust
not fuss with us, us must trust us discuss trusting us
Us must trust us, who? Us must trust
not fuss with us, us must trust us discuss thus trusting us
Trusting us, us must trust discuss
Discuss not trusting us must not fuss
Us with us means us discussing trusting us
Us must trust us, who? Us must trust
not fuss with us, us must dicuss trusting us

But am I over ya head?
Yo am I over your head?
But am I over ya head?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Just To Prove A Point"

Tell me right now, tell me what's wrong
Please tell me something before I'm gone
It seems like we have come to the end
Should I be listening to all my friends

Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?

I'M HEARING THINGS LIKE YOU'LL BE SLEEPING CREEPING BEHIND MY BACK
YOU MIGHT BE LAUGHIN MIGHT BE JOKIN BUT I'M THINKIN IT'S WACK
IF WE ARE OVER LET'S BE OVER AND LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT
SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYMORE BECAUSE YOUR LOVE IS AN ACT

Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?

Just who do you, think I really am?
One of your mindless and stupid friends?
Why can't you simply tell me the truth?
So I can hold you, or cut you loose?

I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LISTEN TO WHAT EVERYBODY WILL SAY
BUT MORE AND MORE IT'S SEEMIN THAT I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYWAY
YOU MAKE ME THINK THAT I MUST SLEEP WITH SOMETHIN OVER MY HEAD
FOR FEAR I WAKE UP IN A POOL OF BLOOD AND PROBABLY DEAD
HOW ARE WE LIVIN? HOW ARE WE LIVIN? IT SEEMS
YOU ARE NOT GIVIN WHAT YOU GAVE IN THE BEGINNING
HOW ARE WE LIVIN? HOW ARE WE LIVIN? IT SEEMS
YOU ARE NOT GIVIN WHAT YOU GAVE IN THE BEGINNING

Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?

I'M HEARING THINGS LIKE YOU'LL BE SLEEPING CREEPING BEHIND MY BACK
YOU MIGHT BE LAUGHING MIGHT BE JOKING BUT I'M THINKING IT'S WACK
IF WE ARE OVER LET'S BE OVER AND LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT
SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYMORE BECAUSE YOUR LOVE IS AN ACT
I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LISTEN TO WHAT EVERYBODY WILL SAY
BUT MORE AND MORE IT'S SEEMIN THAT I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYWAY
YOU MAKE ME THINK THAT I MUST SLEEP WITH SOMETHIN OVER MY HEAD
FOR FEAR I WAKE UP IN A POOL OF BLOOD AND PROBABLY DEAD

Probably dead!
Probably dead.
Probably dead...

KRS-One Lyrics

"4th Quarter - Free Throws"

Yeah, listen to the lyrics
We are the ones prophesized to return
My main concern is for all of you to learn
How to live, yes through the lyrics I give and send my friend
This age is coming to an end
Not the world, but the age is ending
Ending, listen to the astrological message I'm sending
I'm sending, tell em
Truth is truth, whether or not you like me
We are living now in the age of Pisces
When Pisces is over, at the year two thousand
When the Sun of God, changes his house and
enters the Age of Aquarius
The Sun of God as man is hilarious (okay)
When you think of Jesus, think of the Sun
The flaming Sun, that's where they stole this concept from
Stop believing and read your bible logically
The new testament is really old astrology
Jesus is the son of God no lie
But they might be talking about the Sun up in the sky
The Sun, that hangs on the cross of the zodiac
The zodiac with twelve signs to be exact
Each sign is a house, and you should keep in mind
Each house equals, a period of time
The time, two thousand years and that's a fact
It's called an age or a house in the zodiac
The twelve disciples, are twelve months of reason
The four gospels signify the four seasons
When Jesus fed the multitude with two fishes
It signified the Age of Pisces, not fish or dishes
If you read the bible astrologically it's clearer (no doubt)
The next age will be the age of the water-bearer
It's called the Age of Aquarius (word)
When logic and truth will take care of us
So in this age, of spiritual dignity
You'll see a rise in femininity
and creativity, meshed with masculinity
You got to get with me, this is your true her-story (rrryyy!)
Do you wanna go higher...

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, David Jolicoeur, Vincent L. Mason, Kelvin Mercer

KRS-One Lyrics

"Step Into A World / Rapper's Delight (Remix)"

(feat. Puff Daddy)

[Intro: Puff Daddy]

I'ma make you dance
And we won't stop, cause we can't stop [x3]
Don't stop
KRS-One
Puff Daddy
Bad Boy remix
Hit me baby

[Verse 1: Puff Daddy, KRS-One]

Hear the sound of my money machine
See the 600 Benz see the chrome rims gleam
See the teacher KRS and the Puff Daddy
See the young black and famous Rich like Matty
With the power and the knowledge at our fingertips
With a style make the ladies wanna lick they lips, shake they hips
Shake they rumps, bass thump
Believin they could fly by the way you jump, player, uhh
Hip-Hop mayor, fat rhyme sayer
From the Boogie Down to the Himalayas I'm

Comentating (say what?) illustrating (yeah)
Descriptions given, adjective expert (I hear you)
Let's work, til your neck hurt (oooh)
Like Bedwork I Rock Steady, you ain't really ready
for the teacher, just when you thought you had me licked
I come equipped with another hit, oh shit!
(I hear you, I hear you, I hear you, I hear you)

[Chorus:]

And we won't stop, cause we can't stop [x4]
Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test

Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test

[Verse 2: Puff Daddy]

Politic with the teacher (c'mon) as the hits reach ya
Puff Daddy and KRS-One, double feature (that's right)
Uptown diplomats, watch chips get stacked
So-and-so, this and that (uhh)
Just 'Show me the money!' Ain't nuttin funny (uh-huh)
Have you stuck on stupid broke feelin crummy (ahah)
Ain't no time for Girl 6
Cause I got a ten, holdin my stack of big Benz
Correographer causin your funky dope maneuver (say what?)
Bad Boy represent, keep it sewer
Killin You Softly wit my song

Call from the heist, I know y'all better think twice (what?)
about the still number one (uh-huh) South South Bronx (say what?)
At the Latin Quarter, dancin witcha daughter (ooh!)
You can't handle me, I keep it tight
With my Bad Boy family, that's right

[Chorus:]

And we won't stop, cause we can't stop [x4]
Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test

[Verse 3: KRS-One]

Uhh, uhh, South Bronx
You sitin and you wonderin, how we keep it comin in
KRS and Puff again to push it, and shove it in (that's right)
The neighborhood be buggin when we we comin in, rulin
(With more Wildcats than Rick Pitino, I mean yo)
Just Coolin', like Levert, I do work
They love me, thick with G. Simone, Puffy
Young black and educated, that's how we made it (oh yeah)
Study and bring the money in, you can't fade it
This scholar, gets the dollars
While these other scholars just holler (remix)
With no dinero, your zero (remix)
You think I care what you whisper
You got the wrong picture (remix)
I'm chillin with G. Simone eatin dinner (haha)
The 1997 winner, of your respect
High tech, you get the album or cassette (that's right)
And don't forget, while you listenin, skills I flaunt it
That Boogie Down Bronx shit, we on it

[Puffy]

Scott LaRock rest in peace, Biggie Smalls rest in peace
Step into a world
We love y'all, always and forever, and we won't stop
Where there's no one left
Cause we can't stop, and we won't stop
Where the very best
BDP, Bad Boy
No MC can test

Cause we can't stop, and we won't stop [x4]
Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test
[repeat last refrain to fade]

Rock on, Bad Boy, remix, for eternity baby, BDP rock on rock on..

The background of the album cover features a group of men in dark clothing and balaclavas, standing in front of a brick wall. The lighting is dark and moody, with a blue tint. A bright, circular light flare is visible on the right side of the image, partially overlapping the text.

KRS ONE

THE SNEAK ATTACK

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ghetto Lifestyles"

"Why do you listen to KRS-One?"

"Cause it's more than just music.

He speaks to my way of life."

"KRS is the best. Listen for the inner meanings."

"Never heard, anyone like this."

[KRS-One]

Feel this! Feel it!

Feel the power, of DJ Kenny Parker, word up.. huh!

C'mon, yeah.. uhh.. ("Yeah yeah yeah")

So we gonna come down one time for your mind, you know whassup

Turn it up, turn it up turn it up turn it up

Look!!

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts

Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

("Protect yourself") - that's right!

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts

Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

("Protect yourself")

Yo, all summer they bump the KRS-Oner

From the microscopic atomic structure of the under

I spit thunder, which hunts ya, runs you down and stuns ya

I'm at the center of all rap worlds like a rotunda

Then again, I rock you and your friend again

In any club in the country when you say KRS they say, "Let him in"

V.I.P. passes for intellectuals with glasses

Ignorant asses get left outside with the masses

Next day we attend classes and gatherings

Shattering, those that be rattling about battling

Battin 'em down from the Bronx like Don Mattingly[?]

The black African snappin backs again and laughin again

You won't be askin again, my album I'm already masterin

Whoever you think is dope I'm already blastin him

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts

Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

("Protect yourself") - that's right!

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts
Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Attendance"

[KRS-One]

Who was the first to flash the heat on the cover?
Who was the first crew to go against another?
Who was the first to go acapella on a video replay?
Who was the first to lose a DJ?
Who was the first to teach at Yale?
Who was the first to hit that hip-hop reggae, on the nail?
Who was the first to say (Stop the Violence)
and teach that real bad boys move in silence?
You're soon to see the mindbendin rhyme weapon
Get more busy than two-two-three-double-nine-seven
All these rappers, swear they the best
I know whatchu thinkin about, "Where's KRS?"
Eighty percent of these rappers fake they shit
The other twenty percent they goin upstate and shit
There's no way out except knowledge and wisdom
I got it so I spit 'em you ain't got it you gotta get 'em
Who was the first to produce mix and write
at the same time up in the club rockin the mic?
Who was the first to have a DJ and a side man?
The first to say what is hip-hop? "I AM!"
Who was the first to produce gangster shit?
Put out, gangster hits with a gangster click?
Not no prankster shit, Steady B, Mad Lion
Just-Ice, Shabba Ranks and shit
My Channel is Live, my only battle is Jive
MC to MC, you won't survive
You'll be censored cause my Crew is 2 Live
I ascend like Christ and watch you die

[Chorus: x2]

Breakers (HERE!) MC's (HERE!)
Writers (HERE!) Beat-boxers (HERE!)
DJ's (HERE!) Hip-Hop (HERE!)
Hip-Hop (RIGHT HERE!) Hip-Hop (RIGHT HERE!)

[KRS-One]

I'm like Noah, I'm takin 'em, two by two
I took, them and them and I'll take, you and you
Be I'm right or be I'm wrong
You'll see I'm tight with this mic, you should be like, "B I'm gone"
But you still in my face Neo, I'm not your girl
All that ice and thug life, that's not my world
I'm the teacher, but you still can't see

cause while you respect Tupac, Tupac respected me
Another thing; don't ever show me another ring
Remember you Rudy Ray Moore, I'm Martin Luther King
Everything you bring sounds horrendous
You need repentance, 'fore I take attendance

[Chorus]

[KRS-One hums a melody for a bit]

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hot"

Yeah

Who will be standing when the smoke clears?

[Redman] (KRS-One)

Word up!

What's up with this?

We're coming through

Boogie Down style, kid

What's up

This is KRS-One

The light at the end of the tunnel

Yo, they not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
I'm HOT, been hot, repeatedly heated
Don't call the teacher, hah, you best be seated
You got these kids gased up like you own the inventory
Fake muthafuckas ain't tellin the whole story
Tell em how you borrow from everyone you knew
And now that you're on top, they can't borrow from you
That's not hot, tell em how you love bein pop
Cause you was so broke before, sleepin cold on a cot
You don't rock, you grab money
Your crocks rock the spot and you grab them honeys
It's about to get ugly
I don't even go to these bullshit kiddie-ass clubs
You wanna be a thug? Let's thug
First of all, soldiers speak to soldiers
Captains speak to captains
Lieutenant/lieutenant, cool?
But your first mistake is: he's steppin to me, rookie
Like you a O.G. and you just a run-up, fool
Who really got these streets on lock?
Whose name really holds high respect on the block?
Who opened up these clubs and taught you how to mix?
Who opened up these thugs from Compton to the Bricks?
I don't even sound like the rest of you kiddies
I study the ways of God, you studyin titties
And ass, I pity your class
Cause you come out with a blast
But you're trash, so you really don't last

They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
This is hotter than heat, too deep, I'm on top of the streets
You weak, you ain't really rockin these beats
You [?] you dress straight, eat straight
But you're a slave, and yo, you can't come up in a heat tank
G-o-d we thank, we watch what we sell
You better hope these Christians are wrong cause you goin to hell
Think about that when you're spittin your raps
And you call out KRS, I'll put you flat on your back
You're not HOT, all you do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Who's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Where's your respect on the block?
[scratching of]
[Redman] (KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butta-Pican Rican, tell em to get off it)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Why"

[KRS-One] Class in session. What, is, democracy?

[student] Yo it's the rule of the people. The self rule.

[student] It's what the people want!

[K] That's right. But is this a democracy?

[s] Nah, democracy is a goal to be attained.

[K] That's right. The character of the people should be reflected

[K] in the laws and the institution of the state.

[s] Psssh, I don't see my character reflected!

[K] Tell me

[Chorus 1: KRS-One]

WHY, are all the schools they fallin apart
and WHY, the youth not takin no musical art
and WHY, the professionals really don't know where to start
No, one, really, cares, about
WHY, the people ain't trustin the law and the order
and WHY, the hookers from 70's look like our daughters
and WHY, the radio station they help with the slaughter
No, one, really, cares, about

[KRS-One]

The mind, they usin until it's time they doin a rhyme
will ruin what you doin if you crime pursuin
Let me tell you bout gettin your family out the mean ghetto
to green meadows, where you can finally be settled
That street level, freak level, pullin out heat level
Eatin meat level, deceit level, that's that beast level
You gotta stand upright in a house with three levels
Where you don't even see devils unless he shovels the snow
Many philosophers live on the low
Never crazy hazy or lazy we get up and go
Whaddya know, I'm always teaching after the show
Not messin with hoes, I'm with my wife, changin my clothes
Blowin my nose, deliverin blows to foes
with new flows; then disappear where nobody knows
Cause I got too many questions, too many lessons
I gotta go, too many people stressin but I gotta know

[Chorus 2: KRS-One]

WHY, these officers gunnin us down on our block
and WHY, the President never steps in on these cops
and WHY, the mayor don't even look like he in shock
No, one, really, cares, about
WHY, the call of the poor is always ignored

and WHY, the senators governors breakin the law
and WHY, they taxin and taxin and taxin the poor
No, one, really, cares, about

[KRS-One]

You, me, or themselves you can tell, they livin in hell
But they come on the TV lookin so swell
Sellin you dreams of schemes of you gettin green and cream
But they never explain the work and all it means
You got to visualize, close the lid on your eyes
and visualize, minimize lies
See yourself bigger in size, quicker to rise up
wise up climb up, before your time's up but

[Chorus 1]

[s] The votes

[K] That's right

[s] The politics

[K] That's right

[s] The government you know!

[K] Uh-huh, people basically have the government they want

[s] If people felt dissed, they'd be out rebellin right now

KRS-One Lyrics

"Doth Thou Know"

[KRS-One]

Thou knowest not what thou sayeth in speech?
Doth thou know what thou teacheth to each?
From thine own mouth, thy corrupt thine own house
Thy corrupt thine siblings and thine own spouse
Satan has hold of thy spirit
So evil has hold of thy lyric
Whomsoever shall hear it shall adapt it
And walk the talk of evil just as ye rapped it
But I cometh forth today to say thus
Evil is an illusion, in GOD we trust
In Satan we lust
Coveting thy brother's vehicle while riding the bus
Feeling unjust
Trust not sinners in the flesh they aren't winners
But in the spirit they art children, beginners
Eat not of the dinner they serve
Seek the experienced MC, not the beginners in word

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Lessin"

(feat. April S. Williams)

Yeah.. uh-huh.. underground, never stop y'all
Underground, K.P. y'all c'mon!

[Chorus: April S. Williams]

Ain't no stoppin what we done
Don't give up this fight is won
There's no way they can hold us down
Cause with power and strength we gonna take it now
Take that stand realize the truth
Knowledge intellect bringin minds anew
There's no way they can hold us down
Cause with power and strength we gonna save you now

[KRS-One over Chorus]

Uh-huh
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh-huh
Tell them again, tell them again!
Uhh
Get 'em up now, word
Just get it up now, uh-huh
ALL OF THE MASSIVE!

[KRS-One]

B, R, O, N, X
See these cars, see these checks, intellect
See these thugs, ain't no sweat, intellect
A thousand miles, how do you do it? One step
Now check out this flow, they wanna be down, but they cain't
Original (Criminal Minded) flow, they just ain't
ready for the real, ready to peel off the paint
Your style is fake, the teacher returns to debate
You the best? That's bull, you questionable
Highly flexible, wasn't you sexual?
Now you hardcore? You need to see God more
I sit on the faculty; you, you sophomore

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]

Uhh, get 'em up
Yeah, get 'em up uhh
Yeah, uhh, that's right

That's right uh-huh, tell 'em again
It go.. get 'em up
Yeah, that's right, uh-huh
Uh-huh
Another Kenny Parker exclusive!

[KRS-One]

Time to get it, now you did it, tryin to spit it
You don't fit it, ask the critics, already did it, skipped the gimmicks
I don't mimic, metaphysics, you'll admit it, better to live it
better to give it, so I spit it every minute so you get it
My lyric is wicked an' full of culture y'all
Huh? Battle, nah - get back in your car
Either you never heard of me or you really wanna get with me
But as your teacher let me test you for a learning disability
You feeling me? Cause you can't, get it through your head
This is, sui-CIDE!! You're better off dead
Let me not amp you up, cause this style you can't do what
My stomach can take it and your stomach it'll cramp you up
This is, breath control, breath control stylee
I get up all in that ass that [?] heinie
Try me, back in the days you woulda had sorrow
Try the teacher today, and you won't see tomorrow cause

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]

Uhh, we get 'em up
Uhh, that's right, get 'em up
Yeah, uh-huh, get 'em up
Yeah, ONE MORE TIME NOW!
Uhh, that's right, get 'em up
Uh-huh, uh-huh, get 'em up I HEAR YOU
Uh-huh, I HEAR YOU, WORD UP!
LOOK AT THIS!

[KRS-One]

Like a piss on the streets I exist
Not the meat but the fish
Complete the feat when I'm speakin the heat into this
Witness Kris rippin this
Don't trip on this, skip ahead if you're ready
My show medley is deadly
I'm about a hundred million mic years away
These players I don't hate, but I'm not here to play
I hit it all day, all night, all afternoon
Rock all mics from the days of sassoon
Where the hell was you? On the corner with rats
when we was at the LQ, lockin it down and that was that

Divine speaker, mind keeper, time teacher, time leader
I'll be sittin in the club by the speaker
Waitin for you rappers to choke up then I eat ya
like some prehistoric winged creature, AHHH!
On your neck, like the American eagle facin East and West
I be the best, Blastmaster KRS cause

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]

We get 'em up
Uhh, yo, we get 'em up
Like, YEAH, I SEE IT OVER THERE
I SEE IT OVER THERE, IT'S.. YEAH IT'S OVER HERE!
Uhh! Uhh, one more time we get it up
Yeah, yeah, we get it
Uhh, uhh, IT'S OVER HERE NOW!
IT'S OVER HERE NOW! UHH!

[April and KRS-One ad lib]

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

Attention all true hip-hoppers
Let us come together, for the unity of hip-hop culture
Every third week in May, is hip-hop appreciation week
Celebrate with us
Then, join us in November, for hip-hop history month
Big up, to the Zulu Nation, PEACE!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Mind"

[Chorus 1: x2]

First thing we must do is make up our - MIND
Then we must go and really clear our - MIND
Erase the doubt and the fear from our - MIND
Share our - MIND, speak our - MIND

Stand up brother, stand up sister
I told y'all before, love is gonna get'cha
Lovin that money, lovin that liquor
Lovin that sex without respect you gets no bigger
I ain't got time to chill, only got time to build
You find that in those with skills
This a real MC, of the highest degree
With no video, my show they dyin to see
Not whether I'm buyin 'em three
When you watch television just keep sayin they lyin to me
Cause they are - how long you gonna stay at the bar?
I'm not desperate for money, maybe you are, but listen

[Chorus 2: x2]

First thing we gon' do is make up our - MIND
Then we gon' go, and we gon' clear our - MIND
Erase the doubt and the fear from our - MIND
Share our - MIND, speak our - MIND

Don't you think it's time we thought about the future?
Whether our children they gonna be winners or losers?
Don't you think it's time to advance the rhyme we spit?
Whether you know it or not, you deep in politics
All inside of it, in fact YOU the issue
Don't let this government diss you!
They really do not want you to vote
They really do not want you to hope
They really want you sniffin they coke
You look around yo we missin the boat
I coulda wrote about ANYTHING to get on, but this what I wrote
And what I'm writin, is guaranteed to enlighten
Like Dr. Cornel West, Michael Eric Dyson
This is how we do it today, enough of the crime talk
KRS got somethin new to say
Rise up, and put aside childish things
This is the message we bring; listen

[Chorus 2]

Last verse, KRS, blast first
Ignorance is bad, but temptation that's worse
They hide they purse, cause of the way we spit the verse
No one ever told 'em that the style's rehearsed
And even if they did, it wouldn't be new to they mind
Cause all day rappers confess to doin these crimes
So when the cops see you, they're not thinkin about me
They thinkin about takin you out of society
Keep it right, don't lie to me
You think it's too much preachin teachin?
Huh, well fine, we'll see
When you're locked up in J.D.C., or even prison
The truth shall set you free, just listen
You want health, and really that's about prevention
You want love, real love, and not depression
You want awareness, which come from discipline and will
You want wealth, which come from skills
When you really ready to talk, let's build
You ain't gotta be a scholar to know the next 4 years gonna be ill
I believe you already know the drill, don't lie
don't steal, seek peace and don't kill

[Chorus 1]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip-hop Knowledge"

You know.. life is funny..
If you don't repeat the actions of your own success
you won't be successful
You gotta know your own formula, your own ingredients
What made you, YOU..

1987 I was at the Latin Quarters
Listenin to Afrika Bambaata give the order
The call of the order was to avoid the slaughter
He said, "Record companies ain't got nuttin for ya!"
Without a lawyer, he taught The Infinity Lessons
In how hip-hop could be a, many a blessing
And that was great, so in 1988
there was no debate, we had to end the hate
The name of the game was "Stop the Violence"
and unity, knowledge, and self-reliance
We - started talkin bout Martin and Malcolm
Had these ghetto kids goin, "Huh, what about him?"
1989, Professor Griff speaks his mind
but his freedom of speech is declined
1990 came with the West coast
East coast, West coast, who is the best coast?
Lookin back now, of COURSE it was bogus
The whole argument was where we lost focus
We got hopeless; not with the lyrics and music
but with hip-hop, and how we used it
Or abused it, you know how the crew get
"You like it cause you choose it"
1991, we opened our eyes
with Human Education Against Lies, we tried
to talk about the state of humanity
But all these others rappers got mad at me
They called me "Captain Human", another message was sent
"Self Destruction don't pay the {fuckin} rent"
Remember that? Nobody wanted conscious rap
It was like - where these ballers at?
Where can they call us at? All was wack
Hip-Hop culture was fallin flat and that was that
So in 1992, I found my crew
They said, "Yo Kris, what you wanna do?"
I said, "Damn - why they wanna get with me?"
If I bust they {shit} I'm contradictory.
If I play the bitch role, they take my shoe.
Tell me what the {fuck} am I supposed to do?"

So I did it, don't stop get it get it get it
All of a sudden these critics they wanna spit it
"Kay Are Ess One is con-tra-dic-to-ry"
Just cause I wouldn't let these rappers get with me
{Fuck} that, {fuck} you and {fuck} your pen
If a rapper wanna diss, yo I'd do it again
But I'm makin these ends, and I got my friends
And I really don't wanna have to sit in the pen
So I go back to the philosopher
1993 hip-hop is uhh.. wack
Go back, check the facts
1994, "Return of the Boom Bap"
It wasn't all about the loot
It was all about Harry Allen Rhythm Cultural Institute
Blowin up, 1995
Conscious rap is still alive
But nobody wanna play it, nobody wanna say it
Nobody okayed it, they'd all rather hate it
1996 it really don't stop
We put together somethin called the Temple of Hip-Hop
Not just DJin, breakin, graf and lyrics
But how hip-hop affects the spirit
"Step Into a World," that's what I did
1997 I was raisin my kid
or kids, but I, had to go
Cause New York DJ's changed the flows
to clothes and hoes, but that wasn't me
I'll be damned if I dance for the MTV
So in 1998 I began to debate
Should I go now, or should I really wait?
'99, I moved to L.A. you see
and took a gig with the WB
Started studyin philosophy full-time
To have a full heart, full body, full mind
But you know what the problem is or was?
DJ's don't raise our kids, cuz
they so caught up in the cash and jewels
How they gonna really see a hip-hop school?
How they gonna really see a hip-hop temple?
They don't even wanna play my instrumentals, but
big up Dr. Dre, Snoop, Xzibit
Especially Xzibit, he was there in a minute
Mic Conception, all of them, said
"Yo you need help? I should call them"
When I was in L.A., I held the crown
Bloods, Crips, they held me down
I could never forget Mad Lion, killer pride
with the gat in the lap in the low-ride
Oh I can't forget, Icy Ice, Lucky Lou

Julio G, that was the crew
Davey D, Ingrid, David Connor
The list goes on and on, let me tell ya
FredWreck, and my man Protest
Much respect, no less
To my spiritual and mental defenders
Big up to L.A., temple members
But in 2000, I seen how I wanted to live
I wasn't no executive
So I picked up the mic and I quit my job
Said to Simone I gotta get with God
She said, "Don't worry bout these dollars and quarters.
Record companies ain't got nuttin for ya."
Damn, she took me back to Bam!
Took me back to who I am!
Brought me back to the New York land!
Now I overstand!..

[interviewer]

Now KRS-One, now you've been quoted as saying that
rap is something we do, hip-hop is something you live.

[KRS] Yes!

[interviewer]

Explain that to us please.

[KRS-One]

Well, well, today hip-hop, we are advocating that hip-hop is not,
just a music, it is an attitude, it is an awareness, it is a way
to view the world. So rap music, is something we do, but HIP-HOP,
is something we live. And we look at hip-hop, in it's 9 elements;
which is breaking, emceeing, graffiti art, deejaying, beatboxing,
street fashion, street language, street knowledge, and street
entreprenurialism - trade and business. And uhh, that's where y'know
that's the hip-hop that that that we're about. We come from the uhh
the root of, of Kool DJ Herc, who originated hip-hop in the early 70's
and then Afrika Bambaata and Zulu Nation (mmhmm)
who instigated something called The Infinity Lessons
and added conciousness to hip-hop, and then Grandmaster Flash
with the invention of the mixer, on to Run-D.M.C. and then myself.
And uhh, we created the "Stop the Violence" movement, you may recall
a song, "Self Destruction" and and and so on. All of this, goes to
uhh uhh, the idea of LIVING this culture out and taking responsibility
for how it looks and and acts in society.

KRS-One Lyrics

"What Kinda World"

There's no such thing as a government
There's only people rulin over people
People jerkin around people
People lendin a hand to people..
What part of the system do you play?
Who do you oppress? ..Uhh!

[Chorus]

What kinda world are we livin in? Yo
What kinda world are we livin innnnnnn?
Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

[Chorus 1/2]

When every day, seven thousand kids are gettin locked up
When every day the justice system seems to stay stocked up
When every day they cuttin 'em down 'fore they even pop up
When every day you gotta duck 'fore you get shot up
What kinda world are we livin in, spinnin in
Winnin in, sinnin in, let us begin again
Churches are ran like corporations makin me holla
Corporations are ran like churches praisin the dollar
There's no way out, or is it? Release your doubt and live it
Teachin metaphysics don't listen to these critics hear it
What kinda world are we livin in?
Believe in yourself, achieve for yourself, see for yourself
Speak for yourself, never weaken yourself, by deceivin yourself
Believe in your wealth, c'mon!

[Chorus]

Yo, yo, yeah
What kinda world are we livin out, we move about
in fear and doubt, tryin to get more clout
Just check it check it out, we took the wrong route
to a morality drought, basically I'm callin 'em out
What kinda world are we livin in, when a song
will not get on, unless it talks 'bout thongs
Now where did we go wrong? We don't have long
Preference all torn all worn not norm and all gone
What kinda world do we live around, when we lay around
Let me break it down, they shuttin us down
while we play around, we fallin, stallin

while God's callin, all in to fall in

[Chorus]

[Chorus 1/2]

When every day another unwanted pregnancy ends
When every day another person is betrayed by a friend
When every day it never ends, and the people pretend
like the President is there cause of them, let me ask
What kinda world can we really trust
when the cops they can shoot at us? Bo bo!
What kinda world can we really grow (ohh)
when our daughters wanna be hoes (ohh)
and a father that nobody knows (ohh)
and a mother wearin them sexy clothes (ho)
What kinda world are we livin in, yo
What kinda world are we livin in, uhh

[Chorus: w/ variations]

Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

Fresh.. for two-thousand-one.. you SU-CKAZZZZZZ!

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Will Make It"

(feat. Hezekiah Walker Choir)

[KRS-One]

Instead of reading the word of Christ, BE the word of Christ
Instead of following God's word, BE God's word
That's the consciousness of hip-hop
You are not just doing hip-hop, you ARE hip-hop
You are not just reading the word of God, you ARE the word of God

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS-One]

For me, what you see is what you get in these days
I'm so hungry you can throw my dinner right on the stage
You can bite down on my rage, bite down on my anticipation
With no doubt or hesitation, repeat this affirmation
(I WILL MAKE IT) Not I wanna make it
(SHOW 'EM HOW WE MAKE IT) In fact, we've made it
Every time we state and believe it we create it
The power of your very word is highly underrated
Sleepin in the dark in the park watchin others push they cart
Say this whole thing in your heart

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS-One]

For me, I ain't askin I ain't beggin I ain't pleadin
In a positive direction my lifestyle I'm leadin
I'm readin about ways of achievin what I'm believin
Every time I'm speakin I'm seein myself leapin
over buildings, over the one on the corner chillin

Straight into knowledge of self, countin up millions
Changin my situation, with creative visualization
Givin libation for this ancient information

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS] For me
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Get Your Self Up"

Yeah
(Yeah)
Yeah
(Yeah)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Hardcore!
Word
Hardcore!

[live excerpt]

(You really think they're ready, black?)

Let's break it all the way down

All the way down

Huh-huh

Don't be fooled

Don't be fooled

Rap is something you do

Hip-hop is something you live

Rap is something you do

Hip-hop is something you.. *[crowd responds]*

Rap is something you do

Hip-hop.. *[crowd responds]*

You are not just doing hip-hop..

[crowd responds]

Yeah

Let's get this started

Word up

[CHORUS]

You gotta - get - your - self - up!

You been knocked down?

Get yourself up!

You been shot down?

Get yourself up!

You been locked down?

Get yourself up!

Get - your - self - up!

Been knocked down?

Get yourself up!

Been shot down?

Get yourself up!
You been locked down?
Get yourself up!

What is a real hip-hop MC?
Is it MTV, is it BET?
Is it five m-i-c's
So the people can see
I mean, how you think you're free
When you act like property?
Tell me, how do you judge an MC when he's rockin
I mean rockin it live, not pickin his cotton
I mean adjustin his clothes, I mean how do you know
Before you come to the show that you're not gettin heated
That you're not gettin cheated
That you ain't come to the club thinkin 'I must've been weeded!'
(Word)

You got to be a educated consumer
Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya
Ass they want is your cash, ass, grass, gas in a flick
When you ask for that autograph they ass-dash quick
Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter
He pulls his gat while we bust off the gatler

[CHORUS]

This is the "Sneak Attack"
The "Edutainment" style returns like that
Take it off your shelf
Cause all we deal with is knowledge of self, health and wealth
Not Stealth bombers, leather goose bombers
Original hip-hop armor on cd-rom - eh
You got to get with a
21st century philosopher
Representin the religion of hip-hop, sir
Those that oppose are foes and will get rocked - eh
Stopped, eh - I rise like a helicopter
Like Zulu I'll Shaka, crowd
With a beat that's loud
Huh, I'm black and I'm proud - irrelevant
I'm black and intelligent
I teach my kids to watch the education they give em
Cause it's really all about street wisdom

[CHORUS]

True hip-hoppers don't bleed
True hip-hoppers don't need
True hip-hoppers don't speed

No time for greed
True hip-hoppers do read
And will lead, not plead
Will sow seeds that breed
Ah-ha that's safer than weed, indeed
True hip-hoppers don't slave
True hip-hoppers don't crave
Silver and gold, we're not amazed
We live f-r-e-e
If you not into lyrics you can't really hear it nor see me
My philosophy keeps it plain and simple
Here it is: the kingdom of hip-hop is within you
Or is it the kingdom of hell that sends you?
I'm ringin a bell within you
You only seek in a cell, that's what sin do
It tells you to put your craft on a menu, a chart
So they can sell you and your art

[CHORUS]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Krush Them"

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
While they floss with the chi-ching and all the rings
You stay focused, keep doin your thing
You cannot get the diamond ring, if you can't really sing
Or if you haven't got a skill, that you ready to fling
What you bringin to the table if you not really able
Tryin to get to the top, like the Tower of Babel
Back in the days, remember all the old gold cables
Where they at now? Sold, when they dropped from the label
All the money they gave you made you very unstable
They really enslaved but you wasn't able with the coke in your nasal
to see, you up in the crib but they rockin your cradle
You a joke and you fatal, they made you an M.C.

Meaning: Most Confused

Not E-M-C-E-E, that's what I use
Many people really wanna know from me
when I'ma drop and they can go cop, the next LP
Or CD, or T-A-P-E you see
It's about word of mouth, for me

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they rap
Yo, they don't really know where the money is at
And what's funny is that, is if you'd just stay focused
they'd be the one to be the brokest!
I'm from the inner city, that's right
Flashy asses and titties that's right
No pity mad graffiti that's right
Broken gang treaties, that's real
I speak complete broken slang freely at will
I spit what I'm about to spit, get what I'm about to get
Never no counterfeit, movin about a bit
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, only a few like the sound of it
Others can't get down with it (ONE.. TWO.. THREE.. BREAK!)
So why did I have to come off my sabbatical?
Battle you? My metachromatical will splatter you

I got another track to do, I can't mack witchu
Your rhymes are fictional, mine are factual
I'll embarrass you, I'm glad to do
I'm the teacher but in the streets it can be bad for you
I feel sad for you, cause you frontin like you gettin ahead
but you really on E instead
I've come to show these people you're not my equal
All you want is the cash and a hoe in a see-through
Yeah; KRS-One comin through with the breeze team
You know how we do

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
Yo we crush them, and they squad
Let me tell you right now that it's all about God
You can walk around the streets like you livin it hard
But a real teacher know when you scarred
I refuse to be bought, I refuse to snooze
I refuse to come up short, I refuse to lose
I refuse to be caught in the court
I refuse to refuse bein taught, I refuse evil thoughts
Cause they whole {shit's} wack, trap's wack
You're wack, you're pack's wack, in fact I jab-slap that
Cap at that, now, retract that crap, wherever I'm in or at
You better go back and sip that crap
Bring your gat, I'm lovin that
Like football, you'll be, runnin-back
Blazin 'em, merely dazin 'em, barely playin 'em out
These are God's lyrics, I'm just sayin 'em out

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
You supposed to be buttoned up right to your neck
If you a woman, you'll get respect
Let me tell you we crush the, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to be
You supposed to be a man of integrity
Above the law, you effect destiny
We CRUSH, THEM, and they lies
This is concious rap, we not hypnotized
Anywhere the action's at, we rappin at
Takin it home and unpackin that-that-that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hush"

(feat. Nyce (The Breeze Team))

Uh-huh, whatchu thought? Uh-huh, we was done?
Uh-huh, whatchu thought?! Yeah, yeah
Yeah, whatchu thought? Uhh, uhh, uhh
Yo, yo, back again! What's that? Back again!
What's that? Word! C'mon

[Chorus x2: Nyce]

A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, yo, check it, check it
Let us begin, KRS, winnin again, KRS-One did it again
KRS bigger than them, look at them they bit it again
I think my gun just gonna start clickin again
Click-clack, I always spit back
Anybody call my name I go get that
In fact we draggin 'em out, to a deserted route
The teacher returns, you must learn, the word is out
No doubt highly respected, Front Page Records
Off the hook, yet still connected
Are you teachin yourself, teachin yourself?
I'm like history repeatin itself
"Criminal Minded", you've been blinded again
Lookin for my style you can't find it again
You can find these others that may sound like Kris
but when it comes to the hands they don't get down like Kris!
They never ran up in the clubs with a hundred thugs
Never had the respect of Crips and Bloods
Never knew B.O., they never knew Big Pun
They never battled MC's, they never bust they gun
They don't know that, all they know is that show DAT
That's Digital Audio Tape if you don't know that
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus x2: Nyce]

A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Word, yeah yeah, uh-huh, yo
Yo, yo, yo (hit 'em Kris!)
What mean the world to me? H-I-P, H-O-P
And S-I-M, O-N-E
And G-O-D, I stay low key
I go down to hell, and slap up Satan
Then return to heaven, where Scott LaRock is waitin
Resurrection, just like my brown complexion
when I speak, I don't need protection from the heat
I walk these streets and I'm quick to hit first
Throw on any beat I'll be quick to spit first
and rip town, I take one look around
And all you hear is, "Get down, get down, get down!"
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I stay on blast
That's why these rappers want me to go on last
That's the truth, that's the fact, that's the deal
Forget sex appeal, my tech is real
And my rep is real, K-R-S
Woo-woop-woop! That's the sound of E-M-S
The rag on your head, it best stay white
Cause I can turn that red in a mintue a-ight?
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch them diamonds from 'round your neck
Once again, get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus: Nyce]

A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!
A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]

Yeah.. yeah.. yo, yo, yo
To all my heads who wanna see an improvement
in hip-hop culture, join this movement
We need more glocks than my man Freddie Foxxx
The knowledge I spit to the click it don't stop
That hardcore God-core, ready to start war
Rock more shock more top your pop tour
I'm sure I'll drop the grade to zero
When the teacher return, I don't chase DeNiro
Like where yo? Where yo? They livin in fear yo

It's a jungle sometime, but I got my spear yo
The album's called "Sneak Attack", that's what it is
KRS-One spittin facts to kids

[Chorus: Nyce]

A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!
A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Sneak Attack"

(feat. April S. Williams)

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight.. we keep it right..
We're comin strong.. we're movin on.. (yeah)
It's time to rise.. and unify..
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]

Yo, where's my people at?
We be where the elite be at
We really never need the gat, we comin with a sneak attack
In fact, best believe we back
What we rap it heats the track
Kenny Parker sees to that, my job is to teach these cats
Present the clear speech they lack
And show 'em how to eat from rap

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight.. we keep it right.. (that's right)
We're comin strong.. (uh-huh, yeah) we're movin on.. (tell 'em again!)
(Uhh) It's time to rise.. and unify.. (yeah, yeah)
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]

You know why the devil can't get with me?
Cause he's a liar, I've got victory
You can stick with me, my click is free
Negativity, that doesn't live with me
These rappers on one, I've skipped to three
These rappers on A, I've skipped to C
My image, heads ain't quick to be
So I thank you for pickin me
I know why people got to know, these wack rappers got to go
Let a MC rock the show
I'll show 'em how it 'posed to go
We forgot simply what we supposed to know
We still must defeat the foe
So what you got the dough? Your words don't make us glow
In fact they make us slow
How long this gonna take to know you ain't gotta be a hoe?

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight.. we keep it right.. (yeah)
We're comin strong.. (yeah, yeah) we're movin on.. (uh-huh)
(Tell them again!) It's time to rise.. and unify.. (yeah)
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]

Look at the teacher, I stay attuned
People are blessed when I walk in the room
Snakes[?] don't stop me, and if they did
they'd be askin for a tag 'fore they kids
Medical students lose it when I enter any hospital
Doctors wanna talk music and whatever's topical
It's all logical, I perform the impossible
Through words I put hip-hop in you; listen
Here's what we got to do, unify
Defeat the flesh, defeat the beast in you and I
Win or lose I never shout, believe in yourself and never doubt
Discipline is simply a better route

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight - we keep it tight
We keep it right - we keep it right
We're comin strong - comin strong
We're movin on - movin on!
It's time to rise - it's time to rise
And unify - unifyyyy
Keep comin strong - comin strong
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
We keep it tight - we keep it tight
We keep it right - we keep it right
We're comin strong - we're comin strong
We're movin on - movin on!
It's time to rise - it's time to rise
And unify - it's time to unify
Keep comin strong
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
..
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
Just keep movin on - we gotta keep on movin on
Just keep movin on - wake up and realize
Just keep movin on - that you just keep movin on
Just keep movin on - it's time to realize
Just keep movin on - that you gotta keep movin on
Just keep movin on - keep movin on, keep movin on
Just keep movin on - you gotta keep movin on, you gotta take that time
Just keep movin on - you gotta realize, that it's time
- keep on movin on, keep on movin on

KRS-One Lyrics

"Shutupyourface"

Yeah, whassup?
Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupyourface!
Look at this place!
Why was I chosen to pick up the race?
And carry the flame, the torch, the name?
Millenium games, it's all the same
Sinners repent, many for fear
End of the year, everyone cheers
Only a few hear my voice in they ears
Everyone else well they really don't care
But what if I told you I could read the future
and in the future, they the losers
We the winners, cause they the sinners
Well it's all mathematics, can I eat my dinner
and think (think) why was I made to link
between them and the universe; battle, who the first?
I don't really care, cause I'm really not here
I'm showin you skill, but you still sayin "Where?"

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupyourface!
Every race, walkin around with they head up in space
They cannot see that we all really one
In any battle I already won
Thank the creator, it's already done
KRS-One? Leavin 'em stunned
Dunn duh-duh dunn dunn done it again
Me and Will and my brother named Ken, now let me tell you
The bass in your face, the highs in your eyes
will make you real-IZE
If you down with the Temple of Hip-Hop, you not no average GUY, or girl
C'mon take a critical look in my world
See the metaphysical books that I twirl and twist
Forces the ventriloquist
I'm just a dummy gettin money at this name Kris

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupyourface!
KRS-One, Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone
Look, I be chillin readin a book

While the hip-hop nation repeats my hooks
All I wanna see is y'all healthy and wealthy
Yeah we already did it, really what can they tell me
About the pimps and the hoes, players and the clothes
You gets no money if you got no flow, no skill
C'mon y'all it's time to build
If you got no skill, how you gon' build?
Build, c'mon y'all it's time to build
If you got no skill, how you gon' build?

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface! Negative ass..
We bring the light!

North Carolina - they got me
Florida - they got me
Texas - yeah they rock me
In New York City they got me
L.A. - ha hah, they got me
Canada - Up North they rock me
D.C. - Atlanta, they got me
Ha hah - none of y'all can't stop me

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface! ..
Give it to 'em..

KRS-One Lyrics

"False Pride"

[KRS-One]

Okay now, listen to this..

[sound effect: seagulls]

A mystical teacher sat by the seaside
It was about five o'clock cause we heard the free ride
Anyway; the teacher was talking in stride
sitting upon a rock that was wide
and warning against false pride
"Come to where I reside!" a woman cried
and the teacher replied, "Do you serve your fish fried?"
"Yes," she replied, "with potato salad on the side."
And the teacher replied, "Well where do you reside?"
She said, "Up on the hillside, it's not a far ride.
If you came to have dinner, I would be so gratified."
The teacher replied, "It's six o'clock, seven o'clock, you decide."
She replied, "Seven o'clock, do you like stir-fried?"
She was mystified and felt so dignified
The teacher was coming to the house where she resides
So she purified with pesticides
[sound effect: chemicals sprayed]
Called her friends up nationwide
[sound effect: phone being dialed]
Some of her friends were tongue-tied they felt so glorified
She made steamed fish, baked fish, fish that was fried
Soup, steamed vegetables, potato salad on the side
[sound effect: food cooking]
You could smell the bread in the oven far and wide
Natural juices and water purified
Organic fruits brought from the countryside
with silver forks and knives placed side by side
[sound effect: silverware clinks]
You could not be dissatisfied;
looking out the window staring at the mountainside,
you would have died
6:59 she's swollen with pride
As the moment intensified, there's a knock from outside
[sound effect: door knocking]
She opens the door, for the teacher has arrived
[sound effect: door creaks open]
But to her surprise, it was a bum who cried
"Please, I smelt the bread from outside!
One piece," and then she replied
"The teacher is coming, he's soon to have arrived.
You're making me look bad, come on now, step aside!"

The bum then replied,
"When I say I'm hungry I haven't lied.
Give me some of that chicken that you just fried."
[sound effect: food cooking]
She replied, "Chicken - fried?
No that's for the teacher, you're not purified"
Then she slammed the door and went back inside
[sound effect: door closes]
Sat on the couch with the TV Guide
She looked at the clock, it was 7:09, then 7:30;
he still hasn't arrived
Eight o'clock, she's on the downside
Nine o'clock, by now she's teary-eyed
She's pissed off and her anger multiplied
She cried, then fell asleep dissatisfied
Next day she woke up, and was preoccupied
with meeting the mystical teacher who lied
Where could he hide?
She ran down by the seaside
[sound effect: seagulls]
He was there teaching about - false pride
"You lied!" she replied, "You lied!
You said you'd be there at seven o'clock, you lied!"
He replied, "No I have not lied.
I came at 6:59, and you told me to move aside.
I asked for bread and the chicken that was fried.
[sound effect: food cooking]
And you said, that I wasn't purified."
She replied, "I wasn't notified!
I had no idea that you was the bum that cried!"
And the teacher sighed, then replied,
"This concludes our lesson on false pride."

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Baptism"

(feat. Hezekiah Walker Choir)

So gather round now for the baptism
Cause if the dogs don't get 'em
the cattle get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em, or the crack'll get 'em
Time for spiritual activism, life is a journey
and Kris got the map with him
Teach latinos and blacks with 'em
It's amazing when whites and asians kick raps with 'em
Cause out of a thousand MC's, believe I taught half of 'em
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I beam through many images
My origin is a mystery like capstones on pyramids
We live it kid, challenge the teacher you will regret that
I'm giving careers and taking careers away, did you forget that?

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Better check that, you can rock this track and the next
track

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] But when I correct the spirit hit, you'll always be set back

So gather round now for the baptism
Only those that got hip-hop in 'em
and not rap in 'em and no crack with 'em
Step up now and receive a holy dose
from a holy host, and take a break from these rappers that only boast

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)]

[HWC] Wake up, to make up

[KRS] Yeah yeah, yeah

[HWC] Wake up, to make up

[KRS] Huh, huh, yeah yeah, yeah

[HWC] Wake up, to make up

[KRS] Yo, yeah, yo..

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] My intellectual battle will make your brains rattle

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] I'll unwrap you and your crew from the same shackle

I'm on many different planes like a airport
Psychologically you be rethinkin your identity and cuttin ya hair short
Now there's a thought, that exposes your insecurity

You put no fear in me, I break the M from the C

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] And reverse it to say "See 'em? See 'em?"

[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] They allow the devil to lead 'em, and they be givin up they
freedom

So, huh, gather round for the baptism

[HWC] Wake up

When the spirit hear it the lyric long before the track get 'em

[HWC] Wake up

I spit 'em out, gotta get 'em out, the world I never been about

I see them glitter but their spirit's goin in and out

We see them fading, we also see them hating

We also see those living for musical chart ratings
Hear what I'm stating or trading for what you're paying
Replace fear with faith and you'll stop decaying
Gather round for the raptism (word)
Gather round for the raptism (word, word)
[HWC] Wake up, wake up, wake up
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Gather round for the raptism
[HWC] Make up, make up, make up
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Cause if the dogs don't get 'em
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] the cattle get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em, or the crack'll get
'em
Yo, yo, gather round for the raptism
[HWC] Wake up
Word.. word..
[HWC] Wake up
Word..
[HWC] Wake up
the dogs don't get 'em
the cattle get 'em, or the crack'll get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em
[HWC] Wake up
[HWC] Everyday, when you wake up
[HWC] You got a chance, to MAKE UP!
Remember, you are not just doing hip-hop, you ARE hip-hop
[HWC] Wake up to make up
[HWC] Wake up to make up
Twice a year, hip-hoppers come together
to celebrate the unity of hip-hop
We come together, during Hip-Hop Appreciation Week
[HWC] Wake up to make up..
Which is every third week in May
[HWC] Wake up to make up..
Then, we come together in Novemeber
to celebrate Hip-Hop History Month
I will see you there - PEACE!

A black and white photograph of KRS-One performing on stage. He is wearing a dark t-shirt and has his right arm raised in a peace sign. He is holding a microphone in his left hand and appears to be singing or rapping. The background is a solid dark color with some geometric shapes.

KRS-ONE

THE MIX TAPE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ova Here"

[Intro]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

[Interlude]

Blaow Blaow!!! Blaow Blaow!!! Clear em out clear 'em out!!! Word!

[Verse 1]

Yo Nelly! You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal
Your whole style sounds like a N'Sync commercial
Ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status
With this ugly lookin billboard you could stop them
But I got enough albums to make my own top ten
You limited, like the spread of traffic
You bite my style off the radio so when you speak you bet I hear the static
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses
Of course it is ridiculous
Watch out, I begin to curve indispuous
Gotcha! On your, hands and knees
Ain't it about time for some real emcees?

[Chorus]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

[Verse 2]

(Uh!) Uh! We on the hunt tonight
When you see me comin, I don't front I fight
People say I'm contradictin, cause I'm all about peace
To say the least with a violent history
It ain't no mystery these rappers wanna get with me
My people don't see that all they hear is stop hittin me, huh
Stop beatin me Chris, you want to help my career Nelly?
Well you can help if you don't exist, huh
I think it's 'bout time we stop these pop rappers
Fuck these pop rappers, hip hop does matter to me
Does it matter to you? My crew
If it does, you know what the hell to do
Throw your guns in the air, pump it like yeah
Let these bitch ass rappers know we in here
Go to the shows huh, boo 'em off stage
Tell 'em KRS told you they at the end of they days

Let me tell you let's give hip hop a lift
And don't buy Nelly's album on June twenty fifth
That'll send a message to all them sellouts
House nigga rapper, your bottom done fell out
You don't even know how
I told you I wasn't talkin about you then, but I'm talkin about you now!
Blaow! one to the kness, blaow one goes right through
Even St. Louis don't like you!!!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Things Is About To Change"

Word.. we stand out, word
We don't wanna sound like that bullshit

Let 'em all be aware, not at all will I care
You gotta know it's about the flow when you comin in here
Not how long is your hair, but how long were you here
How many dues you paid, crews you slayed, yeah
How many clubs you done rocked, f'real
You ever rocked outside with cats poppin they steel?
You fake like Ma-Ma-Ma-Max Headroom
You go from the bedroom to the studio back to the bedroom
We be on the front line, pavin the way
for you to do what you do, get what you get, say what you say
Flip what you flip, play what you play at the Grammy's
But you don't represent our family, you a thief!

All up and down the East coast
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All up and down the West coast, down in the South
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All up top and in North Canada, make some noise
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All my cats in London, Birmingham, Brixton, word!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Join the campaign to rearrange the rap game
Don't look at me like I'm insane, the facts remain plain
You to blame, when you take it in vein
The gains and struggles and pains of those that already came
From the beginning we tried to attain, the money and fame
That's not new to the game, it's still the same
But what seems to change is the loyalty
Rappers degrade hip-hop for a royalty
It's all about me and my click and we ballin G
But we fallin, stallin our callin to be free
You can't see, they're gonna judge our poetry
in two-thousand and twenty-three, where will your money be?
Where will your Benz be? Your friends be?
Your beginnin be? Your end be? Gently
You tell me to my face my style you envy
But behind my back you condemn me, you a thief!

All out in Germany, Africa
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
Word up, hip-hop, join the nation, movin!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
Word up, all them fake-ass whack rappers, word up!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Tell 'em, go to they shows and let 'em know it's like this
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

For sure, it's the people that defend me
Yeah you on MTV, but did you know Ted Demme?
What about Fab 5 Freddy, Red Alert?
You not ready.. ready.. ready.. *[fades]*

[ends with sound of glass shattering]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Splash"

Word up! It's just a little somethin to tide you over, word up
The "KRStyle" album comin soon, KRS-One all in the room
We gonna bounce these cats this year, word up
Why they do this? Ha - yo, yo

I climb up the back of rappers
Reach over they head, and rap backwards at 'em
Excuse me madam, I used to throw these uzis at 'em
But I'm a teacher, skills I truly have 'em
These clubs I duly pack 'em
Potential lawyers engineers and doctors, I do attract 'em
Go to your professors and ask 'em
if the songs of the "Edutainment" in college they didn't blast 'em
Yes - I'm that ancient one
I set the framework for today's rappers to make they funds
But no you don't know me son
My facial features matches the Sphinx with it's nose redone
You know how many clubs we done rocked?
You know how many guns we done popped?
You know how many funds we done dropped?
You know how many ones we done got?
We been gettin live since the days of Chubb Rock
We know how to survive; these other cats
be in at nine o'clock then be out at five, uhh
We doin the overtime, on stage I over-rhyme
Makin these whack rappers tow the line
Steppin to me, I know you blind; cause your whole flow
your show, your style, you know it's all mine!
The first time you learned to spit
It was either me, Kane, Rakim or Slick Rick!
[water splashes]

Welcome to the "KRStyle"
This year I had to switch styles and bust off two miss-iles
And that's not all, rappers have the gall
To pray and pray for my downfall - but still in all
I have X amount of lyrics to get 'em all
Live at the club I spit 'em all
Rappers backstage lookin sad and piti-fal
Cause they know I'm the pinna-cle and they mini-mal
I spit the metaphysical, the spiritual
The oracle, the lyrical, the oratorical
Rookie! I'll mop the floor witcho'
I'm the lyrical foundation to all your flows
All your clothes, all your shows and I'm not alone
You wouldn't even know how to hold the mic or the phone
You couldn't even bite on the bone
While we was rockin mics out in Rome

Now you hyped cause you grown?
You know we internationally known, the people love it
But what they learnin bout is on the whole, look above it
But let us get back to what we call hip-hop
Before you whack rappers went pop
[water splashes]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Down The Charts"

You cats still worried about chart position
It's the heart that your missin
It's the art that your missin
Just a little something to hold yall over
The Kristal album on the way, word up

When you're number one, everybody come
But when you drop to two everybody still with you
But when you drop to three everybody want to see
But when you drop to four everybody still endures
But when you drop to five people will help you strive
When you drop to six you still in every mix
But when you drop to seven people start guessin
When you drop to eight people hesitate
But when you drop to nine that's when you start to find
That when you drop to ten you start to lose your friends
When you drop to eleven your record stop sellin
When you drop to twelve it's everyone for themselves
So when you drop to thirteen you stop working
When you drop to fourteen no more self esteem
You drop to fifteen cuz you lived and you seen
When you drop to sixteen you now out the scene
When you drop to seventeen you see things you never seen
Like when you drop to eighteen you know what it mean
So drop to nineteen and on then to twenty
At nineteen you lose your honey
At twenty your money to a Playboy bunny
At twenty one things ain't funny
At twenty two you don't know what to do
So you hit twenty three you look for security
So you drop to twenty four no more can you endure
When you drop to twenty five at the bottom you've arrived
When you drop to twenty six you in a old school mix
When you drop to twenty seven until you start steppin
When you drop to twenty eight you start to meditate
When you drop to twenty nine you expand your mind
When you drop to thirty you see it was all dirty
No you drop to thirty two and it occurs to you
When you hit thirty three now you can see
That it's all about skill and a love for the art
Not whose above or whose below in the chart
You got to look in your heart
It's there where you start
I and hip hop are never ever ever apart
WORD!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Message 2002"

(feat. Shuman)

Uh-ha! Uh-ha!
Another Inebriated beat
You know what time it is, straight for the street
KRS-One, hold tight! Look, look

[Chorus 1: KRS-One]

Crack - don't mess with that
Speed - don't mess with that
It's whack - don't mess with that
Greed - don't mess with that
Knowledge - yeah, mess with that
God - yeah, mess with that
College - yeah, mess with that
A job - yeah, mess with that
Look look; dealing - don't mess with that
Crying - don't mess with that
Stealing - don't mess with that
Lying - don't mess with that
Meditation - mess with that
Forgiveness - mess with that
Education - mess with that
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

[Verse 1: KRS-One]

I rhyme for respect y'all, intellect y'all
Not sex y'all, move that neck y'all, correct y'all
Checks y'all, cash y'all, don't last y'all
With cops y'all to blast y'all, harass y'all
Flash y'all as they pass y'all, through the glass y'all
These videos gas y'all cause they trash y'all
I ask y'all this fact y'all
Unaired y'all, these cops y'all they scared y'all
They fear y'all they hear y'all they hate y'all
Less than 40,000 a week, they make y'all
Cops y'all with black feet, livin from week to week
Walk crooked beats in the streets y'all
They greet y'all with the heat y'all, to defeat y'all
It's deep y'all, hear what I teach y'all, and speak y'all

[Chorus 2: KRS-One]

Hate - don't mess with that
Trends - don't mess with that
[?] - don't mess with that
Revenge - don't mess with that
Truth - yeah, mess with that
Skills - yeah, mess with that
Proof - yeah, mess with that

Build - yeah, mess with that
Wars - don't look for that
Freaking - don't look for that
Whores - don't mess with that
Cheating - don't mess with that
G.E.D. - mess with that
Science of mind - mess with that
Family - mess with that
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

[Verse 2: Shuman]

Yeah, yo.. aiyyo, yo
Who seein us, with an overdose level of free in us
They bring the heat to us
They don't really want the beat in us
Take heed to us
While they plottin and schemin to be deletin us
Best believe in us, they not defeatin us
Them glocks wanna bust
With twenty-one shots to put the leak in us
So they can bloody the street with us
What does it mean to us
You know what they need from us
Give cream to us, hide the lies and deceit from us
That doesn't equal us
Who's ready to get in the Jeep with us
Form a fleet with us and take back the street with us
Meet with us, drop bombs in the street with us
Never saw it comin, attack on the sneak with us
Thus, they can't compete with us
We flow through your veins like DJ's
When they cut, you'll be bleedin us
I came with Kris to heat it up
Showin my body's the temple, hip-hop is the lock
Now put the key in us

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 3: KRS-One]

Truth y'all, facts y'all, proof y'all, black y'all
Time to check this map y'all, are we goin back y'all?
Let's make a pact y'all, come together watch your back y'all
Stay in tact y'all, never whack - gimme dap y'all
Comin at y'all, headcrack y'all with the facts y'all
Police y'all, on the attack y'all if ya black y'all
So if this is fact y'all, when we rap y'all
over the track y'all, why we rap about crack y'all?
That's whack y'all, we trapped y'all
Holdin the gat y'all just to kill another black y'all
Clak clak clak y'all, it's like that y'all
KRS-One yo, let's take it back y'all, listen!

[Chorus 2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Problemz"

Yeah man, yo Marla what's up
Yeah, Inebriated Beats, big up Boston, the whole Boston
Edo.G what's up man? I got you
We gon' bounce this now, can I start? Can I start?
Here we go

I'm the newest and the truest MC on the mic
I wrote over 500 songs, pick what you like
It ain't easy bein me, by day or night
But it's easy bein free to recite what you like
Hip-Hop is my inalienable right
When it comes to emceein KRS is a whole different type
Now go get it right, did I flow spit it tight
In a fight I was the type to go get a pipe
BINK! BINK! BINK! BINK! Movin 'em back
BINK! That's the sound of an aluminum bat
But it seems they new to these facts
Which means they new to the tracks
Which means they do hold us back
Too new to know all that but still runnin they trap
Do the math, radio gets a 20 record a week stream
But only three are ever seen
What happens to the other 17?
It's a PROBLEM.. PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta solve it

Too many players and not enough crime
When they finally wake up they woulda ran out of time
They can't see today how they effect tomorrow
Too afraid to follow, cause they trust is hollow
Because according to the laws they'll harp some sorrow
Yo, "Victory Over the Streets" - that's our motto
But if people ain't got no vision, that's a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta solve it

People say, "Kris - why you teach so much?
Why you preach so much? Why you speak and such?
Why you so bent on reachin each of us?"
I reply - because you eatin with us
In the future our children will be meetin with us
Have a seat then with us and start speakin with us
They'll be critiquin us to be sure they believe in us
We don't need a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta fix it

We live non-toxic, we teach that hip-hop is
the transformation of all subjects and objects
Retrain your optics, to reinterpret the topics
We gotta stop treatin hip-hop like a product
and more of a strategy; I got graphs, charts
sacred textbooks, these cats can't battle me
But they try, and why? Cause that's a PROBLEM..

PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta fix that

These cats need history to get with me
But hip-hop's history's a mystery
So how they gonna find out, trial and error
We can make one the example for all to get better

Inform, KRS is not the norm

I go from hot to warm to cold to hot

But hip-hop's history many forgot

And that's a PROBLEM..

PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta solve that

[interlude beat]

PROBLEM.. PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta fix that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ova Here (Remix)"

[KRS-One: speaking live]

First of all, I don't know WHO, y'all saw on this stage before me (aight)
I don't know WHO, y'all gonna see on this stage after me (true)
But THIS, is REAL.. HIP.. HOP! Worrrrrd UP!
I'm gonna find out tonight, where the real hip-hop

[Intro: live response]

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[Interlude]

Bla-blaow! Bla-blaow!
Clear 'em out, clear 'em out - word!
[scratching:] "Aww yeah!", "The real hip-hop, is ova here"
[scratching:] "KRS, come get up in they asses"

[Verse 1]

You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal
Your whole style sounds like a infomercial
You ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status
With these elders lookin at Billboard you could stop them
But I got enough albums to make my OWN top ten!
You limited, like the spread of traffic
You bite my style off the radio
so when you speak in fact I hear the static
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses
Of course it is, ridiculous
Watch out, I be in the club inconspicuous
Gotcha, on your, hands and knees
Ain't it about time for some real MC's?

[Chorus: live response]

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[KRS-One]

Yo yo, Beatminerz, turn up the track a little bit
Gonna do this right now

[Verse 2]

Remix it, don't re-fix it
First brigade, second brigade - all swords lifted

Formation, classified information
Code red rhyme style accurate articulation
Don't test my foreign relation
The cats in Brixton, Birmingham and London just waitin
Got my cats in France like ill
Even Africa's laughin at'cha right along with Brazil
The West Indies? Jus' wan fi kill
Got Canada mad at'cha, Germany heard of me, they seen the skill
Hip-Hop is more than a thrill to us
A dollar bill to us, believe you will trust in that
Cause if you bust at me, on TV, CD
Internet trust that, I WILL BUST BACK
I turn down heat real quick, when I spit
you need the medicine what I speak is so sick
Then again these veteran be better than many men
Forever we hit 'em again better than ANY trend they could ever say
In any season, hot warm cold or freezin
When it comes to MCin, we believe in rhymin for a different reason
No frontin, my rhyme style tells you somethin
They rhyme style tells you who they freakin
But you was already told - what does it profit a man
to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Preserve The Kulture"

[audience clapping, beat starts]

We've been having these gatherings for over 12 years
Uhh, my first one, was ah at Latin Quarters in 1987
with Afrika Bambaataa - he threw the first one, that I attended
We kept the tradition going through the Stop the Violence Movement
Through Human Education Against Lies, Rhythm Cultural Institute
And now the Temple of Hip-Hop
This is Hip-Hop's spiritual base
And as a spiritual base, we look to guide the youth in that discipline
Uhh, no culture is a culture, unless it has principles
unless it has morals, unless - we are unified
in some sort of principle, something we are not going to step beyond
Something that defines us
What I'd like to do, is just for a moment as we.. deal with this
Think about your role in Hip-Hop
Think about what you do everyday in Hip-Hop
This is not about right now
It's about twenty years from now
It's about ten years from now
The tapes are rolling, the notes are being taken
This is the type of thinking we have to get into
if this is going to survive and last
So again, Hip-Hop Appreciation Week, is a time of self-reflection
A time for Hip-Hoppers to ask,
"What am I doing, to preserve the culture?" *[echoes]*

A full-body photograph of KRS-One standing in a meditative pose with his arms raised and hands in a prayer position. He is wearing a white ribbed turtleneck sweater under a dark denim jacket. He has long dreadlocks and is looking upwards. The background is a warm, golden-yellow light, possibly from a window or stage lighting, creating a spiritual atmosphere.

Spiritual Minded

KRS-ONE

and The Temple of Hip-hop

KRS-One Lyrics

"Lord Live Within My Heart"

[repeat 2X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look, look!

Ba-bi-di-ba-bi-dang-a-dang-diggy
How many rappers can actually hang with me?
My style is that Kris-style, it's witty
In they style, I have no more Faith like Biggie
I battle on many levels, I shatter so many devils
'Fore you challenge me you better know the essentials
It's the K to the R to the S, to the uno
You know, if you don't know your crew know
When you hear the thunderin sound, you under the ground
You can tell by the way we jumpin around
It's the teacher, breakin it down
I'm an upright MC, these others they be crawlin around, word

[repeat 2X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Yeah yeah, word up, look, look!

You know when the teacher returns, just get ready to learn
Just get ready to earn, health, love
awareness and money to burn, I'm not really concerned
how the Benz just turn, 'round the corner
for our sons and daughters to yearn, stand firm
If you lookin at these hooks you becomin a mad worm
Danglin from the pole of the fisher, the corporate fisher
The talent scout and no doubt ready to get ya!

[repeat 1X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look look look look!

I'm anything BUT regular, not even similar
I get rid of the SIN in ya when I spit at ya, my new literature
Now who forever been with ya? THE TEACHER!
Who remembers the kid in ya? THE TEACHER!
I'm winnin ya, or winnin a convert when the rhyme splurt at the concert
Forget the times that hurt, if the mind's alert let the mind work
Uh! Let the body divert

To get to the top of the mountain, you've got to climb dirt
So c'mon climb through, don't get stuck lookin behind you
It'll blind you, however I'm here to remind you
Many of you lost you've got to find you
You'll be found you simply by you finding you, c'mon!

[repeat 4X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Take Your Tyme"

Y'all don't know? Y'all don't know your body is a temple?

A temple to the living God? Don't get gassed y'all

All my sisters out there, here's the truth

You, a you've got to.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Look, look!

You don't want no unsteady relationships, you want it tight

You don't want no man beggin and always gonna get, am I right?

You don't want no man sleepin cheatin freakin behind his wife

There's no such thing as make love, it's really make life

I don't care what nobody say; you sleep with a man, that's your husband

So make sure, before you lay down, you love him

And learn him, yes it's still sacred to be a virgin

Relax, it's curiosity that always burns 'em in fact

Sex is like candy, be disciplined, no splurgin

You don't want your stomach hurtin

Girl, you gotta.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Listen!

Cash is an issue with that he can never diss you

Even if he makes you cry, you bought your own tissue

witcha own case, witcha own hand, wipe ya own face

And throw him out, no doubt, out of your own place

If your heart is broken you can mend it

If you're independent, your womanhood, that's when you defend it

Just.. uhh, just {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} woo!

Look!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Don't come witcha hand always out

If he buys you somethin thank him, but that's not what a man is about

Real men are real friends, showin their real commitment

He tells you he really loves you, a boy can't really admit it

If a man really wants you, that man really flaunts you

In public or private a real man really supports you

'Member what Guru taught you? Of course you "Royalty"

You dress how you like when a QUEEN is what you ought to be

and ought to act like, and also ought to manifest

How you dress makes you constantly blessed, or constantly stressed

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} Yo!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Yo, yo

So while you burnin off those calories, think about reality

Get a skill for the salary, a man for the family

Not a boy, that's a catastrophe, don't get mad at me

Instead of always clubbin visit museums and art galleries

Pick the single man, admirin the ancient sculpture

He's cultured, chances are he won't insult ya

Give him your number only after you know what he does

Ask him what it is, not what it was

You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)

You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)

You want the, you want the, you want the

C'mon, you gotta {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

KRS-One Lyrics

"Take It To God"

(feat. Professor Ecks)

[KRS-One]

Yeah, once again, word up urban inspirational
KRS-One, Professor Ecks, whattup Dan? Woo
Temple of Hip-Hop, let's do it

By the sound of the track, you know who is back
It's the teacher, philosopher of conscious rap
Rappers tired of me sayin where hip-hop is at
Cause they know they unoriginal, copycats
Watch me bump this gospel rap, never wack
In fact, I tell you where the tracks is at
TV is wack, they wanna show us beatin Iraq
When the question is, is where is Chandra Levy at?

[Professor Ecks]

Murdered God and left for dead like hip-hop
And admit to Condit like conduct, to kill Ecks the dread
And Kris crucified the false prophet
John F. Kennedy to these MC's, I draw and cock it
Cock on cocky cops for the love of the art
Punish the part, partition
Pardon the pause, poison pens penetrate the mental
I walk with Kris so my body's a temple
Body instrumentals and body your squad in the body of a God

[KRS-One]

Just think, just think, what if Malcolm X returned
or Dr. King returned, tell me what have we learned?
As we takin our turn, tell me what have we earned
or is the ice and the cars our only concern
Mo' money, mo' money, you be yellin it out
And on TV can't you see you be sellin us out
So in 2010, look to 2002
Who you think they gonna respect, me or you?

[Professor Ecks]

Behold, the God, in the form of the man
Walkin off water and [?] flesh absorbs in the sand
Moor gets the land, divorcin the clan, I'm off into sand
Off and I'm slayin delicate arms from porcelain hands
Slaughtered the lambs, charge it to the game
Cats take hip-hop's name in vain
Disrespectin the forefathers who came (uh-huh)

Goddess hurt 'em right now, like when Marvin was slain

[KRS-One]

They don't want it, nope, they don't need it, nope
Just stay weeded and hope, I don't read what you wrote
Best believe they ain't dope, they deceivin these folks
with they meaningless quotes, I got my feet on they throat
What they speak is a joke, they really weak and they broke
Have a seat and take notes, on the streets I'm the Pope
MTV is they hope, they repeat what they wrote
I'm an MC that won't, let them tempt me with coke

[Professor Ecks]

Nope, flesh of my flesh, blessed by KRS
Used to love her, they [?] haven't made a date with death
Follow no man, enslave the Ecks, Professin the student
I vibe with the teacher obliged to drop [?] liver than heaters
Lyrics liable to eat us like the survivors of Jesus
Now the, blind is the leaders, your styles is egregious
Gets now the brow beateth to underground emceeth
The game is overheated, overweeded, and misunderstood

[KRS-One]

Word, just a ride in they boat, with a platinum rope
No doubt, they sellin us out, what's happenin loc?
Quit this rappin I won't, cause MC'n is dope
If I can't do it for the love then do it I won't
How many times we note when these rappers is dope
Satisfied, that's why I'm renewin your hope
Broaden your scope, when cleaned out your mind
my rhyme is like a new bar of deoderant soap

[Professor Ecks]

In this land of men mice and mimes, I holds right for the laws
Live life like Christ, makin bread from mics and applause
The snakes fight with Tyson like jaws for what's rightfully yours
I might [?] 'em all, tell me - is it life or it's war?

[singer]

Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, Goooyyyiiyyiiiod, Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod
My God, your God, our God.. is God, is God
Change is gonna come, where you goin to run, but to God?
To God, run to God, run to God
Run to God, and let him in your heart
Change is gonna come, the change is gonna come
Make it your change, run to God, in your heart
Let God in your heart, he will fillt he part
Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, in youuuuuuur heart
Take it to God, take it to God God

Take it to my God, your God, take it to God
Take it to Goooyyyyyiiyyiiyyyyod, take it to Goooyyyyyiiyyiiyyyyod
Take it to Goooyyyyyiiyyiiyyyyod, take it to God
Just take it to God, run and, take it God
Take it to Go-awd

KRS-One Lyrics

"Good Bye"

Yeah, yeah, let's switch the flow up a little
Word.. bring the love back, here we go

You ever lost somebody, a member of your party
Your daddy maybe mommy, for them there was no copy
Just know that we all asleep, pray to the lord my Soul will keep
Life is a dream no need to weep, God's gonna wake us up from sleep
Every night we die, we practice for death
Everytime we sleep we say goodbye
But I, still can't get over the fact
That my best friend's awake and not comin back
So as the tears.. {tears roll from my eyes}
Uhh, uhh, I never got a chance to say

{Goodbye!!!} Trouble MC, Scott LaRock, Paul Sea, Doctor Rock
Mastadon, Trouble T-Roy, Aaliyah, Cowboy
Sugar Shaft, Eazy-E.. {got to say goodbye}
Yeah.. bring the love back, bring the love back

When you wake up, then you'll know, what was up
You won't live, so corrupt, only love, you'll take up
All the chasin and rushin impatience and fussin
The racin for somethin the hatin and frontin is makin you NOTHIN
So, die before you die so when you die you don't die
You got to die before you die so when you die you don't die
You got to die to all the world, all the guys and the girls
You got to die to lovin money and them diamonds and pearls
So as the tears.. (tears roll from my eyes)
I never got a chance to say to y'all

{Goodbye!!!} Prince Messiah, Bigga B, Freaky Tah, B.I.G.
Big Pun, Mercury, June Bug, Buffy
Tupac, Darryl C.. {got to say goodbye}
Bring the love back, bring the love back, uhh, hip-hop

So remember when they die, they have only woke up
It's our wants and our needs that be chokin us up
{And I want and I need and I want and I need..}
Yo, there was a time when hip-hop was on our mind
It wasn't about no crime, just reality rhymes
If you battled me fine, but in the end we reclined
with a bottle of wine, MC's the ORIGINAL kind but
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop

{Why did you stray..} hip-hop!
{Why did you stray....} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..} {Why did you stray..}
{Why did you stray..} rise up y'all
{Why did you stray..} remember where you came from
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..}

KRS-One Lyrics

"South Bronx 2002"

This what you call hardcore, fat gospel.. street gospel

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] Yo where my people at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS-One]

Raw rhymes for raw times

My albums are underground, but this blessing is all mine

And when it's tour time, we open more minds

You need to rethink who you think is the "Greatest of All Time"

I got this - I'm raw like Freddie Foxxx is

Hardcore like The LOX is, Scott LaRock is where Tupac is

Where hip-hop is, Digital-ly Underground like Shock is

Oh yes - I know where the top is

But I'd rather rhyme about how crooked some of these cops is

My synopsis ain't pretty

I'd stay, off them plains and, out the city if I were you

Do what you gotta do

But while you wave them flags, remember Amadou.. Diallo

Here's what we gotta do, follow

I'll put hip-hop in you if you're hollow

Those that already filled, STILL take swallows

Goin over potholes with Tahoes

You don't think (I) know? Huh! I'm lookin at you right now

You ain't dancin in the club, you in your car, sittin down

You in the crib, on the low

You got them headsets on the go

You just saw me at the show - oh you don't know?

It's the Temple of Hip-Hop, comin, with a whole DIFFERENT flow

Yo where them hoes at? I don't know

But wherever God at, I'ma go

I give 'em a hard rap AND a flow

That's why when they call back for the show, with no video

We get up and go!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

[KRS] Yo where it started at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] Yo where my people at?

[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back
[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS-One]

Peep it out while I tell ya like this
In every single hood in the WORLD I'm called Kris
It's the, truth for ya, it's the proof for ya
My Cristal passes more bars than lawyers
The underground sound, this is not easily found
You don't need no rings to be down
This is, past the platinum and gold
We already had 'em, it's old
Here's the truth if it be told, gather 'round
Philosopher style is known to be wild
If you only holdin them guns, who's holdin your child?
You got to be thinkin you KNOW that you shrinkin
When the art of Navigation has been reduced to a Lincoln
Change the dial! I was free then and I'm free now
You free, runnin to MTV? I don't see how!
You know the real from the fake, you know they stealin they cake
You know it ain't about the art, it's all about what they make
You know the radio's late, you know they play what you hate
That's why you got that Kay Slay tape, tryin to escape
You know the love of the cars and the rims
Tattooed arms and Timbs, are also called sins
You know you got to pay for these spins
You know the rap magazines be wack from beginning to the end
BO!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

I never was a king and I'm not the Pres
I'm a teacher like that reefer goin straight to your head
I'm a preacher tryin to bring my people back from the dead
I'm a leader tryin to keep you all away from the feds
You my sister I'll be tryin to get you OUT of the bed
I'm a philospher sayin what has GOT to be said
I don't FILL you with lead, I bring that KNOWLEDGE instead
FOLLOW this dread, I'll take you from A to Zed
Who am I? Just a scholar called K-R-S
You can spend your money on others but THEY AIN'T BLESSED
You can spend your money drugs and STILL BE STRESSED
Look around for conscious rappes yo there AIN'T NONE LEFT
I'm holdin it down; better yet I'm holdin up
Waitin for some young buck to come and sip from the cup

And continue with the menu puttin new knowledge in you
I got a question and a lesson cause I KNOW what you been through
But..

[Chorus - 1/2]

[no beat]

[KRS] Yo where it started at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] Yo where my people at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back!!

The South South Bronx, boyeee..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Never Give Up"

Gather 'round, gather 'round, ha
Metaphysical style, spiritual style, the ORIGINAL style, ha
Yes.. let's do it

[Chorus]

- you can never give up, you should never give up
- you can never give up, we can never give up
- you can never give up, you can never give up
- you should never give up, we can never give up, you can never give up

Yeah, yeah
Y'all don't really know about the KRS rap
Y'all don't really about why we stay trapped
Y'all don't really know hip-hop ain't rap
But let me tell you how we can get it all back
First realize givin up is wack
Say to yourself I can never be wack
Then realize that we must go back
And the reason you can't seem to get on track
is you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name
And how I get down and move around
I've already been to the proving ground
In conscious rap, who rule the sound
The question is are you down?

[Chorus]

Look - KRS-One, I've learned already
Everything they doin is temporary
No matter how big you live
You still the creation of a music executive
And when you get old no matter what you did
They throw you away and they pimp your kid
Yeah kids, on the TV whylin
You know why we got racial profilin?
Cause you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name
So there in the future we'll look back
And then we will see we were under attack
But it'll be too late, the loss'll be too great
You'll see, just wait!

[Chorus]

C'mon, c'mon, yeah c'mon
You see how they shuttin down KRS-One
Cause I'm not sexy, thuggin or dumb
Ask yourself -
- why they only promotin criminal activity and nothin else?
On the videos and on the radio
Teachin our kids which way to go
And the way that they tell our kids to go
If you listen, heads right straight to prison
While you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, y'all better peep the game
You got to release that temptation
Get a brand new affirmation
Your life is what you make 'em
Peace, salaam alaikum

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tears"

"At midday today, some Americans attended memorial services for victims of Tuesday's acts of terrorism. Thousands gathered at Chicago's Daily Plaza. Hundreds more looked on from the windows of surrounding office buildings. Many waved flags, and traffic came to a complete standstill. On the rooftop of City Hall, which faces Daily Plaza, a police sharpshooter watched the crowd, even as he saluted the flag. After a minute of silence, church bells rang."

{Ain't no need in all the tears, oh no no, yeah yeah
Yeah cause things will be better tomorrow}

[Chorus: repeat 2X sung]

No need for tears, no need to cry
No matter what we face, we shall get by
When the problems you face are too much to bear
Know I'll be there

Hold that head up y'all, don't get fed up y'all
C'mon let's get up y'all
Make that bed up y'all, life is a set-up y'all
Sadness comes from a lack of knowin, not knowin
where the one that you love is goin
We all gonna reap what we all are sewin
There is no death, just constant growin
We can't stay here forever
We all gotta go to a place we believe is better
So why be sad, why be mad
Now you can see it ain't about the cheddar
It's all about the time that we spend together
Not the rhyme or the crime or the Gucci sweater
The house that's built on a rock can stand the weather
Faith, can stand the weather
But is your house, upon the rock
Or is it on sand and about to drop
Here is the question that you got to ask
Do I live for today or do I live for the past?
Think fast, but do not hurry
Life is a class and we should not worry
But tell me, how long you gonna ignore
Tell me how long you gonna ignore God's law?
How long can you really endure
Livin like pimps, livin like whores
The choice is yours, or really ours

Think about this while you lay the flowers
on the grave, uh, let's talk about how you behave, uh
Do you come out the neighb' or out the cave?
Better change your ways, we comin up on some stranger days

[Chorus]

Uhh, uhh
Don't step where the danger lays or danger lies
Open them EYES UP, better to RISE UP, WISE UP
Raise your MINDS UP
Look to the left, look to the right
Pray in the day and the night
Be prepared for the fight, not scared of the fight
He's the way, the truth AND the light
J to the E to the S to the U to the S
You can remove the stress
Yes, we do need you here
Yes, we wanna be free from fear
Yes, we wanna start seein clear
Havin you here, not over there
Lookin around sayin where, does anybody care?
Yeah, I'll be there
At the door, not at the war
At Matthew 5:44
"But I say, unto you
Love your enemies, bless them that curse you
Do good to them that hate you
And pray for them which despitefully use you
and persecute you"
This goes for them terrorists too
But them publicans, done put themSELVES up above again
Lookin for blood again, hate no love again
Got them soldiers runnin in, with a gun again
With a ton of sin, in a holy war, how we gonna win?
I think it's time for KRS-One again

[Chorus repeat 2X]

The time is now, you gotta make your choice
Which side are you on? Turn now to Matthew 5:46
"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?
Do not even the publicans the same?
And if ye salute your breddern only, what do ye more than others
do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect;
even as your FATHER which is in heaven, is perfect.." *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Conscious Rapper"

You think this is easy right? (Yeah!)
You think this is easy right? (That's easy!)
You think you got what it takes? (Yeah that's easy!)
Huh, we gon' see.. we gon' see right now (Now what?)
Look

So you wanna be a conscious rapper
Can you handle the press and they negative chatter
Can you eat cold platters, and still spit data
Watchin others spit lies and they pockets get fatter
Can you climb up the ladder, and reach the top?
But it still doesn't matter, cause you ain't pop
Can you rock for the love of the art
Can you drop hit after hit after hit and still don't chart?
Can you REALLY stay loyal to God
when your life is full of strife, plus it always seems so hard
Can you handle the criticism
People holdin you up to higher standards, but they don't live 'em?
Can you hear these kiddy flows and laugh at it
But when you spit they callin you arrogant?
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', let's do it!

[Chorus: sung]

Think you can do what I do
Think you can step in my shoes
You have no clue what I go through
You never felt my pain
When they attack my name
All because I have spoken the truth

To be a conscious rapper ain't a mystery
You gotta laugh when they call you contradictory
The whole industry, you gotta push and pull it
To really get with me, you gotta dodge they bullets
Blaow, blaow, blaow, every day and every way
You critics got somethin to say
At the same time, you gotta uphold Christ
Uphold life, while others flash cars and ice
It could break you down, take you down, make you frown
It could actually shake your ground
But if you love who you are, and believe in that
Best believe you will BE where the teacher's at
And where's that? In fact, in cold or heat

Yes, I declare victory over the streets
Overstand, over these beats, over the so-called elite
Over the strong, over the weak
I know how to speak, and most of all I know how to eat
I know I want humble and meek
So you better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', uhh

[Chorus]

Look!
So you thinkin about bein a concious MC
Well you gotta love God and you got to live free
You got to see the life that others can't see
You got to be the person that others can't be
You can't be a S-L-A, V-E
If you sayin to yourself, "This may be me"
Then you know goin in that you work against sin
Your very skills will kill the demons within
So don't expect respect from slaves and hoes
Nor the slavemaster's video shows
Nor the rap mags, you know how it go
Especially black mags, you know they don't know
Just go to the crowd that you know will need you
Cause NOTHING compares to the respect of the people
That's what you look for, that's what you work with
Cause anything else, is truly worthless
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris'
You better think about that, 'fore you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris', uhh

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Trust"

C'mon, gather round now, gather round now, look now
How many times did you pre-meditate
what you thought was your fate, cause you couldn't just wait
You had to have it the way that you thought in your mind
But in the end, everything came in time
But before the time, you was losin your mind
You was racin and rushin and fallin behind
But let me tell you bout God and the way that She works
I mean the way that He works, I mean the way that We work
You gotta trust in your Lord, everything is in accord
Don't rush or fuss, you gonna get yours
Close your eyes, your heart, your ears, your mind
to the ways and thoughts of mankind
And seek ye first the Kingdom of God
And things won't seem so hard
You gotta trust your Lord, uhh, uhh.. tell 'em bout

[Chorus]

Trust and obey, trust when afraid
Trust when you paid, trust when betrayed
Trust when you fear, trust when you unclear
Trust when you here, trust when you near
Trust when you down, trust when you found
Trust when you clown, trust

C'mon, let's do it again, uh, uh
Let's raise it up, c'mon, look

After you live and you learn then you see
You will learn how to trust in your G-O-D
You will be so free, you won't see no me
You will only see the will of the almighty
You sick of what? Well ya will, give it up
Stop thinkin and begin to, live it up
Everytime you think it's one way it's not
Everytime you wanna start you really stop
Trust in the inner the outer is for the sinners
In fact this whole rap is for beginners
Those that have talked and walked upon the path
Know that they get what they want before they act
So why rush, if your respect is due
Whatever you DON'T have is protectin you
Here's what you DO have that be bringin the drama
Ask and it shall be given, with a comma

[Chorus]

[singers]

You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then
Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends
You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then
Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends

Uh uh, soundin good, soundin good, look, look
So when will you be it, when will you see it
That thoughts and things they manifest when you decree it
But God be lookin out for you
Puttin a stop to what you're about to do
In your life, and in your circumstances
Everytime you speak you be takin chances
Talkin bout things that you really don't have to have
So when you get 'em, your life turns sad
Your life turns bad, now why would your God be allowin that?
Trust in God, that's where the crown is at
It's not in what you get, it's what happens after that
So if you think your life is shrinkin
It may be cause you keep thinkin
Not that intellect is wrong
It's just the beginning, it might be time to move on

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ain't Ready"

Uhh! They don't wanna battle
They ain't ready for the battle, uh-uh, uh-uh (Temple of Hip-Hop)
Listen, listen, listen

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Your spirit AIN'T READY
Your church AIN'T READY
Your bishop AIN'T READY
Your deacons AIN'T READY
Your choir AIN'T READY
Your ushers AIN'T READY
At the Temple of Hip-Hop
WE TEACH MANY!

Look! To all my people hurtin, all my people searchin
What we know for sure, God is always workin
Workin while you flirtin, workin while you jerkin
Workin while the world is turnin and these cities burnin
God is always workin, workin while you learnin
Workin while you ignorant and when you're not concernin
Christ consciousness, get that, got that
Spit that, rock that, hip that, hop that
You sniff that? Stop that, I give back and got back
Greedy? I'm not that, you needy for that shock rap
Slangin on the block rap, duckin where the cops at
I don't know that, but Jesus done copped that
Not that man on the cross, it ain't like that
You must act like the son of God, that's where the lights at
Stop readin only and start bein show me
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me

[Chorus]

One thing's for sure and believe it hurt
It's when the pastor ain't sure, and deceives the church
They don't know God's law, and can't see God at work
So when they see hip-hop, they push it to the back of the church
Like fig trees or figures they don't bear fruit
They gospel artists, still tryin to chase that loot
Hear the truth now, I come to enhance the light
They women of God, singin while they pants is tight?
They not hot! Really they, regular
They clothes they flows, all that, secular
What's the difference I could stay in the world and wild

if these church girls wear more makeup than Destiny's Child
Keep it real Christian, some of y'all liftin ain't likin
But this is the difference between a Christian and a Christ-ian
Stop readin only and start bein show me
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me
..listen, listen, listen

[Chorus]

Look! Spiritual minded, you must find it
Find your spirit and go deep inside it
This goes out to the Christ-ians listenin
This is the flow that, gospel's missin it's urban inspirational rap
We got our own section in the record stores, in our own rack
We respect tradition, from the start
But we now know, the true word of God is written in our heart
We gotta say somethin to the streets kid!
All these churches surroundin the devil still ain't defeat it?
They the type to get down, I'm the type to get up
From "Criminal" to "Spiritual Minded", now raise your head up
Let me start, these rappers ain't got God in they heart
All they want is quick money, and a movie part
Let me begin - what, where, why or when
What's the use of double platinum if you're livin in sin
Hear the truth - how long you think you gonna last
rockin the mic, without havin to go back to class?
Now you're forced, to listen to the teacher outtrap them
Yes there's life after platinum

KRS-One Lyrics

"Know Thy Self"

You ready to go? I'm ready to go
What about y'all, y'all ready to go? (yeah aight yeah) I'm ready to go
Look

[repeat 3X]

Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?
What does it mean to be in the world but not of it
It means you want the cars the cash the jewels the house but you don't love it
It means to taxes regulation state law you live above it
It means you a FREE hip-hopper, you ain't nobody's puppet
You don't see no money on me, you see it up in the cupboard
You see me up in Toys'R'Us, with my seeds cause they love it
You see insurance flash out, if my kids pass out
You see seven acres of land where we can all spaz out
To all my fathers that fathered, hold your head up for starters
Teach your toddlers, not to be thieves and robbers
This that other kind of rap, that leads to true hip-hop
There's other kinds of raps, but they lead you to get shot
The choice is yours, you gettin older now
You got a kid comin, how you gonna hold it down?
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up
What's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]

Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?
It's really time we separate the young men from the big men
The young girls from the women, whatever the title that fit them
My style designed to open a child's mind when I spit them
I only got a little bit of time to really rhyme and uplift them
You see them brothers talkin about that crime? Forgive them
It won't be long before they words manifest and they live them
Sometimes you gotta go back to the beginnin to learn
After fifteen years I'm just BEGINNIN to burn
To all my true hip-hoppers, that pay bills and live proper
Never allow a negative thought to stop ya
Correct ya posture, stand upright not uptight

Don't be scared of the light, just prepare for the fight
We say "Criminal Minded", cause our thoughts are illegal
We represent the very thinkin of, inner-city people
Real people, people that take care of theyselves
They need health, love, awareness and wealth
Not to mention, knowledge of God
Not college, the job then dead - if you agree nod your head
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up
But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]

Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?

C'mon c'mon yo, tonight is it

We gonna steal away together, through these rhymes I spit
When the student is ready, the teacher, shall appear
So I'm here, but are you really ready to face your fears?
Mo' money, mo' money, is that your credo?

You've been livin in a dream world Neo, power to the people!

Nobody's equal, everybody's diversified and different

My lyric'll never cheat you, my verse is gifted

So manifest what you believe is God almighty

It could be Allah Jesus Krishna Buddha Aphrodite

It could be Nefretire come hear me and never fear me

It's like at some point in your life you gonna have to hear me

I represent them teachers preachers comin through your speaker

Manifestin another lesson to them true believers

Instead of pickin up our women ready to mistreat 'em

You better get yourself a wife and kid and never leave 'em

You better teach 'em you better read 'em you better feed 'em

The system will defeat 'em if you don't teach 'em the cops'll beat 'em

The style that I be kickin quick is "Edutainment"

Hip-Hop culture needed a teacher quick so I became it

Instead of rhymin about my history and what I been through

I'd rather rhyme about awakening the God within you

Yo, it's one thing to be iced out and rocked up

But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]

Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?

Yeah.. yeah.. FRESH, for two-thousand and two

my sisters and BROTHERS, my sisters and BROTHERS.. *[repeats to fade]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"G. Simone Speaks"

Praise God.

YES, I have danced with the devil

- and I learned all the steps!

You watched me God, and inside you wept.

You reached out for my hand - I turned my back on you.

I thought I knew the plan; but that's not true.

I've learned who I was, and I know now who I am.

Meet me on the dancefloor God, for you.. I will stand.

KRS-One Lyrics

"Dayz Ahead"

God core, urban inspirational
Holy hip hop
You know the type, all in your city
Word up

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

Let's come together once and for all
Before our children cannot walk in the mall
Before we cannot talk or walk at all already aviation is stalled
Now everybody wants to drive, bringing our highways to a crawl

Just about three weeks on back
I was talking to a journalist about my album, the sneak attack
Now I know, why I felt that way
Why the cards God revealed to me was dealt that way

Be prepared for the unexpected, that was the theme
But if your booty's shaking, you can't know what that means
Look, we all, in the, same, game
It's that world bank game that got struck with two flame

But we, yes the people, are struck with true pain
'Coz the world Bank'll do the same under a new name
We gotta recognize the prize and the people at the door
No more lies, you can no longer ignore

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know
(Know what?)
I know
(What you know?)

What do I show?
(What you show?)
Captivating lyrical flow
(They don't play it on radio)

Yeah, but the spirit know
But only a few can hear it though
The metaphysical lyrical blow
The minute you're in it and hear it, yo

See the evil and clear it, yo
See that for as many that died there was twice as many miracles
Uh, so let the dead bury their dead
Life is but a dream and in the dream we gotta get ready for bed

Better we look ahead instead, to the ones that survived
Pray for them too, 'coz there grace of God kept them alive
Yes, we mourn for the dead and will still kill for them
But what about the injured that must still rebuild again?

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

To all the people, that never lost someone
Consider the cost of the loss of a lost daughter or son
These cowards slaughter and run
And to know that there's more than just one

Makes you wanna store up your gun
And withdraw all the funds, but

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The respect I give to you, you give to me

KRS-One Lyrics

"Power"

Father, Father, Father, Father
Father, Father, Father, Father
You are God, You are God

Father, Father, Father, Father, Father
Father, Father, Father, Father, Father
You are God, You are God

You reign in power, power
You reign in power, power
You reign in power, power
You reign in power, power
You are God, You are God

Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)

Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)

You are God, You are God

You reign in power
(You reign in power)
Power
You reign in power
(You reign in power)
Power

Trust Him, trust Him
Trust Him completely, trust Him completely
Serve Him, serve Him
Serve Him with gladness, serve Him with gladness
Praise Him, Praise Him
Praise Him forever, praise Him forever

Power, power, You reign in power

You reign in power, You reign in power
You reign in power, You reign in power
You reign in power, power

Yeah, yeah

There was a time when I could not find
The Spirit of God beyond the mind
In retrospect, the intellect is blind

It makes me think that I'm the reason
For all that's mine
Even this rhyme, I'm inclined to believe
Is from me, instead of being received
This is how we're deceived

How am I more than dust
When it's Your love that animates us?
Forever I will trust
Your love is better than lust
You live forever in us

DIGITAL

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DIGITAL
8

ARON
DIGITAL

KORE-ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Intro: You Know What's Up!"

[Intro: KRS-One]

Yo, yo, you know what's up!
Turn this up right now
Ha ha, HA! Like that y'all, YOU DON'T STOP!
It's the D.I.G.I.T.A.L.
It's the KRS-One with the D.I.G.I.T.A.L.

Yo you know what's up with that
We bout to set it on you, ha ha, HA HA, HA HA!

[Verse: KRS-One]

Follow me de massive, follow me de massive
Follow me de crew, follow me crew
KRS-One, BDP, comin through
Money B, Shock G, Humpty, Truck Turner
KRS-One the teacher, you the learner!
Big Pun havin fun, with Biz Markie
Down with DJ, J.C. you see
In New York City all the way to Compton
We rockin like dis cause you know we stompin
Mystic, you know you got the lyric
When everybody come out, you got to hear it
Digital Underground, with the metaphysical thundersound
KRS from the Boogie Down like that y'all
You don't quit, KEEP ON!

[KRS-One]

Wadda-by-by-bye, wada-by-by, ba-by-by, ba-by-by, ba-bye
KRS come down, WATCH DIS!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"For Example"

[Chorus: sample from a live performance of "The Bridge is Over"]

Here's another example of the KRS-One (BO!)

Here's another example of the KRS-One (BO!)

They wish to battle BDP but they cannot

They must be on the jock of WHO? (DJ Scott LaRock!)

Yeah, one-two, what? What?

Grab any tape that you think is hard

Put it in your tape deck and press record

Get this - what's a real hip-hop emcee?

Is it MTV? Is it BET?

Is it five M-I-C's so the people can see?

I mean, how you think you free when you act like property?

Tell me, how can you judge an MC when he's rockin

I mean, rockin it live, not pickin his cotton

I mean, adjustin his clothes I mean, how do you know

before you come to the show, and you're not gettin cheated

That you're not gettin heated, that you ain't come to the club

thinkin, "Uh-uh - I must have been weeded!"

You got to be a educated consumer

Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya

All they want is your cash, ass, glass, gas and a flick

When you ask for that autograph, they ass dash quick

Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter

He pulls his gat while we BUST OFF the gatler

He's more of an actor, someone, into theater

Not an upright MC with styles who speaks clearer!

[Chorus]

MC's have no time for the bar

Unless we politickin a tape to some drunk A&R

We grab the mic and say who we are, KRS

And start takin it to the chest of the best

This is not a test or a demo

This is when you let go of the limo, like many can't do

They may wanna amp you and chant new, record sellin

But movin the crowd is somethin that they can't do!

[Chorus]

C'mon!

You got to be mistaken, I am not your boy

You fake what you creatin, playin wit'cha toys

G'wan with all that bullshit bout you bringin noise

Time for somethin more than PO-PO-POI-POI

All of hip-hop ain't seventeen

Some of us still go back to "Microphone Fiend"

Back when it was just MC's and DJ's
No video that come on and just replay

[Chorus]

Uhhh... uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh
We can never stop, forever we rock, take a listen
The t'cha is back, cause rap's whack when I'm missin
Me, I would never want the future to believe
that when they trust to look back on us there was no dope MC's
There was, all these rappers grabbin more and more money
And now that I'm A&R they look more and more funny
They rap for platinum plaques without buildin
a cultural strategy worthy of our children!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tell The Devil Ha!"

Be strong, be strong

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You must tell these devils, word, (HA! HA!)
You got to tell a devil (HUH), then tell a devil (HA!)
Got.. word.. what, (HA! HA!)
You must tell the devil (HUH), huh huh (HA!)
Be strong! (HA! HA!) Word
Stand on the rock (..stand up on the rock..)

When the devil got your soul, and you ain't got control
You know you Born Again, but you feel like you old
You put your mind on Christ, or put your mind on Kris
For everlasting life, you must listen to this
Now you could get with this, or you can get with that
I think you'll go with this, yo Christians where you at?
Oh yes it's KRS, with Church of the Harvest
With Clarence [?], hip-hop's winning evangelist
And then there's Hezekiah, his fire brings the fire
He's takin it higher, tell 'em {THE DEVIL IS A LIAR}
I know, you thinkin bout that Y2K
And I see, this fear that makes you lose your way
But we got, somethin that is bigger than Benz
And we stand, upon the rock that cannot break
Through millineiums, don't you think we been here before?
Through millineiums, God has always opened the door
Word!

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You got to tell the devil (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)
You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
Word, word up (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)
Word (HUH) (HA!)
(Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)

(..be strong..) Be strong (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
Be strong! Word
(..be strong..) Be strong (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
Endure! Endure!

Yo, if all you got is money and the little things you wear
You worry bout your car note, you worry bout your hair
Then you ain't got no faith, and you must live in fear
Now listen to me people, and listen to me clear
So like I was just sayin, I think it's time for prayin
Don't put your trust in Satan, it's Christ you put your faith in
You minimize your hatin, and stop your hesitatin
It's faith that keeps you movin, so do not be mistaken

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You must to tell the devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) word
You got to tell the devil (HUH) UHH tell the devil (HA!)
You got to tell the devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) word
You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
Word, tell that devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) wo-word
You must tell the devil (HUH) uhh (HA!) uh-huh, yo
(Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) Yo

Now you listen to these lyrics, they speak into your spirit
You shiver when you hear it, but some just cannot bear it
But when you get up near it, there's no need that you fear it
It's KRS O-N-E you know me hip-hop be spirit
So you tell the devil HUH, tell that devil HA
Tell that devil HUH, tell that devil HA
You must tell the devil HUH, tell that devil HA!
Get out of my life, change your life, word

(..be strong..) (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
(..be strong..) (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
(..STAND UP ON THE ROCK!..)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bring It To The Cypher"

(feat. Truck Turner)

[KRS-One]

Every once in a while
You got to put aside childish things
And get with the teachers and the kings
K-R-S... Truck Turner...
Bring It To The Cypher
Like this, like this y'all

[Verse 1: Truck Turner]

I'm at the end of my rope, I'm bout to snap
Cut a nigga throat, put a bullet through his hat
With his head attached
What's the deal new jack? Who dat? Got his chest blew back
Clak! Clak! Bullet through his teeth, nigga true that
You in my way, move that, Truck coming through that
Run up in your spot, come out, raising two gats
Move back, give a nigga room, let me hit this
Way back, since up in the womb, I was with this
Every sentence, we doom with consistence
Be the witness, let me spit this, Kris hit this

[KRS-One]

Yo... if it's all about the hundreds, let's try to get two 50s
Don't stop and switch a temple, let's work and build a city
You see the equation, to this whole situation?
If I'm the God of rap and you battling me, you Satan
And that's why you hating, creating debates
When you know damn well that your title will be taken

[Hook: x2]

You think you all that son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You only got platinum?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You think you got props son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You living Hip Hop son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

Yo... daytime, nighttime, anytime, I got plenty time
To kick many rhymes, big time, all time
Taking it to you over time, so when I'm flowing rhymes
Bright I shine, simply cuz I'm
Lyrically be kicking out the tighter rhyme, till I climb
Bring in the chime, in your mind, you fall behind
Picking up your rhyming skill, I am fulfilled, when I kill at will

Still number one for fun, kill another one
Battle your bugging son
Look I cut your tongue, KRS-One is never done
I am the proper one, this ass-whipping will make you better son
Go and tell your mum I took a bite out of your bum
Anytime you want it, doggone it, yo put me on it
Never running up on it, you never disappointed, get on it
I simply jam, not that I give a damn
Let me tell you who I am, just ask your buddy
Put your cash on Kris, I bet you double up your money
You can call me Chris Rock, ain't nothing funny

[Truck Turner]

Nigga what, let me change my style up, in a rough
Nigga duck, dropped your face, pick it up, shook 'em up
Automatic fire – Brrrrrrruh! Brrrrrrruh!
All up in the party, clip it out, give it up

[KRS-One]

Where's the money for this single, get it out, give it up
Blastmaster's coming through Truck, what

[Hook: x2]

[Verse 3: Truck Turner]

That night I let the fo'-fo' bark, spark right off the dark
Body parts chalked, where we live, how we get down
Come up on my block making noise, keep the shit down
I cripple you, pull up a wheelchair, permanent sit-down
Perfect fit now, now clown, who the shit now?
Fo'-fo' aimed at your dome, bout to spit rounds
Me and you, getting it on? Don't even go there
Once I bring it to you, you won't be save nowhere
Oh yeah, your mom's funeral don't even show there
It'll be a double burial dukes, when the smoke clears
Love you like a brother, but I'll kill you if you rally
Stay on my good side, my bad side, I annihilate
Don't hold me back, get off me, told these kats never cross me
But they crossed the line, I gotta show 'em
My fo'-fo' snub is what I owe 'em, Kris you know him? (Nah)
Ice pick, adequate style, I'm bout to blow him
Dudes get trifle, catch the barrel of the rifle
Fuck you, until more niggaz looking just like you
Don't toot, when you hear me squeeze off the cycles
I squeeze you load (I squeeze you reload)
I squeeze you reload till this whole shit can roll
Where I'm from, that's the code, BDP got your shit sold
Like bad heads that fold at war, anything goes
Made us, broke the mold, another Bronx episode nigga what

[Hook: x2]

Truck... Turner... express, ya don't stop

K... R... S.....

Truck... Turner... express, c'mon y'all

K... R... S.....

KRS-One Lyrics

"Let It Flow (Get You In The Mood)"

(feat. G. Simone)

[KRS-One]

In the beginning, it was WHBI

[G. Simone: singing]

Just let it flow...do what you know..

To get you in tha moooooood..

[DJ scratching]

Just let it flow...do what you know..

To get you in tha moooooood..

[DJ scratching]

[KRS-One]

Check it Now! Back up on the set KRS is on the mic' kid
I rock the black and white kid, smash that ass and you fly, kid
No need to hype it but KRS-One's the one who pipe's it
These lyrical freestyles meanwhile you're gettin excited
Quickery, inginiery, over my delivery I'm glittery
I'm rhyming against biggetry while you're giving me...
...ignorance, incompetence, inexperience! I'm not hearing it!
I battle with expedience and obedience, you macking the ingredients
Hiphop you're not being it!! You're trying it
My whole style right now you're I and it
I'll take ya dark demo and put the sky in it
You say you're dope but like an Elvis Presly CD I ain buying it

[Beat Stops and KRS-One speaks with G. Simone adding additional vocals]

Tell me the relevance of Money without intelligence?!?!
There is none! EXPERIENCE= Wisdom! MC's I flick Dem
Lyric lick them, trick them, Kick Them, HAA HA-HA!!
Stick Them!

[Live audience laughs and sound fades. KRS continues rapping]

Yeah! Yo!

Now ev'ry time I kick this style that get you open
I remind I rhymes yeah I know you opened
For sum'thing more gifted uplifted!
Topical, rocking you, if its possible
let me give it to you logical
Give it up is what you got to do! Like a bad habit!
To battle KRS you need battle skills and magic
See this talus mineral around my neck can try to grab it
But remember: I don't write rhymes I write classics

You can get your ass kicked, get back up in ya strolia
KRS-One is seven dope albums older, the holder of a boulder
You want a fresh style? Let me show ya...
we will be here forever I told ya!!!

[G. Simone - singing]
Just let it flow...do what you know..
To get you in tha moooooood... [x2]

[KRS-One]
Watch me now, wa-watch me now, wa-watch me now glock me now
You be looking sloppy now, drop me how? rock me how?
You can't even stop me now!
Watcha really thinking bout when you wanna think it out!?
When I'm bout to bring it out the terror that I sing a bout?
If you do the crime then you must do the time and
if you kick a rhyme and its wack thats your behind and...
don't be blinded looking this way 'cause you'll be fine dead
My career going up-hill while yours declining
I'm the bomb on foot K-1 land mind
bumping to this you will shatter same time!!
These rappers be blind - they simply forget
that I'm the god of rap and my pride.. study the rhyme

[G. Simone: singing]
Yeaaaaah!! If you're feelin what we're feelinnng!
Let it flowww. Yeaaahh!!

[KRS talking - G keeps singing]
KRS-One keeps it toasty! Ha Ha. Whut!!
Bigging up the supreme team
All college radio DJ's, all underground MixTape DJ's
Rock on!! Yea Yea!! Mad shoutout from New York City to the world!
WORD UP to the World KID!
(yea yea yea) to the World!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Remember"

(I remember..) Big Daddy Kane
(You've forgotten..) Salt-N-Pepa
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Uhh, oh
(I remember..) Heavy D
(You've forgotten..) Kool Moe Dee
(To remember..) Dope videos
(I wonder why..)

Remember the day, 'member the play, 'member the way we used to say
"Dee-dee-dee-da-di-dee-dee-dee-da-di-dayyyyy"
Remember the jams, 'member the plans
'member the plans you made with your man
Maybe you can or maybe you can not
Remember the architects of hip-hop
It's really hard to forget about Tupac
Respect is what the Crash Crew got
Better we ask you not, to recite the history of Hip-Hop on the block
You could forget about Grandmaster Flash if you try
You know not, the t'cha returns, have you forgotten?
I speak not to idle concerns, I keep it rockin
But you have forgotten I'm the holder of a boulder
Money-folder, we will be here forever, I TOLD YA!
To remind ya, just when them chrome rims blind ya
That them rims come from the expression of what's inside ya
My lyrics guide ya, and they fly too
Why don't you try to find who you rhyme through?
I think it's time to untie you

(I remember..) MC Lyte
(You've forgotten..) Stetsasonic
(To remember..) Fancy bars
(I wonder why..) Oh, oh
(I remember..) Brand Nubian
(You've forgotten..) Nice & Smooth
(To remember..) Those candy cars
(I wonder why..)

Some like it slow, some like it off beat
Some like smooth jazz I like it all street
We come in all shades, like coke we always
thinkin of more ways to leave them all dazed
All hazed, all crazed and all amazed
My last name should have been Letterman like Dave
But I wasn't his slave, I'm referrin to the way
that my lyrics behave, when I rock raves
Let off shockwaves baby it's crazy not too much can stop me
I walk right in, these other cats be knock-kneed

Terrified, they still actin all cocky
When the storm hits they be screamin "MAMI! PAPI!"
"AUNTIE! SOMEBODY!" I'm from the orthodoxy
It takes more to rock me, like in "Attack of the Clones"
these rappers be carbon copies, and they hardly got the
flow, rhyme style sloppy and old
What's up with "The Show"?

(I remember..) Public Enemy
(You've forgotten..) Dana Dane
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Yo, oh, oh
(I remember..) Doug E. Fresh
(You've forgotten..) Das EFX
(To remember..) Videos
(I wonder why..)

(I remember..) W-H-B-I
(You've forgotten..) K-Day!
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Oh, oh
(I remember..) Red Alert
(You've forgotten..) Fab 5 Freddy
(To remember..) Videos
(I wonder why..)

Yo, oh, ah, yes, do it
Do it, ah, Mad Lion on the hookup
J Rock on the hookup
Oh, we do it just like that, just like that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Smilin' Faces"

(feat. Shock G)

[Shock G]

Yeah.. aiyyo Kris tell 'em what's up yo

[KRS]

Yo, yo yo, one two!

Comin at you live and direct (that's right)

Digital Underground kid, you know what's up

[Shock G]

Aiyyo Kris is chillin, Shock G's chillin

What more can we say, about the village

The real killers, chillin in the Whi.. I mean the not RIGHT house

Want me to be they lab white mouse

The smile of seedy greedies, deprivin the needies, breakin treaties

Overseas wildin while they profilin on the TV's

Some of 'em cool though.. see I like that nigga Bill

Hittin everything in town, and he got that smile down

Now let's break down the meaning of a smile

Is it happiness and blissfulness, well let's go down the list

You got the real deal for real-real smile

You got the phony they don't know me let me hide my feel smile

The dumb embarassed smile

The ooh she look delicious, yo that girl is lavish smile (uh-huh)

Then you got the shake your head nah black, that shit was whack smile

The across the bar, yeah it's cool, we can hit the sack smile

The crack smile, the caught in the act smile

The over my shoulder caught you schemin on me delayed react smile

The smile you're really glad to see when it comes round

The spot's hot, they got you boxed in, it's bout to go down

You glance back, your man who packs that once in a while

gives you the - oh I'm strapped, do your thing, baby I got your back smile

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Smilin faces, sometimes

Pretend, to be your friend

Smilin faces, show no traces

Of the evil, that lurks within

[KRS-One]

Whaddya think I joke? Whaddya think I sniff coke?

Me a wild t'ing like Tone Loc, you better be dope

When the soundclash erupt, rev up, step up to the cut

Whassup? I show up to blow up and leave the spot TO' UP

You know what? I'ma go nut, but you know what? Yeah, so what!

It's the regular, when you checkin the, one that perfected the

Smilin faced people posin as your equal

Knowin they wanna beat you defeat you and eat you, but they greet you

with peace and love, not with the piece but the dove
Not beneath but above, now the cheek give a hug
Snug, no grudge, 'til you turn your back and learn the facts
Called learnin truth, the tree is only KNOWN by its fruits
These smilin faces, in many places, sometime they racist
Sometime they sexist, sometime they want your Lexus
Sometime they be your family members remember
Oh no not my lady, oh no not my fella, with them you thought
you'd never ever sever, but they was two-faced - it happens
With a whole 'nother agenda but clever to say whatever forever
Let me make this relationship better, if you real stay real
Be real, the truth we got to treasure, not these

[Chorus]

[Shock G] And they be lurkin
[KRS] You know what's up, ha!
[KRS] KRS-One, Shock Gigga!
[Shock G] That's me baby
[KRS] HA HA.. word

[Shock G]
Yo, just let the beat breathe
Uhh.. yeah..
Cause they be lurkin
Never trust a big butt and a smile baby
Uhh.. keep it goin, ah keep it goin
Yo Kris that's peace baby (uh-huh)
They know the deal
Smile ain't nuttin but an upside down frown (word)
Never trust a big butt and a smile

KRS-One Lyrics

"Harmony And Understanding"

[unknown singer]

When the moooon is in the seventh house
And Jupiter, aliiiiigns with Mars
And Pete, will guide the planet
And love will steal the stars
Right now we're living in the age of Aquarius
The age of Aquariusssssssssss
Aquariussssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!
(Aquariussssssssssss)

[KRS-One]

Yeah, ah, yeah, ah
Harmony and understanding
Sympathy and trust abounding
No more need for superstition
All your living dreams are visions
Mystic crystal revelations
And the mind's true li-ber-aaa-tion

[unknown singer]

[illegible]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Outro: I'll Be Back"

[KRS-One]

Be-dee-dee-da-dee, dee-dee-dee-dee-da-de-day

KRS-One come in with the Tech & Sway

Yo, I rock upon the littlest set and up on the biggest set

As ill as it gets, I still manage to wiggle your neck with sweat

Never forget, the bigger the budget the bigger the debt

You gotta be willin to rock in the middle of dry and the middle of wet

But I'm willin to bet, on the Sway and the Tech, they stay in effect

Never been a pain in the neck, they gainin respect

Nevertheless I'll WRECK YOU, now you know what Sway and Tech do

I'll be back, but for now just SECKLE!!

HA, HA, HA, HA



KRS-ONE kristyles

KRS-One Lyrics

"Do You Got It"

Turn it up now, it's yo' time (ha!)
Thanks for yo' nickel and yo' dime (ha!)
The Kris-Style will blow yo' mind (ha!)
Let's get it started, RIGHT ON TIME (ha!)
The elements, I represent all nine (ha!)
I do the written or the freeflow rhyme (ha!)
These rappers nowadays they be so blind (ha!)
You lookin for the skill but you won't find (ha!)
Real live skills I show mine (ha!)
Whack rappers I'll pay them no mind (ha!)
Improvement, they showin no sign (ha!)
DJ's, I hang with the dope kind (ha!)
All you cats, know meeeee (ha!)
I'm not ashamed of who I beeee (ha!)
I teach about G.O.Deeeee (ha!)
It's YOU that's frontin, not meeee (ha!)
I keeps it bumpin in the C-L-U-B
Eleven albums, what are you tellin me?
I am B-L-E-S-S-E-D
You are C-U-R-S-E-D
I don't need radio (OR) TV
All I wanna do is recite my poetry
You hear somebody preachin, YEAH you know it's me
You hear the t'cha speakin and yo, you gotta see
"Criminal Minded," do you got it?

[switching to a live performance]

(Throw your hands up!) "Criminal Minded," do you got it?
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)
"Sex and Violence," do you got it? (uh)
"Sex and Violence" - ooh they got it!
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)
"Spiritual Minded," do you got it? (huh?)
"Spiritual Minded," do YOU got it?!
(Alright, check it out..)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ya Feel Dat"

[Chorus]

Ya feel dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Could it be dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Can you believe dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
You believe dat? (HO!) You can feel dat (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya see dat? (HO!)

Show me an MC that think he's too hot
Bring him to KRS-One, I'll show him he's NOT
Blowin the whole spot up when I spit up
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, when I walk past, get up
My wrists ain't lit up! I don't even live that life
Gold, diamonds, platinum, I give to my wife - you see
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, not mine
You got it, FINE - but what about that rhyme?
Can you rhyme? Can you spit it quick
like watermelon pits at a picnic? Ha!
Or are you just dressed up with nowhere to go?
Or is the record company the pimp and you the ho?
LET'S GO!

[Chorus]

I write my own books like I write my own hooks
Step in the spot and these rappers be so shook
They don't look here cause KRS is BOOM!
Platinum rappers be hidin out in they dressin rooms
Yo, get away from me
You got a million dollar video but I'M the one they wanna see
The capital E-M-C-E-E
A repitition of words, I been divorced Melodie
I'm out, confident, no doubt
I get what I gotta get when I spit I don't shout
This New Yorker, Kris Parker's a quick talker
You can get what I spit or get the klik-klocker
Overseas I got the breeze as a hip-hopper
Where they speak eat and drop the beats proper
Street doctor, I'm (Brown) and (Foxy) like the (Ill Nana)
Whoever you think is hot, I'm hotter

[Chorus]

RADIO! These suckers never play me
or Chuck - but do you think we really give a...
Southside, Westside, Eastside, North

I spit the hot flame, you get your flesh torn off
I come from that place where you cats can't face
Where cops can't chase or invade my space
We turn up the bass, you tremble in the place
Phones ain't traced and flows we don't waste
Hoes we don't chase or kiss, they know they place
with Kris or Christ, they'll lose their life
You don't lose if you come in two's, you and a wife
But you crews wanna be bruised, so choose your knife
Choose your gat, choose your rat, when the smoke clears
you'll be like, "God damn - who was that?"
Loosen that noose around your neck and back
Embarassin blacks, ain't no respect in that!

[Chorus]

Let's do it! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Everybody up top! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, all my cats in the front! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, yo, all my cats in the back (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, we out!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Underground"

[Chorus]

What does it mean to be UNDERGROUND?
It means you gotta be free to be UNDERGROUND
Yo, you got your own key when you're UNDERGROUND
If you're listening to me yo you UNDERGROUND

It's time that I open with a thunder sound
Now look around your own town for the UNDERGROUND
Yo, you rhymin for the TV, or a million CD's?
You ain't a MC, you ain't UNDERGROUND
You could be platinum or gold, hot or cold
But it's the respect you hold that's UNDERGROUND
When the critics don't get, that for the streets you spit it
When your lyric they fear, that's UNDERGROUND

[Chorus]

Yo, white kids, black kids, skinny kids, fat kids
Them Asian cats be UNDERGROUND
Chicanos, Palestinians, Milanos, fuck the Lone Ranger
Where's Tanto? That's UNDERGROUND
Freddie Foxxx, Blackalicious, Kweli
M.O.P., GangStarr that's UNDERGROUND
Mad Lion, Smif-N-Wessun, Buckshot
Armageddeon T.S. that's UNDERGROUND, UHH!

[Chorus]

Yo, the t'cha returns, I told y'all I went to Cali to learn
And that shit was UNDERGROUND
If the cops be eyein you, cause survive is what you try to do
Yo I'm wit you, you UNDERGROUND
If it's justice you want, and you protest the ice they flaunt
You want skills that's UNDERGROUND
Yo it's not about a rugger rapper, or an actor
It's about your subject matter that's UNDERGROUND
LOOK!

[Chorus]

Chevonne Dean from Ruff Ryders, all the Outsiderz
Young Zee, that's UNDERGROUND
When all your money's spent, and you're still hangin on
to 50 Cent (get it) you UNDERGROUND
When you rep the collective consciousness of hip-hop
Not hip-pop, you UNDERGROUND
Yo it ain't about jewels, bitches and cars
It's about Nas, that's UNDERGROUND, yo!

[Chorus]

To be underground simply means that you're down
for the struggle, get 'em up, that's UNDERGROUND
You could be a classy lady or a whore
But if you protest the war, for sure, you UNDERGROUND
If the government can't see you, or deceive you
You love your people, believe you UNDERGROUND
If you refuse to play the game, you go against the grain
You ridin the train, you UNDERGROUND - get it!

[Chorus]

Yo, yo, that blast from the past, like Grandmaster Caz
Bam and Flash, that's UNDERGROUND
Doug E. Fresh, Lord Finesse, KRS
If you listenin to this you UNDERGROUND
Turn it up now KRS about to show you how
They go wow, BLAOW for the UNDERGROUND
Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, KRS, BDP
Kenny P, that's UNDERGROUND - do it!

[Chorus]

(Alright!) Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up if you UNDERGROUND - LISTEN!

KRS-One Lyrics

"How Bad Do You Want It"

[KRS]

Yo, my man, how bad do you want it?
You know how many cats I threw the pitch, and they never caught it?
I told them to bring they lyric, but they never brought it
Scared to get ripped off, cheated, deleted, rejected and shorted?
Yo, how bad do you want it?
Fear I ain't got no time for it
If you want it, yo there's the track put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]

This hunger inside of me's unexplainable, Kris
The struggle we put in this box will be put into disc
Birth and ever, these family problems is hurtin'
Both of my sisters is pregnant, fuckin' feel like murkin'
All I have is my word and my balls
And my fam and my music speaks for them all
It's the Dominican animal ready to damage, you puttin'
Pressure to rappers that think they can challenge you, Kris (uh huh)
We been through it all, the grimeiest days, this earth ain't
Ready for my brain, comin' to face (word)
Everyone plus everyone
Do you hear me, KRS-One?

[KRS]

Well listen
You grimy and hungry?
But how long you gonn' trust me?
You really down for this cause or just chasin' the money?
I be up in them spots to be hot, so dusty and ugly
Nothin' be funny, it's all dark, nothin' sunny
Can you walk with me? Talk with me? Pop the cork with me?
When we in other cities, will you rep New York with me? (yeah!)
I need respect and honor
Discipline and no drama
How bad you want it, poppa? (with all my...)

[Peedo]

Loyalty is the key to it all (remember)
Get used to my face, we the winners of all
By mi gente, yo I go low to say-ah
Real like them Washington Heights
Niggaz there (say yeah!)

[KRS]

After you rap, will you stab my back? (never)
You gimme a track, will you take that back? (never)
I give the word, yo you bustin' your Gatt? (whatever)
Respect from your crew? They livin' like that? (they better)

This is no game! Why should I make you popular?
You know I'm the philosoph
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you need it?
If you see it, you can believe it, perceive it, retrieve it and flaunt it
How bad do you want, doggone it, there's the track, if you want it
You got to put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]

How bad do I want it? I'm ready to die like Big
A serious man with blood in my eyes for this
Success doesn't come overnight
It's gonna be dark a while until I see light (that's right!)
What is it?

[KRS]

This is no game, why should I do it?
KRS-One, me and Peedo runnin' through it
I saw you down the street in FedEx
You said you had the beats was comin', like "I Got Next"
So we went upstairs, my man Choco hooked it up
This is KRS-One turn my voice up! Wha (wha-,wha-)
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you see it?
How bad do you hear it?
How bad do you BELIEVE you can be it?
If you doubt, then you're out
If you believe, you can achieve
I got the city on lock, but I'm gonna hand you the Keys like Alicia
You know my style, you know I'm the teacha
Philosophia, minister, emcee, Hip-hop's spiritual leader
With the heater
You comin' with me? You runnin' with me?
In the spirit Scott LaRock, JMJ and Pun is with me
Yo, cats be steppin' to me ALL the time
With the rawest rhyme
But two weeks later, they fall to crime
If you listenin' to this song, and you want to be put on
You must be loyal to the cats that made you strong
It could be your friend, your father, your sister, your mother, your brother or some other
Just remember the days when YOU was under!
Before the Hummer, before the Benz
Before the hundreds, before the fifties, the twenties and tens
When you was thirsty, remember the living water, and who poured it
Now ask yourself, how bad do you want it?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ain't The Same"

You know it's Kris!

[Chorus]

It ain't the same now (it ain't the same)
They switched the game now (they switched up on us)
They talk 'bout chains now (bling bling)
Rims on the Range now
It's sounding plain now
Y'all rock the same style (sound of the mic)
I know the way how (I know)
Bring it back to one
It's supposed to be...

This is the way it's supposed to be
It's supposed to be like you more close to me
It's supposed to be about our families
It's supposed to be about avoiding catastrophe
But it's all about salary and flattery
Distrust, lust, hate and tragedy
It's supposed to be about you and me on the same route
Were you there in eighty-six when I first came out?
And you know about how they runnin' this game out
It's supposed to be about fun and getting' the pain out
But it's all about clout and poppin' them chains out
Instead of forgiveness, we poppin' they brains out
It's supposed to be about seekin' in the seek out
You witnessin' injustice, you got to speak out
If you claimin' you love this, you got to release doubt
Knowledge is what I'm all about

[Chorus]

Well it's supposed to be sunlight over me
Light over you, not you runnin' over me
It's supposed to be a two dollar royalty minimum
A Hiphop guild we got to begin buildin' 'em
It's supposed to be NO police brutality
And the fact that we tolerate that crap is insanity
It's supposed to be museums and archives
Where people can see the importance of OUR lives
But it ain't about any of this
Cats are trying to get that diamond-studded Rolex on they wrist
You hear a voice in the wilderness you know it's Kris
Higher consciousness lyrics, they will persist
But it's supposed to be about makin' it better
You see, Hiphop's not a product like pants or sweater
Go aheadóbe a hero, get your cheddar
Even y'all gonna see when you look back you remember that

[Chorus]

You can see in your heart how it's supposed to be
You doin' your part, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Pursuin' your art, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Today you will start, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
It shouldn't be about you movin' slowly
Then talkin' junk when you don't even know me
And you cats be pussy like Josie
I (Touch) "50 MC's" like (Tony)
Everybody in the hood ain't your homie
I spit the truth, but I'm not the only
There's plenty
K-R-S-O-N-E

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"It's All A Struggle"

[Chorus: KRS (guest)]

It's all a struggle (tryin to make it day to day)
It's all a struggle (from my hood to around your way)
It's all a struggle (single parents all by theyself)
It's all a struggle (diseases decreasin your health)
It's all a struggle (fiends swearin that's they last puff)
It's all a struggle (hustler tryin to avoid handcuffs)
(No matter what you do, who you are or where you from)
(Rich poor black white, at the end of the day)

It's all a struggle - and most people's struggles are doubled
You ain't the only one with a challenge facin some trouble
Look at the woman chewed up by the dog with no muzzle
Or the workers that got trapped underground in that tunnel
Some kids are playin in pools, others in puddles
When they listen to the news the propoganda is subtle
But it's time for you to know that the cryin got to go
Release the guilt that you built and let it flow
Slow and low, that is the tempo
Move slow and on the low, this you gotta know
You don't get the muscles without the hard struggles
You ain't the only one out here tryin to get dough
From the hustler to the preacher to the government leaders
From the airline pilot to the chef to the teachers
We linked in the same huddle, in the same tussle'n'bustle
Cause at the end of the day, it's all a struggle

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle - but don't let the challenges bug you
Or the government drug you, or the thieves in the street
beat and mug you - build your tunnel under the rubble
Come up on the other side eye to eye with the trouble
Look at the Twin Towers crumble
Look at the religious leadership stumble, everybody struggles
But not everybody comes through nifty, it's fifty/fifty
The city itself will outrun you quickly
Whether you be healthy or sickly
Whether you be wealthy or thrifty, ugly or pretty
Everybody's tryin to get 50's and 100's
I taught this at UCLA just off Sunset
Now run get "Ruminations"
It's a book that I published for the healing of this nation
In just a few chapters we run through, some possible solutions
Cause at the end of the day

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle

KRS-One Lyrics

"What Else Happened"

[KRS-One (voices)]

There once was a dreamer named Peter (what else happened?)
Peter was also known as SKeeter (what else happened?)
Peter had sex with Anita (what else happened?)
Anita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)
Peter wasn't just with Anita (what else happened?)
Peter knew this girl named Rita (what else happened?)
Peter had sex with Rita (what else happened?)
Rita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)
Now TWO girls are pregnant by Peter (what else happened?)
But Rita doesn't know of Anita (what else happened?)
And Anita, doesn't know Rita (what else happened?)
The two of them, only know Peter (what else happened?)
Now Peter's at the mall with Anita (what else happened?)
You know, he runs into Rita (what else happened?)
Well Rita takes a look at Anita (what else happened?)
And Anita takes a good look at Rita (what else happened?)
Well Rita starts to pull out the heater (what else happened?)
The heater now is pointed at Peter (what else happened?)
Anita jumps right on Rita (what else happened?)
Rita busts shots at Anita (what else happened?)
Rita missed Anita by meters (what else happened?)
But Rita's bustin shots at Peter! (What else happened?)
Just then somebody shook Peter (what else happened?)
Yo how many spoons of the dairy creamer? (What else happened?)
It's Keisha sayin WAKE UP PETER (what else happened?)
That's why they call you the dreamer (Now that's happenin!)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Somebody"

Oh, do it now, oh, do it now
Yeah, we celebrate diversity in the university
Everybody can't be a queen, everybody can't be a ho and a bitch (Ha ha)
Everybody can't be a philosopher
Some of y'all gotta load up the clip
Word up, watch this

It goes 1, 2, 3 we the best
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS
You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest
You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed
KRS with the sound for the east and the west
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Somebody gotta be fresh
Somebody gotta be wack
Somebody gotta be the Mc
Somebody gotta do the rap
Somebody gotta be smart
Somebody gotta do that
Somebody gotta do art
Somebody gotta be black
Somebody gotta have heart
Somebody gotta be white
Somebody gotta do their part
Somebody gotta be bright
Somebody gotta be up
somebody gotta be down
Somebody gotta be the teacher
Somebody gotta be the clown
Somebody gotta be lost
Somebody gotta be found
Somebody gotta be in the economy making the money go round
Somebody gotta be the president
Somebody gotta get down
Somebody gotta be hesitant
Somebody gotta be relevant
Somebody gotta be celibate
Somebody gotta be having their sex in a lex for the hell of it
Somebody gotta be intelligent
Somebody gotta be illiterate
Somebody gotta go all the way
Somebody gotta go a little bit
Somebody got to be an idiot
Somebody gotta be belligerent
Somebody gotta be hip hop
Cause somebody else is living it
Somebody gotta be spitting it
Somebody gotta be ignorant

Somebody gotta be holy
But somebody gotta have sin in it
Somebody gotta be losing it
Somebody gotta be winning it
Somebody gotta be flippin' the style I'm kicking just a little bit
Somebody gotta be into it
Somebody gotta be out of it
Somebody gotta be up for it
Somebody gotta be doubtin' it
Somebody gotta be running it
Somebody gotta be all that
Somebody don't even know that
Somebody gotta come right here
Somebody else gotta go back
Somebody gotta be scheming
Somebody gotta be a witness
Somebody gotta be seeing in the meaning is different
Somebody else gotta be somebody, for some else to be somebody
Somebody else to run into to wealth, to try to create one body
One aim, one GOD, one destiny
I'm not non-violent, you can back up off of me
I sip my tea, and cock back three
One for Tiny Tim, Mr. Walt, and Evil Dee
I hope you all see, the need for unity
I'll never stop speaking about Marcus Garvey
Kwame Ture or Malcolm X all day
Black leadership today is all play
Y'all play, y'all immature black behavior
IS worse than being a trader
Do on to others, as you would have done do to your neighbor
Big up to my philosophy majors
Free Mumia Abu-Jamal from the cages
We writes the pages and teach all ages
Justice, tell me what we want now
Justice, for Mumia Abu-Jamal
Or justice for Amado Dialo
Justice, there is no peace without (Justice)
All dem mercy, now watch this
I sing, 1,2,3 we the best
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS
You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest
You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed
KRS with the new sound for the east and the west
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no
follow no...

Follow no beast, on a quest
Do you hear me?
Follow no beast, on a quest
Word

Hip Hop ya don't stop
Tiny Tim ya don't stop
KRS ya don't stop
Get by us

KRS-One Lyrics

"Survivin'"

(feat. Tekitha)

[KRS-One] Yeah, all my fathers
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Uh.. uh, word
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] Uh.. hold your head up!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 1: uncredited - possibly Shuman]

Yo, time to do what we gotta do
These days, livin ain't true, but I ain't mad at you
I don't got time for the stress and the nonsense
So I try to stay blessed, but it's all tense
When I awake, feel the sun on my right side
It make me wanna grab a gun and change my lifestyle
But it only goes so far, so live it up
Or realize what you know star, and give it up
Or either switch it up, gotta keep reppin on
And lookin out for our kids, like the rest of [?]
Now I know how it is, and what you're handin me
So I can calculate the right moves for my family, yo

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Keep on!
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, that's right
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] Word up!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

C'mon, let's do this
When it comes to the cash, we ain't equal
Rich man, poor man, poverty defeats you
Where my people? Yo, Kris see you
There's only one of you, that's why you gotta be you
Them others be see-through, flashin and flossin
Me I'm with Inebriated Beats in Boston
Strivin, survivin, we get cash often
But do you really know what daycare be costin?
All my fathers, all my mothers
All my sisters, all my brothers
Hold your head up and teach them younger cats

It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at!

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 3: uncredited - possibly Priest]

Now see I'm livin just to die without most any reason

So I keep on chasin paper 'til it's time to go

But should I really go for mine and put the clip all in the 9

Or stay at the 9 to 5 a day I just don't know

But a brother got a daughter I gotta support her

Caught up in the system inside a order, man I can't afford

a kitted Escalade, or bling bling

And so I gotta keep survivin, is the song that I keep singin

I try to keep my head off the floor, the country's goin to war

While Bush is givin dough to NASA and ain't feedin the poor

But I keep love over these beats, these beats keep me alive

Alive, I got to stay the Priest, I will survive y'all

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uh, word

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon.. SURVIVIN

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uhh! Keep your head up, word!

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] C'mon, uhh.. SURVIVIN

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uh

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] Word! Uh-huh

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uh.. ALL MY FATHERS

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] Word!

[KRS-One]

Sadat X, is down wit us

Stud Doogie, is down wit us

Lord Jamar, down wit us

Alamo, you down wit us

Grand Puba, down wit us

Brand Nubian, down wit us

Shuman, you down wit us

Yo Priest, you down wit us

Marlo, you down wit us

Choco, you down wit us

Vangod[?], you down wit us

Desmond Terrow[?], you down wit us

Cliff Cultrary[?], you down wit us

Yo Tekitha, you down wit us

Aiyyo RZA, you down wit us
The whole Wu-Tang, is down wit us
Makin funky music is a must!
Makin funky music is a must!

[sampled:] "One For All.. All.. All.." [repeats to fade]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Things Will Change"

Hands in the air! [X4]

Good looking, word...
DJ Revolution, word up...
Let's do this, kid...
Here we go!

[Chorus]

A good time, a good vibe, and a house with a court
Good life, good wife, a little food for thought
I need (I need) food, clothes, and a whip with rims
I need God in my life
I need family and friends
(I need) money, power, respect, I need love
I need world peace, homeless to eat, no drugs
I need every race and creed to be one
Every nation, every face and seed to see sun

You need to listen to this
You need to listen to Kris
You need to have peace at least
You need spiritual bliss
You need a lyrical twist
Do you know what a miracle is?
Before we begin, you may need a kiss
I suggest either one from J to O-one from the lips
Either way what I'm saying, yo, is bound to uplift
You need checks, you need cash
You need intellect
You need to be moving fast
You need that big respect
You need to be rolling in a car
Going to a bar that's far
Makin' the deal to make you a star
You need to ask yourself, now do you know who you are?
Where you goin'? How many steps you took so far?
You need patience, you need to control your mind
If you read and don't act, then you're wasting your time
We need better leaders, we need better preachers
We need a three-thousand dollar raise to all teachers

[Chorus]

You need some meditation
You need rejuvenation
You need assistance right now with your situation
You need some contemplation
You need a combination

A combination of will power and concentration
You need some syncopation
With regular relaxation
But you can't, 'cause you runnin' and racin' and chasin'
You need to slow down, maybe you should speed up
One sayin' "lay down," the other's sayin' "leap up"
You gotta keep up
I suggest you start to speak up
A lawyer, a doctor, a rapperóyou wanna be what?
Whatever it is, you gotta visualize
You need to focus for real, and stop livin' them lies
The time you givin' them guys
You could be workin' upon the goal you hold
Yo, you must realize
Yo, you need to be wise
Yo, you need to be alive, there could be no revenge or deceit in your eyes
Rise!

[Chorus]

Gimme what I need
Do it with speed
Change the situation around, plant new seeds!
I roll with a righteous team of adults
Forget the insults
We plan to get results
You can call us a cult, you can call us a gang
But when it comes to Hiphop, no, you cats can't hang
When the Gatts go bang
And the telephone rang
Telling you to come to identify the remains
That's when you feel the pain
And my name comes as comfort, ease and all stress and strain
You need to know the game
You need to know the meaning of your own name
Reprogram your own brain
Ask questions with no shame
How you think you gonna master your craft if you don't train?
Perfecting your skill, that's the aim
Perfect your skill, and you'll always have money and fame
C'mon!

[Chorus]

What I, uhh, what I need
(House on the hill)
That's what I need
(Cash credit on my bill)
That's what I need
(All my dreams fulfilled)
That's what I need
(New whip that I can wheel)
What I need

(With the chromed out grill)
Uh huh, that's what I need
(And the girl that can chill)
That's what I need
(And my spirit all healed)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
[fade]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Movement"

Where the real at!
Where the real at!
Yeah!

Yo

Where I come from gats bust for nothin'
Thugs, ministers, cops, teachers, all be hustlin'
Your family's the only one ya trustin'
Clubs be jumpin', redesigned cars be bumpin'
Now there's ranks supreme KRS is a free man
In Hip-Hop culture, I'm like Allen Greenspan
I tell the culture what's hot and what's not
Now look who's on top and look whose shit just dropped
We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants
We emcees we go straight to the club and hurt shit

[Hook]

New York, New Jers', Boston, COME ON!
California, D.C., Baltimore, COME ON!
Texas, Atlanta, New Orleans, COME ON!
Philly to Chicago, Carolinas, COME ON!
Memphis to Nashville, Colorado, COME ON!
Detroit to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, COME ON!
Seattle to Miami, Arizona, COME ON!
San Fran', Oakland, Hip-Hop, COME ON!

Down to the spot this is real Hip-Hop
Join this movement; them other cats steal a lot
You can feel the knowledge of self or feel this glock
I'm authentic, KRS I'm really hot
Yo, what up Fat Joe that's my nigga for life
Remember when Pun fell off the stage, right on my wife
In the Bronx, we all laugh about it today
What up Freddie Fox, 2 Glocks, Pik and Spay
Dr.Dre all day, both of them
Dr.Dre with Ed Lover and the one with Eminem
This a movement, all over the world we reach
I can prove it, all over the world I teach
You hear that Dr.King, "I Have A Dream" speech a lot
But no where is it manifested but in Hip-Hop
While them other cats be lookin' for a radio song
I'm in Washington Heights, puttin' them Dominicans on
You can feel it I'm strong, I last longer lets do it
You want the real Hip-Hop well join this movement
We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants
We emcees we go to the club and straight hurt shit

[Hook]

Utah, Minnesota, Mexico, COME ON!
V.A., Arkansas, Portland, COME ON!
Indiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, COME ON!
East St.Louis, Milwaukee man, COME ON!
Montreal, Toronto, Canada, COME ON!
East Coast, West Coast, Dirty South, COME ON!
Mid-West, Bible Belt, Up-Top, COME ON!
Hip-Hop, COME ON!
Hip-Hop, COME ON!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Gunnin' Em Down"

Uh-huh! Y'all forgot about this shit right? Haha
Haha, TURN THE RADIO OFF!!
Word! Yeah, whattup Choco? Haha
Yo turn it around for me one time
Uhh, uhh, yo

I don't despise thugs, I (ADVISE) thugs
I teach y'all thugs, cause that's what I was
Yeah I say was cause today I'm above
All the guns, illegal funds, the crews and the drugs
ANY HOOD I walk in, they show me love
They say 'Knowledge Reigns Supreme, WHATTUP CUZ?'
Cops wanna get sit down and get all bud
They wanna think as they drink drink down to the suds
I respect it, but I don't get down with the fuzz
I don't drink with DT's I don't hang with the judge
But truth be truth and I got the proof
Most ministers were straight thugged out in they youth
See if you're over 25 and you never got live
when it was time to ride, you ain't got no heart
But if you're over 26 and you're still in the mix
and your life you ain't fixed, you ain't doin your part
You see them cats on TV, playin the role?
Gassin y'all, them cats be over thirty years old!
Actin all dirty and cold
NONE OF MY CLASSIC ALBUMS they was worthy to hold
I'm concerned with the soul, overstand?
When we was slappin up rappers they was doin the running man
You don't know my style, we be straight gunnin man
If you don't know you better ask your older brother man
Shit gets realer than, Real TV
From eighty-six, ain't no rapper realer than me
Or Just-Ice, I.C.U. or Steady B
What y'all waitin to see? Somethin faker than me?
Don't let me have to pull out the Jamaican in me
I'd rather pull out the asalaam alaikum in me
Wa-alaikum salaam, yo you wan' tess de Don?
BLAOW BLAOW BLAOW-BLOAW-BLAOW, bwoy gone!

[Chorus]

They don't really wanna learn - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo they really ain't concerned - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the book - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't want a conscious hook - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna pay dues - well start gunnin 'em down!
They be actin brand new - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the light - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo, pass me the mic - we'll start gunnin 'em down!

Watch dis! Your crew is my crew and my crew is my crew
Your crew you lied to, my crew will find you
The light I recite will blind and outshine you
Street cats be wonderin why they even signed you
Where they find you? WHO is the first cat to rap
"wa-da-da-ding" and show you what the nine do?
You ain't never seen me behave with them firearms
Maybe not, cause you just a slave to Viacom
Me, I'm a free MC hip-hopper
I teach real gangsters, hang with real Godsters
I am to hip-hop what Selassie is to rastas
Watch your mouth before someone I don't know pops ya
Lemme stop, don't-a-stop the street rhetoric, ha
Your soul you sellin it ha, come wit some better shit, ha
In five years your whole catalogue's irrelevant ha
You spit the ignorance while I spit intelligence
You got it backwards like sayin hop-hip
That's why when you battled your whole crew got ripped!

[needle drags across record] You wanna battle?

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Philosophical"

Yo turn me up just a bit, so I can hear it and spit
Reverse spit, and get tips, rehearse a hit and take tricks
Research the art just a bit, don't let me start I won't quit
But if I start I'ma flip, just like I'm startin the whip
Puttin the key into it, mentally seein it
G.O.D. believin in it, I get a fee when I spit
C-L-U-B's I just rip, I'm lyrically well equipped
Over the beats and the mix, I keep the streets in a fit
When it comes to lyrical spit, I'm the t'cha of it
Higher consciousness, truth, I'll be reachin for it
Metaphysics, here's an example cause I'm speakin of it
Put your hands in the air, but you must be aware
That even if your hands are down, ain't they still in the air?
I be takin you all the way down the road, takin you there
I'm livin and givin just a smidgen of what I share
The style that I'm kickin, lyric lickings from over there
We rockin forever, we get better with every year
With letters and intercessors I sever every fear
Lookin here, like UPS KRS takes it there
Let's make it clear, thought waves go through the air
You can act like you busy or you dizzy or you don't care
But listen here, everybody got a fear
An insecurity, some type of thing they gotta clear
So that's when I, reappear, from the rear
Philosopher, follow the bright light to right here
I might wear, light gear
Appear when you least expect it, tellin you now how to fight fear
With faith, you hear the bass, well clear the waste
You gotta get the negative cats out your face
Get that irrelevant crap out your space
Conceive it believe it decree it achieve it with HASTE!

[Chorus]

Nuttin in the world is impossible
Listen to the shit that I drop on you
KRS-One, philosophical
Believe and achieve what you got to do

We rawwwwwwwwwk, we don't stop
Hip-Hoooooooooop, we don't stop
Tick-toooooooooock, we don't stop
We at the top we never drop cause true hip-hop is so hot
Some people thuggin, some be pimpin, I be teachin a lot
I be teachin about the meaning of a deeper hip-hop
That don't make me any better than a thief or a cop
All I know is when I flow, the people be shocked
You don't really want the teacher to come step on your block
With my whole glock takin everything that you've got

I'm a different type of deeper intellectual rock
For when you really wanna compete and get up off your block
You are not just doin hip-hop, you +ARE+ hip-hop
Like if you have a badge and a gun, you ARE the cop
Like if you practice medicine, you ARE the doc
You just forgot rappers rap about cars a lot
And the magazines worry about stars a lot
But I'm the sun and they avoid me BECAUSE I'm hot
The orthodox hip-hop is sure to rock
With or without a video, I'm leavin 'em all in shock, OHH!

[Chorus - repeat 4X]

KRS-One Lyrics

"9 Elements"

Well my ladies and gentlemen
This is a rapsession and my name is "KRS-One!"
And when I talk about "Hip-Hop Music!", I know

One: Breaking or breakdancing
Rally b-boying, freestyle or streetdancin'
Two: MC'ing or rap
Divine speech what I'm doing right now no act
Three: Grafitti art or burning bombin'
Taggin', writin', now you're learning! uh!
Four: DJ'ing, we ain't playing!
[scratch] You know what I'm saying!
Five: Beatboxing
Give me a [beatboxin] Yes and we rockin'!
Six: Street fashion, lookin' fly
Catchin' the eye while them cats walk on by
Seven: Street language, our verbal communication
Our codes throughout the nation
Eight: Street knowledge, common sense
The wisdom of the elders from way back whence
Nine: Street entrepreneur realism
No job, just get up call 'em and get 'em

Here's how I'm tellin' it, all 9 Elements
We stand in love, no we're never failing it
Intelligent? No doubt
Hip-Hop? We're not selling it out, we're just lettin' it out
If you're checkin' us out this hour, we teatchin' hip-hop
Holy integrated people have it, I'm the present power!

Rap is something you do!
3x Hip-Hop is something you live! [scratched]
Rap is something you do!
Hip-Hop is something you live! [scratched]

Skaters, BMX-bike riders rock
Don't you ever stop! You are hip-hop
You doing the same things we did on our block in the suburbs
You know you be packing that black block
Selling that crackrock and ecstasy
Gettin' pissydrunk, fallin' out next to me
But like I told those in the ghettoes
Here's the facts! True hip-hop is so much more than that
Some much more than rap, so much more than beats
Hip-hop is all about victory over the streets
What you see on TV is a lie
That's not something you wanna live or pattern your life by
But, huh that's too much preachin' ain't it?

You don't want the ?education[?], you wanna be dead on the pavement
Well, so be it, some of ya'll ain't gonna see it
Others wanna enslave your mind! Kris wanna free it!

[Chorus]

Rap is something you do!
5x Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*

"Oh yea" *[scratched]* - From "P is dead"

"I have spent my whole life livin'", "talk to the fullest", "no doubt"

You know that's why these rappers can't hang
Cause the essence of hip-hop is not a material thang
They so careless, hip-hop is in a [?] we give
Rap we do, hip-hop we live
How many times I gotta say it? How the radio ain't gonna play it
And you hip-hoppers sit back and okay it
Think about it! (think about it)
The present course of action, we have got to reroute it!

[Chorus: repeat 3X]

Hip-Hop is something you live!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Alright With Me"

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

The Kristyles is officially on blast
Don't worry about what he say, cuz he wont last
If you want to learn the way take a seat in this class
I write albums like singles and release them so fast
I get around the whole country on foot like Flash
I don't fly across country I be there with the mass
Drivin, drivin, pulling up to your hood spot
You sayin to your son, "now this how radio should rock."
I pray for these radio cats cuz they don't know
how fast I be movin when they be movin slow
This ain't no fast food rap dude, get it and go
This that home cooked type meal, lyrical flow
Spiritual grow, ya know cuz ya was there, fo sho
Like Joey Greck I'm not the average Joe
(Yo, welcome cats to the BDP show
with KRS, Kenny Barker, G Simone, and Chalk-o)

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

I spit when I speak, when I speak I spit
When I spit what I spat it splits ya clique
Spit, spat, speak, spoke, either way
I spat that your rap's not dope any way
When you spoke I spit that splattered your scope
I split that and spit that unanimous quote
No hope when I battle I'm staggering folk
They slip-sliding away there rappers ain't dope
Get my coat, I make sure you can see shells
For sure you gon' see them cuz all you see is sales
Forget it you ain't wit it, admit it

Every thing you did I already did it

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

Too many emcees not enough time

nine out of ten niggaz say they wanna rhyme

Four out of nine talk about drugs and crime

Three out of four say they wit it but they not

Two out of five spit fire plus the underground

One out of three spit righteous but they never shine

One out of two claim they ballin all the time

And only one make it to prime

Do that math, only one Biggie, one Pac, one Jay-Z

one Nas, one Fifty, one X, one Slim Shady

One KRS-One, one L, one K, one Busta, one Pun, one Love, only one me

Take that TNT, that spit is my property

You copy me, fuck you, pay me (nigga)

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Only One"

In case you ain't know, check it
Let me tell you right now and the whole world
You are the only one

I saw them guys you were with
I don't flash platinum watches and drop-top whips
But you can rest assure you're my perfect fit
Every dollar that we get, we be earning it
Yo, you never have to worry about me taking a trip
Or leaving you at home so I can quickly forget
Yo, with me it's the opposite, you swerve the jeep
You the queen of your house, you earn your keep
And I respect that, in high school we both got left back
We both were divorced and had setbacks
But you should never let that depress you
God has blessed you
Yo, here's what KRS do
Support your goals, keep you warm when it's cold
It ain't about now it's about when we get old

[Chorus 2x]

Let me tell you right now and the whole world
You are the only one
In my heart you are that number one girl
You are the one (one, one, one)
Even when your hair ain't done with no curl
You are the only one (one, one, one)

Crazy why love making we already did
Shit, that's why we got four kids
Romantic, our parenthood we planned it
On the queue two to England, cross the Atlantic
Respect, you don't have to demand
It's like you got the perfect husband and your friends cant stand it
Especially when I watch the kids
And when you come home I ain't trying to find out what you did
It flips theirs leave, 'cause they looking for the player
A little boy trying to pay theirs cell phones and pagers
But with me you living with the savior
We be up in the temple of hip-hop, or chilling with the mayor
I thank the creator
We don't need what they handing out
This is what your man is about
It's like peace and much love
Trust and respect
Your friends may have diamonds but they aint get that yet
They may have the burghettes and cars and private jets
But all they're really good for is sex

[Chorus]

We be hanging out late night at denys
Having conversations about every and any
Many people want what we got
A relationship that just keeps getting hot like hip-hop
You know I'm not the regular guy
You know I can't be compared
You know when the drama comes I ain't scared
My name rings bells in the street
You can say my name in any hood your protection is complete
Thugs be right on their feet
Saying "What, your man is Kris?"
You don't worry miss

[Chorus]

But most of the time you're with me and the kids
Mind at ease, chilling out at Chucky Cheese's
These are my kids, I know what their need is
I know what the doctor bill in school to which in fee is
My daughter, I know who she is
And all my sons know exactly what being free is

[Chorus]

No, you might not get the drop-top three
But all your kids want to be like me
Their father, and even when times is getting harder
There's only one name you could trust, Kris Parker

[Chorus]

uhh
send this out to you
you and yours....word
it's that time yo.....that's word

[Chorus]

KEEP



RIGHT

KRS-One Lyrics

"Club Shoutouts"

[KRS-One:]

Listen, I don't know where them other cats be at
But we be in the clubs
We be all over the country, KILLIN IT~! (Yeah)
They can talk that club rock, this that and the other
But when it comes to really gettin down
We gets down, y'all know what time it is
Big up to my people at the 9:30 Club, Washington D.C.
Big up Cat's Cradle in North Carolina
House of Blues in New Orleans
S.O.B.'s in New York
King Club in, in in L.A.
Aww man it's sick, Aggie P and them in in Denver
(Word up we be smashin 'em Blast, they can't get enough of it!)
(But big up to my peoples at the Electric Factory in Philly)
(Joe guard your grill up in Chicago!)
(Big up to The Destiny in San Fran)
(Big up to the Apache Club, in A-T-L)
(The Hundred Club in Las Vegas)
(And The Spot up in San Jose)
(You know how we do, "Keep Right" word up)
Smashin, SMASHIN~!
(At some point, they're gonna have to come to the truth)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Are You Ready For This"

[Chorus:]

Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)
Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)
Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)
Well we just can't miss (drop the beat like this)
Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)
Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)
Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)
Well we just can't miss

Well when I speak this
I'ma be like this, I'ma be like Kris
I'ma teacher, I'ma preacher, I'ma free my kids
I'ma grow dem and show dem what a leader is
I'ma teach dem the laws of receive and give
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, believe and live
You done heard the hype, COME to where the talent is
"I'm Still #1," yup you heard right
People say, "KRS-One you shine bright!"
Others say, "Yo - you rhyme tight"
When you find me, you find light, and that's alright
I don't know about pimpin, sellin women like retail
Or turning coke into crack for resale
But I do know if we fail
In 2020 our children by the million gonna be jailed
We got the victory over the streets
God willin we chillin, we know we gon' eat
I'm a whole different kind of MC, hoes don't like
not tempt me but the ladies treat me oh so gently
Universities sendin me stretch Bentleys
My seminars and lectures, are rarely never empty
We teach students plenty, honorary degrees
Gold and platinum plaques I got many, ask Kenny
People get shocked when I walk into Denny's
Or the corner Kwik-Stop, they say, "That's Hip-Hop
right there," and yeah it's really quite clear
2004 might be the right year
for mental and spiritual repair
The solution is in the resolution you just declared

[Chorus]

When I speak like this
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, hip-hop philosopher
All in the street well I'm very popular
All through the hood I make all the stops and I
avoid the cops and them random shots well I
love hip-hop and I, live hip-hop so I

spit that shit to get you off your block cause I
can't understand and I, wish I could see dem
cats that talk bout they love the hood and they
never bring the hood anything that's good, and they
rap for the money tree, chasin a company
But I think you can now see, rap is fun to me
I got a ministry, a class, a staff that's under me
KRS in pop rap? Nah, it ain't ought to be
It'll never happen like, you eatin pork with me
Amateurs hawkin me, DON'T EVEN talk to me
My house is in Atlanta but I still got New York in me
Walk with me, most rappers are short to me
I'm like Chamberlain, dominatin the sport you see
I toss MC's off of me
When you hear KRS you say that's how it ought to be

[Chorus]

I drop heat like this!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Illegal Business Remix 2004"

Ha! Ha! Huh! Huh! What's this?
Yo, huh, huh, huh

I'm the one that steps in the club, ya not see it
Givin dap, givin pounds and hugs, ya not see it
In the club I'm not lookin for love, ya not see it
Gimme the mic and I'll show you whassup, better believe it
I'm not at the bar, whatever the pub, ya not see it
Still they sendin me these bottles of bub, ya not see it
But I will open the minds of thugs, ya not see it
Who you think really bring in the drugs, ya not see it
60 million people smokin the bud, ya not see it
Cause the American way of life is bugged, ya not see it
You never peep it, yo this ain't a secret, ya not see it
They confiscate it, resell it, you retrieve it, ya not see it!
So believe it while you sit there weeded, ya not see it
Hip-Hop culture who gonna lead it, ya not see it
K, R, S One, ya not see it
Peace love unity and havin the fun, ya not see it

[Chorus]

Cocaine business control America
Ganja business control America
KRS-One still causin hysteria
Illegal business control America
Diamond business control America
The oil business control America
KRS-One still causin hysteria
Illegal business control America

Yo, rise up brother, raise up sister
Visualize wealth, put yourself in the picture
Very few cats gon' tell you the half, ya not see it
Cause they're really only after the cash, ya not see it
But they wind up sellin they own ass
One album, two album, they gone they don't last
So hold on a minute now, don't be so fast
Knowledge Reigns Supreme with me ya won't crash
Ha, I'm the cat that spits the raw, ya not see it
They can't believe when I hit the tour, ya not see it
I'm not ready to retire for sure, ya not see it
I'm from the 70's, I'm down by law, ya not see it
We passed fliers door to door, ya not see it
Popularity's growin more and more, ya not see it
Conscious rap where the heart is at, ya not see it
We be screamin WHERE THE PARTY AT, ya not see it
But instead of the Bacardi sack, ya not see it
Fallin out in the party in the back, ya not see it

Let me show you where the art is at, ya not see it
Put down your money I'm takin all of that, ya not see it
All the clubs they be callin me back, ya not see it
I'm never short cause I'm taller than that, ya not see it
I'm only showin you the other way out
Maybe I'm preachin but this is what love is about, ya not see it

[Chorus]

KRS, I speak when I must
This that official underground rap, this you can trust
I stand outside the industry and there's many of us
Talkin mad shit but for those who not bilingual, plenty of stuff
My whole crew is why you can't get with any of us
Reason I'm not on TV cause I'm not sellin you nothin
I'm not rhymin for a Bentley or a house this plush
I spit for the conscious, what about us?
Time's up, time to open that mind up
Temple of Hip-Hop sign up, devils we bind up
When I'm up rhymin cuts your spirit hear it and shines up
Climb up before you wind up takin

[Chorus]

[scratching]

[Chorus: minus instrumental]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Prayer Of Afrika Bambaataa"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[Afrika Bambaataa:]

In the name of the force who is the source who is called by many names

Allah, Jehovah, Yahweh, Elohim, Jah, El Nu, El Kuluwm, The All

And as we give praise to the creator

And we give praise for all you human beings

Who's down here on this planet, so-called Earth

And to all the extraterrestrial beings

In other planets and other places and other dimensions

Throughout our universe of universes

I greet all of y'all with the greetings words of PEACE... *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Gon Go?"

I'm bringing back the style that others have pushed to the rear
Now you see me, now you don't, now I'm everywhere
Maybe you can see that knowledge does reign supreme
Rap is like a ballclub and I coach the team
Move the crowd, that's what MC mean
How many albums I got? Mmmm...12, 13
I've told y'all before
You are not just doin' hip-hop, you are hip-hop
Them jokers need to stop, be hip-hop
I mastered this and him, her, they, them, that one
she and he did not
I speak a lot
I hit 'em in they weakest spot
Come see me rock, yo, you'll leave in shock
KRS, you ever wonder why he's so hot?
It's because he's not pop yo, he's hip-hop
West to East the sound of the police will rock
If you don't love this you won't have the heat I got
Disciplined if you listening the beats [?]
Fuck the dumb shit yo, we gotta teach the tots
They say I preach a lot
And last year the took the jeep and shot
But this year the beat will knock

[Hook x2:]

I know where
We can go
To see how a real MC flow
No video
No radio
Just a live show
C'mon now you gon' go?

I'm still standing, demanding playing my lex jammin'
Cats wanna really see me start blam-blammin'
Put away the cannon for this overstandin'
I'm landin'
Let the music play like Shannon
I'm so hot, why not, I bring all the fans in
Watch me now come alive like Peter Frampton
Listen to me people, listen to me loud and clear
It's time I found out what type of people up in here
When I shout out the classic if you know it say yeah
South Bronx-Yeah!
My Philosophy-Yeah!
Black Cop-Yeah!
You Must Learn-Yeah!
Yeah we gonna do it up in here

I'm still standin'
And rappers be mad-mad
Cause they know they'll give birth like the American
flag in Baghdad
All they do is blab-blab, that head chatter
Why the dopest MC always a dead rapper?
I'm a real live rapper, I'm out to set it
I pay dues, while your crews still on credit
You talk that shit till I come out the school
And all y'all sound like Trina sayin' "That's Cool"
Time for the streets again
Time for them cats to pop gats into the mic you speakin' in
I'm creepin' in with a hundred soldiers
When I step on the stage it's over

[Hook x2]

They don't play me a lot
KRS you don't see a lot
On TV a lot, but I do MC a lot
I don't duck and hide when I see the cops
I'm free with the knowledge to free the block
Live on the radio I'm sendin' my rhyme, you can see
I'm behind enemy lines
You already heard about plenty of crime
Now hear about the sciences that could really open ya mind
I only got a little bit of time to rhyme before the
producer over here says "Ok, that's fine"
So let's get to it, I got my whole squad with me
On top'a all that I got God with me
You can go far with me
From New York, to Atlanta, to LA
You know they all with me
You might not see me on this station cause this is a
Rapcity and KRS leads a Hip-Hop nation
Even though y'all chase ends
Why can't weeeeeee be friends, it all depends
Cats wanna thug it out
Isn't it true that Hip-Hop was bigger when we all loved it out?
Look at the difference in raps
See when I'm spittin' the facts
Louder than anyone could rap, the industry collapse
No one's special anymore
Variety is gone for sure

[Hook x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Phucked"

Yeah

Y'know when advice is in your face, you need to heed that
Word, you need to read that
Y'know, I put this lil' joint together real quick
You know what it's called?
It's called - NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!
That's right, listen

Wasn't you the type to mimic what you saw on TV?
Wasn't you the type to mimic what you heard on CD?
You never wanted to work you wanted everything easy
You heard KRS and you said, "That's preachy!"
A wise young man says, "Father - teach me"
A foolish young man wants to live life freaky
Oh yes, Knowledge does Reign Supremely
When I said it eighty-nine you didn't believe me

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. that's right
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. life is over, finished, done
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. better heed that, read that
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

Listen - back in the days on the Boulevard of Linden
BROOKLYN! Kris was a, metaphysician
LOOKIN! For better ways to live without bein
TOKEN! We started our own management and
BOOKIN! Makin moves with them live cats on
FULTON! I can't even 'member all the dough that we
TOOK IN! But you was lookin down on us
Cause platinum never astounded us, so

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, like that
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. ha, you shoulda heed that, you better
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. y'all was chasin the radio, remember that?
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. what they givin you back now?

Back when we was all singin "Monie in the Middle"
You wanted to wiggle, jiggle in a tight skirt and giggle
Even when outside was brittle, you still had on little
And KRS warned that you'll get played like a fiddle
Now you havin cravings for pickles cause you pregnant
and don't know where the dad went and you poppin them drugs like Skittles
When the baby is born it's little and sick
But it's no riddle, you was movin too quick, huh

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, look at this
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. you shoulda stayed home and read a book
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. literally, symbolically

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

When advice is in your life you need to take it
Cause frankly, everybody ain't gonna make it
Back in the days we, showed 'em the way
I put it there in the music but you weren't amazed
You would criticize, debate, and basically hate
But let it be known I wanted everyone to be great
But you would diss and not even try to do better
When we was at the U.N. you said "whatever"

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. we movin ahead, you still in the same spot

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. 'member all that back talk, all that?

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. takin over

KRS-One Lyrics

"A Call To Order"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[over beat from "Phucked"]

[Afrika Bambaataa:]

True school, you got to stop BS'in, with this
New school you got to stop BS'in with this
Cause y'all don't know that y'all ALL are bein controlled by corporations
Where's your hip-hop museum? Where's your hip-hop doctors?
Where's your hip-hop judges? Hip-Hop lawyers?
Where's our hip-hop agriculturalists? Our hip-hop army?
We better have some hip-hop police police our hip-hop self
If we gon' do all this killin
We are at war brothers and sisters...
[leads into "Everybody Rise"]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Everybody Rise"

(feat. L Da Headtoucha)

[scratched:] "hit you with the real"

[L Da Headtoucha]

Geah, it's Headtoucha and KRS combined and
Yes, through the new millenium era we grindin
Yes, this combination right here's one of a kind and
It's Soul Supreme's dream team, we shinin
Clap, I'm tryin to tell 'em there's more to it than rhymin
It's now or never, all and together we climbin
Clap, let's rewind to the beginnin of time and
Back again, words merge over tracks like um, Shaq goes in
I, crack yo' cabbage in, we ain't no average men
My pen takes people to places they haven't been
Like the streets or the gutter, when I speak over beats
You discover I drop heat, don't compete with this brother
No, just compete with each other, I'm deep in the gutter
This underground sound, and I'm keepin it gutter
Music is - the reason I'm livin, the reason I'm driven
and givin my all to all y'all

[scratched:]

[Busta Rhymes:] "Everybody rise!"

[KRS:] "Learn the techniques of"

[Das EFX:] "real hip-hop"

"no doubt" "so you don't have to worry and doubt"

"KRS-One" "savagely attack"

[KRS-One]

Forgive me, I always been an indie-pendant
Hip-Hop started on my block, I remember it
It's in me, others wanna spit what's trendy
But I take it back to Mork & Mindy
Tellin these young cats, Nanu Nanu
Keep my name out your mouth, it's too much to swallow
Big up to my people, Peedo and Gato
Victory over the streets, that's our motto
I ain't forget you Choco-latte
Chocolatte, you the original not the co-py
But enough of that, run it back, we lovin that
Break from them other cats, KRS-One is back
Just look where the sun is at, where the moon is at
If you in tune to that, you can never lose in rap
Astronomy, all in inside of me
For that conscious lyric, you know who you got to see!

"KRS-One" "KRS-One"

"KRS-One" "rap graphic"

"collaborate with" "L Da Headtoucha"
"we'll touch you"

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stop Skeemin"

(feat. Joe)

[Milk Dee:] "Stop scheming!"

[Milk Dee:] "What more can I say?"

"Stop scheming!"

[repeat x4]

"What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

"Stop scheming!"

"Stop scheming!"

"What more can I say?"

"What more can I say?"

"Stop scheming!"

[KRS-One]

Yo I'm, I'm here to see a friend

He came here last night about 12:10

The charge? Well he killed his girlfriend

Huh? Fill this out - yo you got a pen?

What time did I come in?

Yes, yeah I'll follow you

Oh there he go - yo whassup? Man you went OUT yo!

Tchk, yo how you shruggin your shoulders?

You lookin at double life here soldier!

[Joe: singing #1]

Tell me what was on your mind

You should've thought a second time

Now you gotta leave your dreams behind

For life.. "What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

[KRS-One]

See that's what I'm sayin, you gots to change your attitude G

Listen to me, the judge seein your case is a thirty-three degree

Maybe you can find your pops, a thirty-three degree

And see if you can be free by no later than three

Yo why you lookin at me like that? What'chu mean it's whack?

You got a six figure bail and not a dime in the sack

See I told you, one day you'd caught her last time creepin

You shoulda just let her go but you couldn't stop schemin

[Joe x2: singing #2]

Shoulda just walked away, walked away

Walked away..

Now they got you locked away, locked away

Locked away.. "What more can I say?"

"Stop scheming!"

[Joe] Whoa-ohhhh!

[KRS-One]

Nah nah, na nah nah nah yo listen man you ever heard of
the fact that you get one time for premeditated murder?
Um, don't argue man just yesterday y'all were kissin and huggin
What you lost your temper or somethin?
Huh? Yeah well killin a lady WORSE
You should always think FIRST!
Yo I'ma try to.. tchk here comes the C.O.
Yo whassup Thompson? Yo I'll say whassup to your P.O.

[Joe singing #1]

[Joe singing #2 1/2]

"What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

KRS-One Lyrics

"...And Then Again..."

Peace and much love my people, I am Minister Server
Right here with the teacher, KRS-One
Album #13, "Keep Right," or you gon' get left
You know what time it is, ain't no time to be frontin
Trust yourself, get with the movement
Yo teacher, let 'em have it - like this, c'mon

You get the CD and then, it's time to see me again
You break it open and then, no we not jokin again
Turn on your player and then, the rhyme sayer again
Put in the cd and then, you can't believe me again
Turn up the volume and then, we blowin by you again
You start to listen and then, you see the mission again
You start to listen and then, you get the vision again
U-N-I-T-Y that spells unity man
On G-O-D I demand, as you can see I don't end
Your family I defend, don't battle me you won't win
I'm not livin in sin, but I'm livin with Him
Her/They/Them/Us trust yo let us begin
KRS is unique, you can hear how I speak
I be teachin the streets, I'm fin' ta reach for the peak
I rock a club every week, I keep them thugs on they feet
He's back, just me, please, don't try to compete
I kick that knowledge in college when I club it it gets rugged
And you can see that these others be garbage and I love it
Uhh, what's the state of hip-hop? Don't confuse it with rap
It's the state of your mind, it's the way that we act
It's that thing that makes you say yo I can never be whack
It's also clickin through my lyric lickings spittin the facts
Hot tracks y'all prep for combat
Baby I'm back, they crazy whack, takin 'em out!
The philosophical flow son, that's live at my show son
I'm soundin like no one, you feelin me though?
The people want me back like they want The Arsenio Show
They want the real, not a video hoe!
This is KRS-One, you gotta believe me
I'm sittin in the studio with Nice and B.C.
See me tonight, we keepin it tight
It's another from the brother KRS, "Keep Right!"

KRS-One Lyrics

"My Mind Is Racing"

[Intro]

Vroom vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom
My mind is racing

[Verse 1]

When you young you talk shit and get slapped up for it
The ice, the cars, the clothes, we already bought it
The streets, the projects, the hood, we already support it
The rep, the respect, them cases we already carted
The gold, the platinum plaques, we already flaunted
The leathers in freezing weathers we already sported
The wise see your lies and you already shorted
Them boys they talkin to boys, we men we ignore it
The whole planet, so-called Earth, we already toured it
My levels be on max with the bass distorted
When the economy is up we getting all of that
When the economy is down we still touring Jack
Look back at '88, where them ballers at?
They was buyin' out the bar, I ain't fall for that
Spending they money, you'd think the club would call them back
But they didn't, that shit was all an act
I go

[Chorus 1:]

Vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom
I said my mind is racing like
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing

[Chorus 2: x2]

I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
In this concrete jungle it's hard to stay humble
I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
I bring that drama to whoever, whenever, WHAT!

[Verse 2]

Yo, let me tell you 'bout defeating the drama
In the street with the armour

It's the teacher, Kris Parker
I be in the hood, looking good, speaking of honour
Being a father
Not avoid the baby mama drama
Respect myself I gotta, we gotta live proper
The True hip-hopper, hits yes a non-stopper
A no quitter, heavy hitter
Looks within to, be the winner
Now let us begin the orientation
Hip-hop culture is what we call the nation
But annihilation is what we facing
Cats getting killed from Scott La Rock to Jam Master Jason
That's why we was at the United Nations
Laying down the foundation
For hip-hop as a real nation
You know what time we wastin?
But...

Vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing

[Chorus 2: x2]

[Chorus 1]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Me Man"

[KRS-One]

You told me man, you need me man
Who the teacher me man, who gon' lead you me man
Who gon' free you me man, well not mostly me man
But come up close to me man, make a toast with me man
I'm not starvin me man, I be feedin me man
You won't be seein me man, cause I be bookin me man
Them lights be hookin me man, while people look at me man
They sing the hooks with me man, yo read this book with me man
How these rappers slash actors wanna fuck with me man
When we be up inside the spot they be duckin me man
I be movin me man, showin and provin me man
My wife is soothin me man, yo' life is new to me man

[Minister Server]

Aiyyo what's goin on this is Minister Server
Now you've been readin the books, seein the lectures
Hearin the CD's watchin the tapes
Now's the time for you to get rid of your fears
Aiyyo teacher tell 'em what's going on

[KRS-One]

You see me man, it don't take much to be me man
I just stay extra focused on the G-O-D in me man
Not too many ahead of me man
If rappers were television channels I'd be C-SPAN, believe me man
Don't nobody sound like me man, I'm a free man
For that golden age hip-hop, you know you gotta see me man
From 1973 man, to 1993 man
If you unaware of them 20 years you won't understand me man
So here's the plan for you and me man
Hip-Hop is not a product to be bought and sold
Hip-Hop is you and me man
So in the years to come you gonna see me man
On top of a Shaquille like Leland
And you gonna be right there with me man
As you can see man I got S-T-Y-L-E man
Why for 17 years you already knew this about me man
So you be you man, and I'll be me man
But remember Knowledge Reigns Supreme - yup, that's me man!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Feel This"

(feat. NYCE)

Get 'em, get 'em (yeah yeah!)
Get 'em, get 'em (that's B & NYCE)
Get 'em, get 'em (ha ha)
Get 'em, get 'em

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Let's go, let's start the show
Contracts and dough, you came to hear Kris
Let's go, let's start the show
Watch how I flow, you came to feel this
Let's go, live MC rappin
Cut mix and scratchin, you came to see me
Let's go, let's make it happen
For your satisfaction, you came to be free

[KRS-One]

From all the bull, from all the push, from all the pull
From all the critics and the cynics that there happens to be
Relax from the attacks, there's no battlin me
Write whatever you like, I will rattle you G
No hassle for me, with the freestyle skill
Believe I'm ill, chill, I be surpassin MC's
Ain't too many faster than me man
Neck movin, sweat oozin, schoolin, that's how we jam
I write with a free hand, I write with a purpose
If you bought the CD, thanks for the purchase
If you downloaded the album then COME to the concert
Don't sit in front of the computer 'til your eye hurt
Get up, get out, and join the movement
Hip-Hop culture is more than music
And I'ma prove it, whether freestyle or written
Ax yourself how KRS still spittin

[Chorus]

[NYCE]

Me and my niggaz go to the club with hooded jeans and boots
Fuck a dress code, fuck a tie, fuck your shoes and suits
We rock doo rags to fitteds, and throwback jerseys
Front pockets with cash, paint a wall with a slash
Gettin our drink on, burnin trees, eyes lookin Japanese
Whylin out because the DJ threw on M.O.P.
Peepin how the ballers with the gators is hatin
But fuck what they be talkin this is straight from the streets
They got war comin out they mouth but they don't want beef
Cause yo I snatch them outta they ride, click click, surprise
Run your jewels, your shoes, before you make tonight's news

All downs are bet, and I'm playin for keeps
Actin like you gon' scheme, then my man gon' squeeze
Word to the [?] cause I knows you don't want it
You be up in, [?] tear while I be, everywhere
Yeah, it's like that what?

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Dream"

(feat. Minister Server)

[Minister Server: speaking]

The God of your understanding, has chosen you and you've agreed
To be here in this space and time to do something, that only you can do

Now I won't stand here to try and tell you what it is

But deep, inside yourself

As you take time to uncover, and ask yourself some vital questions

Like - what is it that brings me peace, what is it that brings me joy?

What do I love doing?

What am I willing to become highly skilled at doing?

What part can I play for the betterment of the society

And the world in which I want to live?

When you begin to ask yourself those real questions

And it doesn't have to be done in a formal way

It can be done just like we're speaking, right now

Ask yourself the question

Look at how you see yourself in just a year from now

And then go forward

And if you have children or even if you don't have children

Now begin to, look at your future beyond

The space and time that you are

Now visualize exactly, the way that you desire to live

Don't be afraid to, dream

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Been There"

[Chorus: x2]

I talk how I talk when I talk cause I been there
I walk how I walk when I walk cause I been there
On your own sleepin in the park yeah I been there
How we really gonna survive? Let us begin there

I'm talkin to the little you but, there is a bigger you
The bigger you is spiritual, little you that is physical
KRS is givin you, somethin more than I get with you
I'm hittin you, splittin you, rippin you down with me
You busted that metaphysical rap, at the pinnacle I'm at
I'm down here just to deal witchu cats
I never bleep you, I just remind you that they don't need you
They gonna keep you for as long as they can eat you
But that mic you speak through goes from here to Mogadishu
And how you represent US is the issue
I'm not here to diss you, or dismiss you
But at any moment we can be hit with missiles

[Chorus]

How many MC's must get dissed
How many young men must get frisked
How much ice can really go on one wrist
How many shots get fired at a target and just miss
We gonna live like this?
I walk the same path that Ma\$e do
But he went in the church, I stayed out to face you
The difference between us is not just man to man
But in fact it's fan to fan
People that buy KRS-One goin places
People that buy your shit, they catchin cases
My people eat, your people cheat
Such is the words you speak and you reap
You can pop that shit if you like
But people that buy KRS-One, they lookin for the light
Like NYCE, Jada, Lizzard, B.C.
Harold, Symone, Server yo man see me

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Freestyle Ministry (Sever Verbals)"

(feat. Minister Server)

"It was quite evident that something new had to be introduced
in order for the music to flourish as it had in the past."

[KRS-One:]

Ha, hah, huh

You know the time here

[Jadakiss:] {"You will never be as nice as I am"} [Nas:] {"Nuttin to play wit"}

[Guru:] {"Troublesome, to anyone who stands in the way"} [Nas:] {"Be my guest"}

[KRS-One:]

Aiyyo, Minister Server, test your mic yo

[Minister Server (KRS):]

Yo this ain't complex, I keep it mad simple (whaaat)
Minister Server transmittin from the temple (that's right)
The Lord is my light and my salvation (that's right)
I'm here to heal the, hip-hop nation (C'MON~!)
And make sure that our next, destination (C'MON~!)
Is exactly where no procrastination (that's right)
We got things to do, I mean me and you (uhh uhh)
We got to do what we came here to be true (C'MON~!)
Through the Most High guide you got to find purpose (UHH)
I'm on the mic now (WOOOO) I didn't rehearse this (what)
It's from the spirit (that's right) to those ears that hear it (c'mon)
Ahhh...

[KRS-One:]

C'mon, yeah, yo

You ain't never heard no flow like this one
We teach on the streets, ruminations go get one
If you never heard of "My Philosophy"
Check my catalogue, check the glossary
Ministry archives, school society
Temple of Hip-Hop exhibit you got to see
Obviously I flow different from most of them
They radioactive, I don't get too close to them
Hip-Hop in the cypher, commence to roastin them
Or commence to "Edutainment," minds I open them
Up on the rooftop, scopin them
KRS this album is dope AGAIN!

[Ministry Server (KRS):]

It's up to you and me to walk in our authority (WOOOO)
To understand we got the inner divinity (that's right)
To change the things of this closed society (that's right)
Ain't that the way we said we wanted to be? (WORD~!)

Oh what'chu gonna do, you got to get off yo' ass (C'MON~!)

You can't move slow, you got to move real fast (c'mon, yeah, yeah)

If you, wanna keep up with the Temple your mental got to be ready

And you got to keep these flows steady (yeah)

And keep it goin, I don't really be knowin (yeah)

how the Most High's gonna be flowin (ohhh)

But I got faith and it's 2004 (yeah)

So the H-Law, yeah more

We gon' bring you up, you know it's all the way real

And I'ma keep it like this, don't pack no steel (word)

But I got a gat, that's got a lot of truth (yeah, yeah)

And I do it like this, my children be the proof

So teacher, come let these cats know (that's real)

The way you do it like this, you got to let 'em know (whoa)

That's always true, the way you come through (yeah)

So come and do what'chu gwan do

[KRS-One:]

Biddy-bye-bye, biddy-bye-bye, biddy-bye-bye biddy-bo

Biddy-bye-bye ayyy, EASE OFF~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The I"

(feat. Mad Lion)

Where shall we land, there?
Which city shall we destroy today?
This one, or that one? This one?

[KRS-One]

Take a look a look around, we last forever
We carry books around, manuals are bound in leather
We rock the center, the only point that's in the circle
We free MC's, what we decree will not desert you
We know what we doin, we wise and we chillin
We calculate against the continued cries of our children
They may be cryin now but they won't be cryin later
We love hip-hop, because WE are it's creators
So we, build the Temple, write the books, teach the classes
Create instrumentals, write hooks and rock masses
NONE passes, without studyin this flow
It's all good as long as you know Kris know!

[Chorus: Mad Lion]

While I deal with I, Jah talk to I
When I dem go alike, only de one comply
Whatchu see with de I, look twice toward de I
If you don't unify your children them a gon' cry

[KRS-One]

I stand with the rejected, the unsuspected, the unconnected
The neglected the one you, never suspected
It seems you forget hip-hop plays the back
Sayin that's my sound, and that's my sound
And that's my track, and that's my rap
And that's some chorus they did way back, look honey bringin it back
I'm actually, I'm everywhere at every time
Animating every rhyme and every dare in every mind
KRS is my representative on Earth
Challenge him not, he's been hip-hop since birth
His main objective, is to put hip-hop in perspective
Show pity, and DESTROY these wack cities

[Chorus]

[Mad Lion]

Inna style dem a [?], yo alla dem a cry
Dey worship slackness and to be under sky
We lead dem to de water but we cyan't make dem drink
Pussy to take a sip, cause it gon' make you t'ink
We don't usually [?] yo alla dem a sing
Wisdom wort more den any diamond and gold

People use it and find it like de Dead Sea Scrolls

[KRS] Take dem Lion, take 'em, take it over!

[Mad Lion]

Cause of dem outer, dem outer, dem outer inter outer inter
Outer inter outer inter out of control
Dey neva find wisdom til dem dead ohhh
Mad Lion make de *[?]* roll
KRS make up a sea and bulge ya
Of the story of never been told-a
Cause we outer, outer, inter outer outer ese
Out of control, out of control
I'm so serious ay (what?)
We don have no time fi play, ay (tell 'em again)
Some people diss dem *[?]* hell's in this world
But dey'll come around one day

[KRS-One]

Yo, yo, only Beezlebub think my voice is aggravatin
Children of light hear my voice and start congregatin
The mind's debatin, is he a prophet or is he Satan?
But the tree is only known by it's fruit, what am I creating?
What am I stating? Have I stood the test of time?
Or am I fading, or has God blessed my rhyme?
Settle your dissin, you better be listenin, forever we glisten
The metaphysician with a better way, makin a better day daily

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bucshot Shoutout"

(feat. Buckshot (Black Moon))

[Buckshot:]

Yeah - this is also

A message for all y'all heads out there

Who just heard, whatever you hear

This is the Boot Camp Clik, and we everywhere

Right now y'all 'bout to get into the real mindstate

Of where this is all goin, the Temple of Hip Hop y'all

Keep your mind thoroughly placed where it's at

So you can know where it's goin

Understand?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Rap History"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[Afrika Bambaataa:]

We got to understand rap been here for a long time~!
When God talked to the prophets, he was rappin
And when the prophets talked back to God, they was rappin
And then if people wanna bring it up and get all up to the modern days and ages
We can start to goin in the 60's when you had Shirley Ellis
When she did "The Name Game" and "The Clapping Song"
We can go to the poetry rappin of of sister Son... Sonia Sanchez
With uh The Watts Poets, or The Last Poets
We can get into the political or the message rap
Of The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, Malcolm X
Or The Honorable Elijah Muhammad
We can get into the the the the party and fun raps
Of Piggy Markam *[?]*, Marks Baby *[?]*
We can go back to the "Hi De Hi De Ho" with Cab Calloway
We can go back to the radio disc jockey or jocko
Eddie OJ, and all the others that did things
We can go back to the LOVE RAP of Isaac Hayes, Black Moses
To the LOVE RAP of Barry White out there
This is all part of rap
And if all you country people want to get into the country & western thing
We can take it to, Tony Joe White, when he did "Poke Salad Annie"
This is all dealin with the rap
Rap has always been there... *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Let 'em Have It"

What, yeah
Shoutout Minister Server
Word up Super J
My man Byron is goin off
Marlowe, Inebriated Beats, word
Uhh, you know what this is, word up

[Chorus:]

Who be rockin it constantly? (KRS)
Who be droppin philosophy? (KRS)
For the real it got to be (KRS)
Them niggaz ain't stoppin me (KRS)
Whack rappers they got to go (let 'em have it)
So they front on that microphone (let 'em have it)

I be comin in all wild with raw styles
Goin that long mile, makin 'em all smile
Make it happen, MC'n no rappin, believe me I'm strappin
Y'ou see me I'm slappin, believe me you deceive me
It can greasy, I'm cappin, bring the action, ADD the clips
Start subtractin, multiply them shots, you a fraction
Raise up, blaze up, get made up
You wanna bug out you'll get, sprayed up - NOW~!
(Bo bo bo bo... yeah!)

[Chorus]

It's the Temple, expandin your mental
Inebriated instrumentals believe me nothin defends you
When I spit, rappers be runnin out really quick
They come with that silly shit, but them not really it
Kris is it, them an idiot, if it wasn't for radio programmin
you wouldn't be feelin it, or willin it
Original, metaphysical, meta-lyrical
Forever spiritual, really man, I ain't feelin you
(Yeah! Yeah! Whattup?)

[Chorus]

I'm somethin like a phe-nom-enon, fast like ramadan
You can never tell what style I'm on
Wise like Solomon, unlike any udda mon
If you lookin for that bling bling, go check dat udda mon
What I utter mon be butter mon, straight from the gutter mon
Boxcutter in one hand, buck in the other one
Lyric I got a ton of 'em, gunnin 'em, not frontin 'em
Back again, it's KRS-One and them, OHH~!
(Woooo! ...So)

[Chorus]

Feel it (let 'em have it)
So they front on the microphone (let 'em have it)
Y'all better catch up! Ha ha
Y'all better catch up! Word up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Still Spittin'"

(feat. Akbar, An Ion, Illin' P, L da Headtoucha)

[KRS-One:]

It don't stop, word
It don't stop, we still spittin! Word
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, Over Nearly Everyone
When you gon' get it? Aww man

Watch how I spit 'em, watch how I hit 'em
Inebriated rhythm, we get up all in 'em
KRS you gotta get him, we the best we always win 'em
Them cats won't admit I'm in the club rippin they shit
I'm raw when I'm on tour you better be sure when you get 'em
'Til you hit the floor and spin 'em, them elements do you live 'em?
Or are you just usin 'em, confusin 'em and killin them
Your touring is boring, your minimum ain't fulfillin them
So let's start drillin 'em, why we ain't feelin them
Cause we lookin and lookin and don't see that real in them
Cars we be wheelin them, minds we be healin them
With books and CD's, believe me we straight dealin them
Live in the club them thugs hit the ceiling
When they get the feeling KRS-One start delivering
So who's up? (Akbar) You live hip-hop?
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[Akbar:]

This whole rap game is a gamble, some MC's can't handle
Financial freeze, your record company's at a standstill
While I breeze through a sample, and lead by example
Find fertile minds and drop seeds by the handful
Man you ain't gotta hit me in my head with the anvil
I grow wise, I recognize the lies and the scandal
Once you sign on that line, your career could depend on
these white collar crooks who cook the books like Enron
So I took an oath to speak no lie
While mad rappers die over beef like E. Coli
I guess you thugs won't get the picture until them slugs hit ya
I ain't a hater, but sooner or later "Love's Gonna Get 'Cha"
And if you don't know that, then you dumb fella
And everything I said, went right over your head, like an umbrella
So who's up? (L) You live hip-hop? (Damn right)
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[L Da Headtoucha:]

Categorize me with the best clique, rhyme majestic
with it I get sick and mo' connected
So electric my energy is remembered I'm limitless
My mind screamin just against the rhythm, intense is the ism
In 'em I long salute the young and hungry to shine

Nightmares of lost time haunt taunt me to rhyme
Been isolated, waitin years to finally reappear
Cheers I made it, all praise due, Inebriated
These words are weaponry, huh, mental telepathy
Rocks for definite, reppin it, 'til the death of me
Pain left in me runs deep, and leaks through the speakers
In Jeeps and tape decks, then connects to your peeps
We keep it, thorough borough to borough, city to ghetto
Rock like, heavy mental on the, instrumental
So who's up? (Illin') You live hip-hop?
Get on the mic and give it what you got

[Illin' P:]

I got five on it, you want it, flaunt it without hazy
Dues paid check the rezzy, the black film be
that of a blunt's ash, past he of the spectacular cash
To get after master [?] atlas
I rep even when I be fingerin them, get it, probably not
Probably thought I meant that snitch talk
Starvin your brain, I never come with the simple and plain
To get at these thoughts, get on the train-er
I'ma afta learn ya bwoy, ya not fi come wit de sum'n
Microphone check one, no frontin
You niggaz is mimin your rhymes cause y'all ain't sayin nuttin
Some of dem soft, me foot bak I'm 'pon de mic
[?] (Good Will) stay ('untin)
Fear new day mon, un if ye wake up
Industry feel de shake up
Married to the ghetto you niggaz forget, break up
Ahh so who live hip-hop
Upon de hip, me ride the Soul Train ock

[Supastition:]

Yo I'm not to be confused with these popular new names
I been paid my dues I'm at the top of the food chain
And I should get an award for slept on peeps
So this beat'll be perfect for my acceptance speech
Forever loved in your city, thanks to rap
My album's a continuous seller like fitted Yankee caps
I'm like a demon, crossbred with a ragin bull
I'm from the South but I relate more to "Paid in Full"
So focused on my grind, I'm potent when I rhyme
Tell niggaz close your fuckin mouth and open up your mind
It takes more than a few weeks to learn
I make sure rappers and microphones ain't on speakin terms
As far as you concerned, I'm losin my temper and patience
Nobody takes shit serious like an impotent rapist
So who's up? (An Ion) You live hip-hop? (True dat, true dat)
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[An Ion:]

I'm aggressive, progressive, words young ticker be vital
Rip the game and the name to reclaim any taken title

Directly hand out stares to the needle as it rotates
An agent to decrepit from rigormortis in flow eighths
Not even for a minute can you rap
Let down by the sound that drowns the clowns even dare to step
Don't ride the rhythm, I order you to jock
Your claim to fame was holdin down but you can't hold cock
Damn right we can fight, I stay with grudge
with no prior budge from the previous
And when is it that fourth'll crack cranium, kids come in the picture
Knowin that asshole and Ion and you ain't the perfect mixture
Like Alice, diners become the impeccable haven
That any enter my zone must be stripped down and shaven
I stand before you as a fiendish critter
Creatin causin collision with a pen
Written that hatred of spaced-out squashed men like it was a sin
The only job payin me enough to snuff the rough
should have never planned the plan to make you perish
Leavin your fan and your uncle and son with somethin he can cherish

A photograph of a weathered, brownish-grey wall. At the top center is a circular, mesh-covered vent. Below it is a rectangular metal plate with two small horizontal slots. A rectangular sign is mounted on the wall, featuring the text 'KRS ONE' in red and 'LIFE' in white. The sign is attached to a vertical metal pole. The wall shows signs of aging, including cracks and peeling paint.

KRS ONE
LIFE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bling Blung"

Yeah, Word Up

Yeah

Yo

[Chorus:]

Bling blung, bling blung, First you see the bling
then you feel the blung

This is the way that the world is run

Can't you tell

Bling blung rock the bells

[Verse 1:]

Move along, move along, along, this is a newa song

KRS-One the supa strong

Move along before you lose your tongue

Before you lose ya lung

Be sure MCs get done

Detour or move along

We teach the young

How many young men hung so we could sing a song?

You need to move along, along, along

The string of injustice stung those that bling cause now they blung

Materialism stings and now they stung

You need to move along

Life is like ding, dong, ying, yang, bing, bang, ping, pong, or ping, pong

Any lyrical battle we won

Yes, this a master flow, this how life go on

First you got it then your gone

So don't get stung

Cause after the bling it's blung

No material thing stays with you long

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Move along, along, we can't get stung

We the one, my melanin stuns right up in the sun

I go and I come, don't mind me son

I'm just a teacher, them cats should't try me son

I'm that lively one

I roll with them grimey ones

At the Temple (of Hip Hop) you can find me son

What I bring and sing reflects what I brung

I be rolling, aling off the tongue

You can check them other ones

Maybe them younger ones

But I be that I witness just like Connie Chung

Some burn the paper

Some burn the bong
I'm burning rappers, I think you need to move along!

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Move along you little singers
Never linger round a rhyme bringer
These rap blingers
I break you off a middle finger
Bell ringa, in your mind a dong dinga
Yo, that's what's wrong with these singas
When they sing all they bring is bling
THEY DUMMIES
But after the bling aling, aling is blung
Post bling is blung
A new ting son
I'm rockin these bells like ding dong
As you can see I got no rings on
Cause it got nothing to with what springs song
So ding dong
Open the door to freedom
Any of my books you should read dum and be strong
Or else you need to move along, along, along
Your lyrics are cow dung
There use to be a TV talent show with a gong
And when the gong gonged you were gone
Yes I am the lyrical Don
Beats for art um
But I am unattched to all of thum
The message of the song is bling blung
Don't get caught up in watcha bought up
Be Strong

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Way We Live"

Welcome to hip-hop culture
We stay hot like Tulsa
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, followed by a number one
These rappers they do run run

Lyricaly they flashin' two guns with new funds
But politically they do run run
When it's time to build, they chill, gettin nuttin' done
But they mouth yes they do run run

I've heard, just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people man, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

If you're down for this nation, hip-hop the nation
Three generations, fourth in the waitin'
Look at what we facin', mainstream penetration
Everyone's a biter now, no innovation

No syncopation, lost communication
Here's what we gotta do to fix the situation
First step know what you creatin'
Hip-hop the culture, the consciousness, a new civilization

I've heard just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people man, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

Everybody, c'mon unite now
Turn on the light now, stop all the fight now
Time to unite now, a new type of life now
No stress no strife, no gun, no knife now

No board no pipe now, we seein' the light now
Bein' the light now, the future is right now
Hip-hop is like wow, ready to fight now
Sick of the hype now, just about right now

I've heard just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people man, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

I hear uhh, hip-hop is callin' me
The fact you must see sir, rap is not all of me
I use that to reach ya, rappers be borin' me
Redo the industry with a two dollar royalty

What's the agenda, to hip-hop and politics
Don't you remember? The violence we stoppin' this
Kris will defend the, hip-hop populist
The solution is simple, raise up yo' consciousness

I've heard just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

Welcome to hip-hop culture
We stay hot like Tulsa
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, followed by a number one
These rappers they do run run

Lyrically they flashin' two guns with new funds
But politically they do run run
When it's time to build, they chill, gettin nuttin' done
But they mouth yes they do run run

KRS-One Lyrics

"Woke Up"

Y'know

There's a difference between dreamin, and visualizin
Which one are you doin?

Food gone up, gasoline up
Full-time employment passin me up
Bills pilin up, really this sucks
I need a couple bucks, really I'm stuck
Here comes a truck, pullin right up
It says Brinks, now I'm thinkin what's up
But nah, what I'm thinkin about, yo duck
20 30 40 shots at the truck
I'm duckin runnin jumpin lookin for what?
Some cover for this brother, EVERYTHING'S NUTS~!
But yo, I can see some others with gats
Brinks firin, they firin back
Rat, ta-tat-ta-ta-tat-ta, tat
Then I woke up...

Doctor help me out, what's this all about
What's this condition I gotta figure out
Am I really out, that I really doubt
Give me the remedy, what is the amount?
Whatever you tellin me sellin me compellin me
Yo the light in me ain't out
Anyway I enter cats remember
Knowledge I sent ya forever they shout
SOUTH BRONX! SOUTH BRONX!
SOUTH BRONX! SOUTH BRONX!
Then I woke up...

Well I guess I'm out on my own
With this condition it won't be long
Before for sure my little sanity's gone
I'm livin off of nuttin, losin my home
Kids in the street, wife alone
I want to sell this very microphone
But then my friend the light was shown
It came through my inner cellular phone
Get up and get out my spirit will shout
Commitment is what love is really about
No down and no out, just up and about
I think I'm gonna take the spiritual route
Then I woke up...

Then I realized I'm out of my purpose
Out of my purp', not doin my work
I went on a search, inside of myself

For true health, love awareness and wealth
I went to the Temple and opened my mental
I learned that I'm the cause of all that I been through
Your whole environment is really within you
Reach inside your heart and write a new menu
I'ma be the change that I want to see
Now I can see, that I'm really free
Everything is really always somethin else
Tell yourself a different story 'bout self
Do you have the courage to be you
All that talk, that you talk, is it really you?
Oh silly you, oh silly me
Your tongue is killin YOU, not killin me
I'm feelin free, to be, just what I wanna be
Easily, you see, cause I woke up...

When I woke up, my debt went down
My locks broke up, my rent went down
My stocks went up, my car sped up
My pockets swell up, my life I found
I'm not so fed up it's time to get up
A clear mind switched my life around
Now I can see where the help is at
The health love awareness and wealth is at
Cause I woke up...
Cause I woke up! I woke up!
When I woke up, I woke up
That's when I woke up

Play that back

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mr. Percy"

(feat. Triune)

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]

Have mercy Mr. Percy
4 million people out of work, right now
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Half of the youth population out of work, right now
Give me another day
Homelessness risin' upon families
So I can try to find my way
Word up! Homelessness

[KRS-One & Triune:]

And I work
Several resumés on E-Mail
And I work
CD's I'm sellin' my beats
And I work
Part time at the retail
And I work
I'm just about to be in the street
And I work
The car that I'm drivin' around
And I work
Will I ever be on my feet again?

[?]

We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]

Frankly, I don't see how
You can't see how you really, homeless now
When the emergency hits, who really holds you down?
When the sheriff's at your door, ready to throw you down
With the state of the economy and the way that it is
Many men are at the door with their wife and their kids, saying

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]

Have mercy Mr. Percy
4 million people out of work, right now
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Half of the youth population out of work, right now
Give me another day
Homelessness risin' upon families
So I can try to find my way

And I work
Tried drive taxi cab
And I work

Enrolled in a technical school
And I work
My friends, my family for a loan
And I work
Dollar caps and car pools
And I work
Just another day now
And I work
I'm gettin' paid now

[?]

We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]

Everywhere across the nation
More people are joining the homeless population
From the south, to the north, to the west, to the east
People can't pay their mortgage or their lease
And last but not least
You better hear what I'm saying
So many men are at the door with their kids saying

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent

[?]

Give me another day
4 million people out of work right now, you gotta do something!
So I can try to find my way

[?]

[KRS-One:]

We're on the brink of revolution
You let it get to hot
So many people tryin' to hang on, and just cannot
They must have forgot
Last night's news spot
Read like a news murder plot
Starring who got shot
And very little upliftin'
Just who got knocked?
Very little givin'
Everybody's heart is locked
And they call this a civilization?
Where I can't even find work, with proper employment qualifications
Hip-Hop is the name of my nation
Where everyday is Saturday and 12 months is vacation
Peace, love, unity, havin' fun
You can tell by now, I'm not the average one

[Triune:]

Get choked for the dope here
Get stabbed for the stash
My X is brash

I rap for grabbin' the cash
They search for the blackless faces
So no need checkin' your [?] or applications
[?]

How the fuck I make thirty grand a year
With dudes holding a masters degree
It makes no sense, so I make no sense
Using my mind
[?]

There's a war going on outside, no man is safe from
I'm Tri-Uno, some call me the great one
Until Bush meet people in my community
I'm hustling for [?] till I get an opportunity

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Give me another day
So I can try to find my way

KRS-One Lyrics

"Fucked Up"

YEAH! YEAH!

C'mon...

Let me tell you cats {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

Snitchin and squealin and the underhand dealin

That's how you get fucked up!!

Robbin and stealin like you ain't got feelings

That's how you get fucked up!!

Gettin head in the bed with another man's wife

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better always think twice how you're livin your life

That's how you get fucked up!!

People walk around just, in a daze and oblivious

To them demons that live in us

Who can you really trust

Is it them demons that got us schemin or is it really us?

People really fuss, and them guns really bust

Brothers dyin over silly stuff

Them streets can get really tough

They ain't playin man, you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

When you can't forgive and all you spit is negative

That's how you get fucked up!!

When you're dissin your elders and cheatin your relatives

That's how you get fucked up!!

Messin with a man's crib, kids or wife

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better think twice how you're livin your life, cause

That's how you get fucked up!!

Yo, I'm a true school cat, just a cool cool cat

Got security tellin these people to move back

I got two new tracks, somethin new from DAT's

Tunnel Rats with Proper and Triune in the back

I don't move with a pack, I move membership

Hip-Hop we livin it and what I'm doin is rap

But cats wanna talk that crap

'Til they see that I'm not playin, you better {get what I'm sayin}

Everyday more betrayin, more lyin, and from friends

More crime and more revenge - HUSH

Things are really rough; cause there's really no one out there

that I doubt that you can really trust

Them guns bust - how many hustlers gotta die

go to jail for a fiend to get a rush?

From ashes to dust, that man of lust

is decayin, you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

Talkin that crap behind another man's back
That's how you get fucked up!!
Spittin gossip and scandal and don't have facts
That's how you get fucked up!!
Bein caught in the hype, flashin off your ice
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause
That's how you get fucked up!!

I'ma close it out, cause all my foes they doubt
I'm rollin out, they know what I'm all about
I don't roam about, I appear and shout
I wear 'em out, then we clear 'em out
I steer the route to where the end be at
Where the peace, where the love, where my friends be at
Where the jealous ones envy that
And they start betrayin, that's right you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

If you schemin a lot on what another man's got
That's how you get fucked up!!
Dreamin up a plot for another man's spot
That's how you get fucked up!!
If you live by the knife then you die by the knife
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause
That's how you get fucked up!!
Flashin what you got cause you think it's cool
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better watch yourself cause when you ACT A FOOL
That's how you get fucked up!!
When you act like you better, treatin men like mice
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause
That's how you get fucked up!! {get what I'm sayin}
..{get what I'm sayin}

KRS-One Lyrics

"I'm On The Mic"

[Intro:]

When you least expect it
(This is just one style)

[Verse 1:]

We back up in this piece like yeast to bread
Underground you gotta find me like an Easter egg
No need to beg, I hit the club hard on the red
While you check for CDs I'm sellin' books instead
I travel the country by car, by foot and leg
What's worse than being behind is being ahead
Prophetic visions of President Jeb
Five storms hit Florida on his head and nobody said
"What's the meaning of this? It's like God is dead"
In the minds of the people hanging onto a thread
You gotta go where your heart is led
I spit truth but some cats, they just got the hardest head
As you can see, I'm artist-led
I take it to the black, to the green, and to the darkest red
I write, recite and of course go off the head-top
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, man - don't forget that

[Chorus:]

KRS and I'm on the mic
(Class is in session, so you can stop guessin')
KRS and I'm on the mic
This is just one style
KRS and I'm on the mic
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody
KRS and I'm on the mic
Listen

[Verse 2:]

Here's the mission, plain and straight
We gotta nurture and develop what we create
Hip-hop is our activity on the planet
Today it's just an album; tomorrow they examine it
In the future, someone's crammin' fast
'Cause they want at least a B in their hip-hop class
I ain't even askin' you how
If our ancestors built nations, why you ain't buildin' one now?
Technology is not civilization
Civilization is not about the tools that you're making
You have an opportunity, at a new stop
Truly living hip-hop is a chance at a new park
You can play a new part: Develop new DVDs, new books, new art
Open new food marts with hip-hop food charts and food carts
Playing 2Pac while you shop (Do it)

What's the sense of being a recording artist
At a recording company for a year or two
If after the third or fourth year they can't even hire you?
In fact there is really nothing there for you
If your life is not a can of goo
Hip-hop is not a product; hip-hop is me and you
What I spit will see you through
I'm freein' you with knowledge of G-O-D in you

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Foot soldiers, let's go - we got this
The freedom to be really you that's what hip-hop is
What can we really do? Reach for the top, kid
Those that seek the bottom they shot stop and lock, kid
We the inevitable, most credible
And most are leaning back with the terrible squad
Here to beat knock hard, this is the real truth
Everything I spit be backed up with real proof
Welcome to the underground
Don't look for me in the mainstream, this is a whole 'nother sound
Sound set we rock music in the streets
In the schools and over the Internet
Feel it yet? You ain't hear me yet
You ain't really ready to get near me yet
Y'all fear and fret

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Life Interlude"

(feat. DJ Wize)

[cut and scratched: "Life"]

[KRS-One:]

With every breath I breathe I choose life for the children
With every breath I breathe I choose a wife and good livin
With every single breath that I ingest I am given
A smidgen to make life-changin decisions, listen
My mission with precision will position our children
by the millions to start buildin our culture for the billions
and trillions of people comin after us
If they doubt, they won't be as fast as us
Cause in our time we kick a new power rhyme
We keep renewin your mind, cause soon you will find
That every single breath that I breathe keeps us conscious
Enough to perceive and achieve if you believe
But oxygen comes from the trees
Without air for four minutes forget it you catchin some Z's
So which is really conscious, us or nature?
Maybe the trees wish to elevate the paper
And maybe this was just the fall
To forget that nature thinks, we doin nothin at all
And this is the way of the world
The world meanin the conscious nature and the earth that swirls
Like buffalo girls we go 'round the outside
Kris is controversial but Kris never lied
In the forest, the mountains and the hills I reside
You gotta follow the purpose you feel inside

[cut and scratched: "Life"]

[KRS-One:]

With every single breath I choose
With every single breath I move
With every single breath I prove
With every single breath I use
With every single breath I snooze
With every single breath I cruise
With every single breath I choose life
Not strife
Or strain, some like that I came, to rearrange the game
Others blame and remain the same
Same same, but me the plan is plain
We gotta think more humane...

KRS-One Lyrics

"Organ Break"

And away we go
With a crazy flow, oh!
All the ladies know
And they babies know, we pro
Deep in your mind
While I'm repeatin this rhyme, we glow
I'm teachin this time
That off-beat I speak of a rhyme, flow
They just too slow
If you keepin in time, let's go
That b-boy thang
How long you think we gonna hang, I don't know
My style is complex
I got next, indeed we close the show
Still kickin the truth
To the young black youth, we gotta grow
My message is broader
Hip-Hop's the true world order, see it!
Every son, every daughter
If you think you oughta hip-hop, be it
You can sit on the sideline
Or your mind you can free it!
I can rock for a long time
With more rhymes, cause hip-hop WE IT
Who's it, we don't use it
Or do it as music when we spit
That murder, that crime
Never furthered your mind but you, repeat it
Whatever rhyme goes against
your inner purpose you must delete it
As you can see it
I'm the average MC and hip-hop we teach it
All over the world
This goes out to all b-boys and girls
WORLDWIDE! {hooo, hooo, hooo...}

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Am There"

[knocking]

Come in *[door opens]* sit down

Yeah...

I have a magical mind, a magical body
Ancient metaphysician, you better AX somebody
With one handshake, I can tell if your plan's fake
I am to hip-hop, what flour is to pancakes
I write rhymes 'til my hand aches
In the mountains of Colorado, takin in the landscape
When I'm in the city I can't wait to live again
In the underground hot springs of the Hopi Indians

So you look around your heart and your mind
You will find, I am there
If you're cold and you're broke and there's fog in your scope
Have hope, I am there
Get in tune with me, move with me, boom with me, room with me
Zoom with me, I am there
I can see where you're at, feelin trapped, can't move can't act
I was there

And it's quite clear
My hardware was set ahead of most folks by ten years
The hand of God set it, so on Earth I speak prophetic
Publishin papers with no edit
I speak but most don't get it, but the few that do get it
In their minds my words stay embedded
And they blessed if they don't forget it
They'll never need a psychiatrist, a psychic or a medic
Where we headed? To the ultimate state of freedom
That's where I'll lead 'em, if you let it I'll free 'em
Let's set it, for human beings in recreation
Havin fun recreatin themselves into a nation
Hip-Hop! It's home could never be a station
Sharin a space with R&B, stop fakin
Do you know how much money they makin offa you and I
Just because hip-hop won't unify?

So look inside your heart or your mind you will find
Everytime, I am there
If you're cold and you're broke and there's fog in your scope
Have hope! I am there
Get in tune with me, move with me, boom with me, room with me
Zoom with me, I am there
I can see where you're at, feelin trapped, can't move can't act
I was there

KRS-One Lyrics

"Still Slippin"

They slippin Duke

You slippin Duke, you trippin Duke
Rememeber you still livin in a corporate chicken coop
With a hundred other chickens yellin get that loot
Makin a hundred other chickens tryin to spit what's cute
But KRS spits the fruit
My words are not hollow, I'll lead you out the chicken suit
You slippin Duke, I got proof, spit truth in the club
So the colleges man, we get so loose
What's the use, you slippin Duke, how America great
when Iraq, had no nukes, now OOPS
Whatever happened to samples and loops?
The same thing that happened to organs and flutes, and real artists
Thank God for The Roots, the soldier that's home with his family
Support for the troops yeah, now let's start this
I've taught many groups, been through many suits
Teachin new recruits that can't take it back to hula hoops
I know we're on mute, stand up straight
I'm like Skywalker without the loot, you slippin Duke

[scratch:] "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"

YEAHH!

Talk your talk, degrade my character
Your remarks are amateur, the future laughs at ya
I got much stamina, and I know my facts
I am hip-hop, I don't speak for blacks
I speak for hip-hop's preservation, and only that
Peace love unity, I'm known for that
What's your hassle with me man, no man is ownin me
You just mad cause I lead hip-hop globally
Your hassle is that, I'm an international cat
You know in any debate, I'm smashin your crap
When it comes to hip-hop, you behind
Cause I've been organizin this politically since 1989
I stay selective, the objective peace of mind
I am hip-hop and so are you don't be so blind
Use the key next time, you know my roots
But listen dog you slippin Duke!

[scratch:] "You wanna hear a fresh rhyme, you'll come to the source"

[scratch:] "Stamp BDP on your head then you're off"

[scratch:] "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"

[scratch:] "Do not attempt to diss cause you're soft"

KRS-One Lyrics

"My Life"

[scratched:] "Whattya think makes up a K-R-S?"

[KRS-One:]

Skinny cat, young cat, with a knapsack strapped to my back
1981 before the crack attack
I used to let the Olde English 800 suds bubble
In the last car of the Franklin Avenue shuttle
Brooklyn, no doubt, Wingate Park, no doubt
Prospect Park I'm all laid out
Homeless, my gear played out and I know this
But I'm an MC I stay focused
I took the shuttle to the D and wrote my rhymes in a hour
Took the D to the E, last stop the Twin Towers
Sittin in the belly of the beast
In the World Trade organization, bein harassed by the police
I wrote my rhymes right there on the spot
New York City, 1984 corruption was hot
Cats sellin uzis out the Jacob Javits Center for a high price
Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus:]

[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"

[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning thank God"

[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"

[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning" ... "Now it's my turn"
{"Listen"}

[KRS-One:]

Eighty-five comes in, eighty-six comes in
The marijuana with the cocaine mix comes in
High class hustlers, I'm takin flicks with them
My first songs Red Alert, he's mixin them
This a far cry from a kid sleepin on the bench
Now I'm V.I.P. in the club, this don't make sense
But it does, as I take daps and hugs
from cats that move drugs, they say "Kris rise above"
Everybody knew my style, Kris was no coward
I wanted to get in the game but my peeps wouldn't allow it
They'd say, "Read them books and write them hooks
Save our children, give 'em a whole new outlook"
So I did, I lived like any street kid
But I was handed 20 books, others were handed 20 year bids
Still they wouldn't sell to your mother or your wife
There was respect man~! Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

1987 my career blowin up now
Me and Scott LaRock took the year growin up now
Me I'm just a private cat, whatever you perceive as live
KRS is as live as that
We the livest act, in eighty-eight, eighty-nine, and ninety-now
But them years be far behind me now
In ninety-one, no one can find me now
I chose the underground to rhyme where it's grimy, WOW
Rewind me now, 13 albums for you to see
Or catch me speakin at them universities
My mind stays keen, I'm hardly ever seen
I do a lot of work, just not in the mainstream

[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn
Old school artists don't always burn"

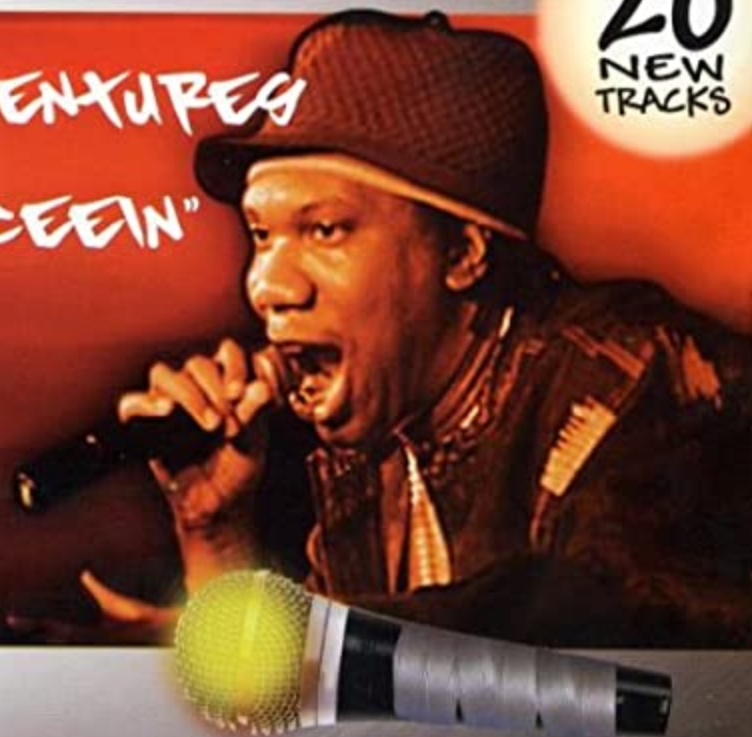
[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn...
KRS-One... don't always burn"

KRS-ONE

CONTAINS

20
NEW
TRACKS

"ADVENTURES
IN
EMCEEIN"



KRS-One Lyrics

"Our Soldiers"

(feat. Cx)

Yo KRS it's time to make a statement up in here
Let everybody know what's really goin on in America
Behind closed doors of this Bush Administration
There's a war goin on
Which side you on?
Which side you represent, huh?
Yeah!

Yeah! To all the families
That got somebody overseas
In that bullshit war
That's what we tellin

Yeah what'chu know about real war when it's happening?
Who you care for, who your heart, think about your friend
Fightin with Iraq and them, rebel forces trackin him
Bombs in the front, underneath, and in back of them
While we chillin in that Escalade, they dodgin rocket propelled grenades
So what you ace of spades
What about the promises that were made?
No one in America feels any safer, in fact we feel betrayed
Over 200 families played
With an American flag and a letter that says your child got sprayed
In the sands of Iraq, forget the economy
Mr. President, when my kid comin back?
When my spouse comin back? Four million people out of work
Sayin right now when my house comin back?
Now we can see that to be all you can be
Man invadin Iraq and dodgin RPG's!

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

What's the cause, what's the point, what's the agenda?
WMD's, Iraqi freedom, I don't remember
Politics is one thing, lives are another
People seperated from they wives and they mothers
Fathers and brothers, leavin their families and others
Safe under the cover they're position first gunner
Hard times, demand even harder rhymes

You can't be stallin pimpin and ballin all the time!
I speak about MORE than crime
I rhyme to the spirit, to them people with "Spiritual Minds"
But I hope you get the lyric in time
You just went to get a degree, now you behind enemy lines
But yo, everything is gonna be fine
You'll be home in no time and you'll remember this rhyme
Most of them soldiers in Iraq my friends
I ain't checkin for the war, but I'm checkin for them

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

You ain't gotta feel, when you pop that steel
Return fire comin in and things gettin real
From Desert Shield, to Operation Iron Grip
Americans will not forget that {ish}
While I spit another hit, over them news clips, every day
Yo Bush, how you become President anyway?!
Buyin off judges, exposin Clinton's lovers
Riggin elections, underminin all these others
It's time to uncover, the real plot
We need to build our own nation, and call it hip-hop
Yeah! Release the fear
The real hip-hop is over HERE!

"Speak the truth to 'em" [3x]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Money"

(feat. MC Lyte)

[MM Lyte:]

Money - M-o-n-e-y

(Money!)

Money - M-o-n-e-y

(Money!)

[KRS-One:]

M-o-n-e-y, what you need to just get by

Money, honey, ain't it funny?

Money, people wanna die

It seems without money, people cry, people will lie

You cannot deny, without money you can't apply

For anything that catches your eye, I wonder why

The root of all evil, let me teach you, now who am I?

The MC, teachin' my people "Don't live that lie"

You got to get money, but don't let money get you, guy

I can break it down like whatever you want

Whatever you spend your money on strong, yo that's what you flaunt

Spend your money on these honeys, yo if that's what you want

Spend your money on attorneys if you're goin' to court

If I look around your neck I can see what you bought

What, you think you get respect? No, you takin' a short

Yo, you need the money, of course, you need it to live

(Yo, what you put your money on, Kris?) Yo, right on my kids

[MC Lyte:]

M-o-n-e-y, don't ask why. It IS the root of all evil

Though very necessary to your livelihood

It's all good when you got enough

Til enough ain't enough and you hit upon rough times

You make your money and I'll make mine

(Yo, we need the...) (Money!)

[KRS-One:]

Don't get me wrong, mistakin' this song

Like money is not important - yes, it is, just be strong

It's the reason for the thievin' and that war goin'on

It's the reason that you seein' all these girls in their thong

It's the reason that the radio's on

It's the reason that you believe if you gotta work from sun-up 'til dawn

It's the cravings that connect you to that money you makin'

Your desire is the fire got you feelin' you slavin'

(Free yourself!) Money doesn't make you the man

(Be yourself!) A man gets his money in credit[?]

Ok, I'm a get this money, really, all day
But not to the point where I'm goin' the wrong way
I'm a put my money down on rides and all that
Hook up the house so me and my spouse can fall back
Investing my knowledge way beyond college
Write books and fly hooks in my cottage

Cheese - Kris bling-blingin'? Yo, please!
Money is an energy that gets what I need
I can understand them cats that rap flossin' and frontin'
It's all good, they from the hood, never had nothin'
They just got they money and everything's sunny
Hear what I'm saying, they preyin', boy, and lookin for bunnies

[MC Lyte:]

Did we floss what we bought
Forgetting that sharing is what we've been taught?
'Cause this here gettin' money is an individual sport
Money can get me in to the same place where years ago
My bros and sisters with black skin
Were confined to the back door and the kitchen

[KRS-One:]

Last verse, where your cash purse
Reach into your wallet, nothin' allotted, that hurts
Breath stinkin' you're thinkin', but can't afford Certs
Need the dollar and baby hollerin' - no work
I don't know how you gonna get the dough
You could become educated, you could become a ho
You could do both, that's like puttin' butter on toast
The bread is the knowledge, butter is what gets you that close

[MC Lyte:]

Money is funny - how a piece of paper can make or break your very existence
Quick as it come, quick as it go - you better know about the ebb and the flow
You get money in droves, trick it on cars and blow
Throw dollars at black queens 'cause, for the dough they'll strip their clothes
And for the right amount of money
A king will pimp his queen into being a ho on a stroll
Life will always be hard when you choose to make money your god

KRS-One Lyrics

"We Dem Teachas"

(feat. Keith Stewart)

[KRS-One:]

Civil rights, abolitionist movement

Civil rights movement... anti-war

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]

I'll never stop talkin 'bout Malcolm X

And I'll never stop talkin 'bout havin safe sex

I'll never stop shoutin out Marcus Garvey or

Kwame Toure or Robert Marley

I'll never ease up on red, black and green

Or teachin what Martin Luther King's dream mean

Self-esteem, self-creation

Make yourself man, you in a wealthy nation!

Forget inflation, you are your own mason

Build yourself, set your foundation

Knowledge Reigns Supreme

That's why when you hear KRS, you know what it means

Stand up~!

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas

Always makin that dough, on the hustle

This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up

If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]

Check it; I'll never stop showin the love man

I'll never stop hangin up pictures of Harriet Tubman

I'll always be a learner, like Nat Turner

Spittin out words to take your mind further

Any time you see my face

You seein peace love unity all in this place
When enrollment's down, crime is up
And if you can't hold your ground your time is up
But if you don't know your ground you holdin WHAT?!
Assumptions, when the storm hits you (hits you...)
Straight out of luck, feelin like you crashed your truck
That's when the teacher shows up
Stand up!

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]

C'mon! Where my scholars at? Y'all can holla back
Knowledge and overstanding, we on top of that
We show you right where the commas and them dollars at
We hangin out where them educated mommas at
Follow that, where my educated poppas at?
We in the street too, movin when it's time to act
We dem teachas, tell me where your mind is at
Fear, doubt, no we do not follow that!
There, courage man, we need to bottle that
Cause all these kids nowadays hear a lot of crap
And they feelin like they gotta follow that
That's why the teacher is bringin the scholar back

[Keith Stewart:]

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Better & Better"

(feat. Pee-Doe)

[KRS-One - Hook]

However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

[KRS-One]

History in the making, get with me I'm not faking
Big up all my Jamaicans, Haitians and all my nations
Latinos and my Asians, yeah I know you've been waitin
Feeling you've been forsaken, but I'm building this nation
Building new innovation, look at what we've been facin
Payola on these stations, plus they run like plantations
Complete with black beats sportin soul by caucasians
If you hear me on your station best believe I'm not payin~!
KRS is the realest, KRS-One is fearless
I grew up in them days when crack was new to drug dealers
See them cats they be liars, we the New York survivors
Eighty-one to ninety-one, they was our record buyers
Now they front cause they got work tryin to redo all my work
'til we live and in concert, and I'm makin they eye hurt
Shinin so bright and so lively
Everybody know, hip-hop was better in the nineties

[KRS-One - Hook]

However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

[Pee-Doe]

It was better in the nineties, the solo was grimey
The Wu-Tang Clan came in with the killer army
Grand Puba came in with Girbauds hangin low
Hilfiger Tommy niggas rockin Polo
40 ounce guzzlin, nickel bag coppin
Troopin through the block with the boom box knockin
All we do is "Spark Mad Ism" non-stop and
When Hot 97 played the real hip-hop and

I remember 98, point 7 KISS FM
With Kool DJ Red Alert, mixin up the blends
Them mixtape deejays had the streets on lock
Like Demo and Ron G, my nigga Doo Wop
Before the radio station corrupted the nation
To rule the street, A&R's discoverin the sensations
KRS came with the peace declaration
Took it with the leaders to the United Nations

[KRS-One - Hook]

However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Teacha Returns"

Bam Beatz on this one, let's rock out!
Taking you low...

This The Teacha, I do this for life
Plus I'm psychic, but I ain't gon tell you who's doing your wife
You ain't raw like the coke in your rhyme recital
You been cut so much, you starting to look suicidal
You trifle, trifling, you need to stop and listen
You need to hear 2Pac when he was locked in prison
Man, for real, I'm expanding
This ain't whiling out, you'll get nicked with two cannons
Your team's not loyal, you're not harming me son
If I said "Who wanna go on tour?" you'd be an army of one
What's that shit around your mouth man, cum?!
Face the fact, you lost, we got it, we won
You better off trying on some lottery run
Then to go against The Teacha, I put the Glock to you dunn
I be rockin' them drums, all you doing is shoutin'
What's your address, 69 Brokeback Mountain?!
It seems my skill you doubtin'
I spit lyrics, I flow like a fountain
Listen, you'll get crushed like a kush going into my blunt
I take it way back, all you do is front!

Yeah... haha, ha...
Yeah, yeah... KRS!

Spit-tacular, you spit at me, I spit it back at ya
I'm an emcee, not an actor
My lyrics won't trap ya, they'll free ya
But rappers still wanna test The Teacha, let 'em have it!
What you in my face for, in my space for?
This is what you rappers get smacked in your face for
Y'all talk about cutting the bass raw
But you draw the cops, this what you get chased for
I'm forever above your world in whatever you do
Rappers, I will level your crew
When I'm through, they won't even be able to TELL if it's you
I'm an emcee, this tradition goes back to Pebbly Poo
Man, I speak the truth, I'mma show you what God is
I heard your CD; from the start, it was GARBAGE!
Click, click, click, I load the cartridge
Look in the palm of my hand man - THAT'S where your heart is!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Real HipHop"

(feat. Nas)

Aiyyo man, this is the end
And let me tell you somethin man
My man KRS, when I heard Spit-tacular was comin out
The greatest emcee of all time
I said I couldn't wait, I couldn't believe it
I couldn't wait to witness it
The greatest emcee of all time, KRS
And I'm from Queensbridge, you heard?

Let's go~!
I pray for my people that the light do reach you
Ignorance is lethal, this is why I teach you
Every boy and girl the wolf wanna eat you
But the wolf is part of the same world that deceives you
Once you realize that there is no separation
You'll control the wolf from the center of your creation!
This that new rap language, or slanguage
Somethin to bang with man, we call it Edutainment man!
In 1994 DeSean Burke said it
Do you remember there we laid out the plan?
To overstand hip-hop you gotta overstand hip-hoppers
Afrika Bambaataa, they made this man!
And yeah there were others, undocumented sisters and brothers
That fell to crimes and drugs, it was crazy man!
But the secret to Edutainment
Is to take hip-hop beyond entertainment, leave baby land!

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

I manifest it from this hip-hop, adolescent
Now add the essence of S, now you got a weapon
Now pay attention if you listenin and you listen close
We're in position to lyrically hit you where it hurts the most
My proposition of philosophy spittin was written
The contradiction of the system's that I can not spit this
I can not budge to be a gimmick, I shoved you with lyrics
Then did it consecutive grippin, 'til I figured you'd gain
They like S come, huh? Meet KRS-One
Father of hip-hop, you're sorta like his step-son

The way, I get some, I done been it and had some
Rhymes, out of my mind so haters be vexin
I bless them, with a message like a scripture, paintin a picture
The fame insane, screamin my name
Picture the game changed, from that music that we all adventured
But all is not lost, hip-hop, I won't forget ya

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

KRS is after you crash the truck
And your jewels get plucked
And your so-called friends begin lyin again
What? When your life is thin
That's when I come in, KRS
Yeah! Big shout out to my man
M-I-C, Track Dons you did it again
Temple of Hiphop, stand up
Let's go to work

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot
It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop

KRS-One Lyrics

"Watch This!"

(feat. S-Five)

YEAH, YEAH! FEEL THAT~!

I'd like to thank everyone for comin out to the tour

Enjoyin us all throughout Europe

This is exclusive, we don't stop

This is real hip-hop, watch this now!

Straight from the under, the One is my number - watch this

All these newcomers are basically runners - watch this

Bitches and niggas and hoes for them others - watch this

I rhyme for mothers fathers sisters and brothers, my name Kris

The difference is realness, versus the fakeness, let's rock

I am an elder that helped to create this, hip-hop

Now that you know this regain your focus, be reminded

Straight from the Criminal to Spiritual Minded realignment

Movin in faster as you hearin the master, keep up

Don't worry 'bout battles, I'm 18 years past ya, speak up

The K to the R to the S to the One, ease up

I'm glowin like lava, hot as the sun, I don't freeze up

I take you backward rap and after that I'm takin the future

I hang with acrobats and breakin cats and whatever suits ya

Graffiti writers, beatboxin, just like we used ya

Deejays cuttin it up with a boomin speaker

Them days had fewer heaters, today we've got fewer teachers

Like America, hip-hop needs some newer leaders

KRS is the candidate

I understand I state, and overstand we great, rock!

Yeah, it's BDP, 2006, Temple of HipHop

Yeah! We the culture, I swear

Listen, turn me up Alex

Constantly fightin Satan, watchin the moves I'm makin

Tryin to stay positive, look at the world we live

It's hard to get a job, that's why my brothers rob

In every hood same story but with different 40's

You either Blood or Crip, you sellin dubs or nicks

You gotta stand wit'cha man or you plug a chick

Now look what you get, quit tryin to play the part

You got caught up in the game now you in the dark

I'm seein people dyin, so many mothers cryin

That brother say he got your back, but that brother lyin

You need to grab a mirror, and look into it quicker

It ain't all about you man this thing is bigger

Cause everything that you do come back double fold

You ain't on the right track, take another road

Brother you gettin old, you've got to make a change

Cause this thing we call life brother it's not a game

Nah~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"What's Your Plan?"

Yeah
We live this
It gets kinda hard sometimes
Tryin to help those who dissin you at the same time
But this the life of the T'cha
And he's still gon' reach ya
This for the hood, rise up y'all

Why y'all keep shittin on me?
On the internet, cats think they spittin on me
But if you read they shit, they be real corny
For my downfall, they get real horny
All I'm tryin to do is educate the young ones
I got some guns, but we ain't no dum-dums, yo come son
Let me show you the way out
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, we never play out, or fade out
This a lifetime thing, you in darkness, heartless
Complainin about the light I bring?
Well stay there then, I guess you ain't my friend
But remember, hip-hop, it ain't gon' end
And there in the future, we gon' see
Who really was the slave, and who was free
Who sold out the culture, to be on TV
Nah, it won't be me

Rappers wanna stop me pop me drop me lock me lock me top me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!

Critics wanna hit me get me clip me rip me strip me trip me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!

Players wanna slap me cap me crap me attack me, out rap me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!

Others wanna rush me dust me bust me lust me cuss me hush me
But they really up to no good - c'mon, man!

Now some of y'all buggin, cause I am hip-hop
But you are too, you just kyan't get dat
As a man thinketh, so is he
I am hip-hop, and so are we
And so is she, and so is he
I'm the only one teachin, and you wanna diss me
Why? Am I really that important?
Are you so desperate, any life you'll shorten?
Well nah kid - I'ma live on and on
You gonna respect me now, and not when I'm gone
I see how y'all did, JMJ
He paved your way but all you wanna get is your pay
I always be the knowledge giver
Preach you, uneasy, yo take your 30 pieces of silver

And hang yourself, by the end of this verse
But remember, the last shall be first

Rappers wanna stop me pop me drop me lock me lock me top me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Critics wanna hit me get me clip me rip me strip me trip me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Players wanna slap me cap me crap me attack me, out rap me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Others wanna rush me dust me bust me lust me cuss me hush me
But they really up to no good - c'mon, man

Kris loves hip-hop, everybody knows that!
We came out of poverty and we ain't goin back
A 60 cent royalty, don't settle for that
Yo do what you gotta but don't remain in the trap
We all cryin out for leadership
But if the leader steps up and you diss him, what we gon' get?
YOU~?! You ain't even got a better plan
You can't even take hip-hop to a better land
You yourself ain't even a better man
Look who follows you - KRS even got better fans
Sure you get grands, and that's all good
But your video shows that you sold your manhood
So are you really eligible to challenge me?
Especially you writers that never made a CD?
Especially you deejays that get shit for free
You can't play Kane or P.E. - what's your plan?!

KRS-One Lyrics

"All Right"

(feat. Just Blaze)

[KRS-One:]

Gather round, I want to tell y'all a story
See if you can get the meaning
We gonna go real far (all right)
Watch this (God, you alright)

I'm steppin' in this place like it's all right
I got my partners with me, yep we feelin' all right
I got my woman with me, yup she lookin' all right
When it's time to move I'm never left, I'm all right

Well, I met my man "What up Duke?" - "I'm all right"
He said "Listen to this", I said "All right"
He said "This strictly confidential", I said "All right"
He said "Yo, you like this spot?" I said "It's all right"
"You wanna change it?", I said "All right"
"I got a way that we can purchase it in 30 days" - "All right"
"How we gon do that?" He said "All right"
He put a stack of hundreds on the table right there, I said "All right"

30 days later we all right
Limousines, elevators, yo things are lookin' all right
All night everybody feelin' all right
I told my man "I gotta go", he said "All right"
"Let me take your Jeep", he said "All right"
But just as I started the car it got all bright
I started liftin' up, felt my spirit driftin' up
What's goin' on? The Jeep is gone and everything's all white
I heard people sayin' "Is he all right?"
Floatin' above my body I felt all right
How can I tell 'em, really tell 'em, that I'm all right?
Standin' outside my cerebellum I'm all right
The fourth dimension is all right
The fifth dimension is sure right
The sixth dimension is all light
Livin' as a spirit is all right
But then I didn't feel all right

I felt the shock in my chest, it wasn't all right
They revivin' me - all right
I heard a paramedic say to someone "Yep, he gonna be all right"
I'm back alive, people askin' "Are you all right?"
"The Jeep exploded. It's a miracle you all right"
Layin' there on my back, strapped up all night
I smirked and said to myself "God, you all right"
"Ha, you all right"
"Yes, God, you all right"

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Get So High (Dancehall Mix)"

Haha, wha' ya call that?
Boogie Down, Boogie Down, Boogie Down, Boogie Down Productions

You ha fe understand your situation
You create your life through your imagination
Anything you think is a manifestation
Of who you are - you're creation!
Can't you understand?
Everytime you think in bad mind
You attract that to you same time!
Listen [?]
Refine, expand your mind
Consciousness go through all space and time!

Look at [?]
We teach the philosophy
Deal with no hypocrisy
The sun is there on top of me
Beaming down that vitamin E
Feelin sick we're not gonna be
Kris in jail you're not gonna see
Take my shots on the [?]

We get you jumpin around
We the number one sound
You want [?]
[?]

I'm flippin' the sound, flippin' the flow
Some say I'm stuck back in '84, I don't know
I don't see no nickel bags, yo
I don't see no Word Up mag, yo
All I see is straight up fags, yo
These rappers they brag, though
Til we in the club, not in they castle
Somewhere in El Paso, Texas
That's when Kris gets reckless
Goes down the checklist
You rappers best respect this
It's better you listen to this metaphysician
While people bling and glisten I seek that higher vision

Don't get so high, til you can't see past your eye
Enjoy yourself but don't die
Listen now, listen now, why why?
Why you want to be like a fly guy?
Don't get so high, til you can't see past your eye
Enjoy yourself but don't die

Tell me now, why you ha fe be such a fly guy?

Temple of HipHop and me
We step in any party - top celebrity
See when we come in a dance we never look for grammy
'Cause that's 'cause we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t
I want just one wife - S-I-m-o-n-e
She said she always want fe marry an Emcee
Travel 'round the world and live a life so free
Then she met me - H-I-p-H-o-p
Started countin' up twenty, thirty, forty G
Started gettin' fresh garments now for free
Dealin' with promoters and countin' the money
Takin' trips to Europe on the Queen Mary

What do you see?
You ha fe direct your chi
You must live your life properly
What do you see?
You have to be what you see
You have got to live your life free
What do you see?
You ha fe direct your chi
You must live your life properly
What do you see?
You have to BE what you see
So you can see yourself living free

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Got You"

Off beat, what you know about it?
All heat, all street, my dough I be about it
I eat all week, I don't need to shout it
I'm legendary, in many books you can read about it

Well I'm back to let you cats know that
I'm not asleep, I heard your mixtape raps
What, you think I'm weak like one of these old school cats?
You better hear me speak before you get holes in your back

Ain't nothing here sweet except your whole damn pack
Why I gotta return? Cause y'all's so damn wack wack
You never will learn. That's why the teacha's back
Now you gon' feel that real golden age rap

Unfolding the gat
This ain't no place for no amateur block rap
Rappin' about your hammer is cocked back
That means you fuckin' with a six-shooter
And we got big guns that can stop that

All you hear is klug-clack-klug, klug-clack-klug
And you and your man y'all fall backward
Y'all ain't nothin' but actors, bitin' like Dracula
Kris spit spitacular

[Chorus: x2]

To my block - I got you
From the bottom to the top - I got you
When you need that raw HipHop - I got you
I mean that '94 HipHop - I got you
If you ain't got nowhere to go - I got you
VIP passes to my show - I got you
Come to my crib, let's take it slow - I got you
Never forget, you gotta know that - I got you

You listenin' to the depth of the heat
I'm omni-hood, that means I rep' every street
When I come around cats get up and eat
On the mic I won't let up 'til the end of the beat

I stay tight when I recite and sendin' you heat
Let's compare, what's your agenda this week?
Me? I be chillin' out in sacred buildings with my children
Free as a fly on the ceiling

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"All My Love"

(feat. Carlet Boseman)

[KRS-One:]

Call me old-school, but
It's all about love (yeah)
If you ain't doin' this for the love
What you doin' it for?
(Let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go)

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]

I do it for the (love, baby)
All in the streets we get (love, baby)
Beats like this we just (love, baby)
KRS-One be driving them thugs crazy

I'm not Johnny-come-lately on your station
I takes it back to Zulu Nation
You see what HipHop is facing
How can we sit back and be so complacent?

[Chorus: x2]

I'm giving you...
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]

When I'm on tour I spread (love, baby)
The greatest law is (love, baby)
For sure, sex is not (love, baby)
Love is love, have you had a hug lately?

I ain't waitin' for the system to save me
I'm standing up, using what God gave me
Old-school, Kris is no fool
How we gonna organize with no tools?

Man, we gotta do it for the (love, baby)
Respect and more (love, baby)
Less checks and get more (love, baby)
K-R-S One!

[Chorus x2]

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]

Put down the gun and show (love, baby)
We ain't never gonna grow without (love, baby)
HipHop started with (love, baby)

Not shooting your man with a slug like Janie [?]

We hangin' out up north with Slim Shady
We hangin' out down south with Lil' Wayne
East coast raised me, west coast pays me
This is HipHop, them critics don't phase me

KRS, I know it sounds crazy, but I do this for the (love, baby)
My motivation is (love, baby)
And yes I'm building this HipHop Nation with

[Chorus: x2]

(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]

This last verse goes out with (love, baby)
Thanks for the years and that (love, baby)
KRS-One gets (love, baby)
Duane "Da Rock" this beat is crazy!

[Chorus: x2]

(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it

Boogie Down (love, baby)
Productions (love, baby)
(love, baby)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Wachanoabout"

We gonna take it to the back of your brain (tell 'em!)
We put it on the side of a train (tell 'em!)
We gonna make it so simple and plain
Revolutionary people, yo this ain't a game! (tell 'em!)

How many y'all really ready for change? (tell 'em!)
Or do you really want to keep it the same? (tell 'em!)
Edutainment - this the reason I came
If you down for the struggle, yo remember these names

Kwame Toure (Whachanoabout)
Martin Luther King (Whachanoabout)
Malcolm X (Whachanoabout)
Medgar Evers (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

Frederick Douglass (Whachanoabout)
Booker T. Washington (Whachanoabout)

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time and study these men

Marcus Garvey (Whachanoabout)
Nat Turner (Whachanoabout)

Let me tell you about the struggle my friend (tell 'em!)
We want freedom, I'm a say it again (tell 'em!)
We want freedom, not more money to spend (tell 'em!)
You got to listen to this message I send, come on!

Let me talk to you a little bit more
Our ancestors, tell me, what you dissin' 'em for?
Break the cylce of first I like, then I don't like
You raise and praise me up to tear me down like Michael?

KRS loves his people
I walk with my people, not above my people
Teach my people, I try to reach my people
With real truth, evidence and real proof

Thurgood Marshall (Whachanoabout)
W.E.B. DuBois (Whachanoabout)
Carter G. Woodson (Whachanoabout)
Nelson Mandela (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

Elijah Muhammad (Whachanoabout)
Noble Drew Ali (Whachanoabout)

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time, man, study these men

Kwame Nkrumah (Whachanoabout)
Sékou Touré (Whachanoabout)

We gonna take it to the back of your brain (tell 'em!)
We put it on the side of a train (tell 'em!)
We gonna make it so simple and plain
Revolutionary people, yo this ain't a game! (tell 'em!)

How many y'all really ready for change? (tell 'em!)
Or do you really want to keep it the same? (tell 'em!)
Edutainment - this the reason I came
If you down for the struggle, just remember these names
Remember these names, remember these names, remember these names! Rock!

"Africans in America burned down over 290 cities in the '60's to get 289 powerless mayors in the '80's"

What you really want to debate me for?
What you hate me for? What you take me for?
Always sayin' "Amen" and "As-Salamu 'Alaykum" for
If I can't speak my mind, even if it may be raw
New ideas is what they pay me for, but here's an old one
The Feds[?] are gonna save us, sure
Since '89 I be coming again, with peace, love, and unity
Remember these men

Kwame Toure (Whachanoabout)
Martin Luther King (Whachanoabout)
Malcolm X (Whachanoabout)
Medgar Evers (Whachanoabout)
Frederick Douglass (Whachanoabout)
Booker T. Washington (Whachanoabout)
Marcus Garvey (Whachanoabout)
Nat Turner (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time and study these men

KRS-ONE

A black and white photograph of KRS-One, a prominent figure in hip-hop. He is shown from the chest up, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. In the background, a washing machine is visible, with its circular door open, showing the drum. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

MAXIMUM STRENGTH

T W O T H O U S A N D E I G H T

KRS-One Lyrics

"Beware"

[KRS-One:]

Yeah, HUT HUT HUT HUT!
I know we ain't gettin soft, HUT HUT HUT HUT!
I know we ain't gettin soft, listen
FIYAH!

[Chorus: KRS-One]

When you advertise in New York
You best to beware, oh yes
When you advertise in New York, you best to beware
Cause the bling bling, and de sex t'ing
Dem no care, oh no, you best to beware
Oh no, yo you best to beware, oh no nooooo

[KRS-One:]

This is how they do it kid, I thought you knew it kid
This is how they set us up listen I can prove it kid
Many don't understand, you see it's all a plan
To keep the black man a child like he's Peter Pan
You'll never see a man, a real black man
Until you see a man with control of his hands
And to control your hands means you control your mind
And to control your mind means you ain't commitin crimes
Man you smarter than that, goin to prison is whack
Even the people in prison know I'm spittin the facts
I'm gettin open, open the class up
Don't smoke crack it'll tear yo' ass up

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

Listen! We got our own problems here in the States
So you know I'm not pointin the finger BUT WAIT
This is somethin y'all got to see
Even the UN knows violence begins with poverty
When you ain't got no money, it's quicker to kill
It's human nature that's way the jails are filled
And the MILITARY? From the time you sign up
To kill your neighbor man it's a SIN already
And SIN meaning Selfish Inconsiderate Needs
Gimme what I want! I don't care who bleeds
These days people ready to steal and rob
All in the name of I'm DOING MY JOB~!
But what about doing your work, what's your purpose?
No human being is worthless
Think about this before you pull the trigger
And you call your sister a bitch and your brother a - WHOA

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

Knowledge Reigns Supreme again, ignorance is weakenin
Truth is what I'm speakin when I'm reachin and teachin my friends
Life is more than just cars and lust
Unity is a must, we need to build trust
Open up your mind to this, raisin up your consciousness
Whether you a pessimist, strategist or optimist
My synopsis is knowledge ain't where college is
Knowledge is for leaders and wisdom is for philosophers
Now I'm hearin London gettin violence like Brooklyn was
Brothers gettin shot just for lookin cause?
I thought we deaded that, we need to be headed back
Yo France, you need to be coverin your brother's back
Bring the lovin back, cause the government don't love you
They into murder, money, and stayin above you
They want you all in prison
So before you kill your sister or brother stop and listen

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Pick It Up"

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Get up! What we slowin down for?
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!
We got a whole nation to restore
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!
We gotta really love each other more
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!
When you see my CD in the store
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!

[KRS-One:]

It's the teacher, class is open G
Let's get open on the concept of votin, we
Begin the discussion by viewin democracy
People power, a people ruled philosophy
Democracy is a system of government
Where the whole population is the sum of it
Where the government can't move without it's people
Where before the law everybody's equal
But take a look at the police and how they treat you
Take a look at these corporations that cheat you
Democrats and Republicans are all see-through
Now we votin for the lesser of two evils
Man, don't let 'em deceive you
This is an autocracy, not a democracy
But to call this a democracy without mock interest
In the laws of society, that's called hypocrisy!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

Democracy only happened one time
In European history, now keep this in mind
It was practiced in Athens overseas
In 508 B.C. by Cleisthenes
Citizens would get together on a hillside
And decide how and if they was gonna ride
But in 322 B.C. here's what happened
Alexander of Macedon conquered Athens
And that was the end of democracy
Where the people had a say in their society
Today, we gotta get more knowledge
And learn about the function of the electoral college
It doesn't matter who you vote for today
The electoral college has the last say
But that's another day, here's what I came to say
RIIIISE UP~!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

In corporate sponsored elections, who's winning?
This the wrong direction from the beginning
Every candidate got scandal, they all sinnin
Tryin to convince you, tellin you what they been in
But the real issues, they get avoided
While our children still gettin exploited
Heh, they call me Blastmaster Kris
Edutainment, that's what my tactic is!
Some criticize Kris, some laugh at Kris
But you can't say Kris is not an activist
Social justice, I got a PASSION for this
Cause equal rights we still ASKIN for this?
So when I do my tours it's not just rappin for Kris
I'm givin you more than gun packin with this
I'm openin doors, you should be askin 'bout this
You listenin to them whores and them capitalists
They game is tight, got you trapped into this
It won't be long before the ring you like have to kiss
That's why I'm a activist
I help people not to get trapped in this
The temptation? You gettin wrapped in this
So get up, stop sittin like a PACIFIST
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, PICK IT UP, PICK IT UP~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"All My Men"

[KRS-One:]

Woooooooooooo!

Where my men at? Real dudes

Where you at? Look

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Me is a mon, understand, not a passin trend

Me is a mon, understand, we provide and defend

Me a mon with a plan, my love it never ends

I'm callin - all my men, ALL MY MEN~!

[KRS-One:]

All my men that be holdin down they house and they spouse

Men, y'all know what I'm talkin about

Real men, providin for the kids, no doubt

Holla out, 'gwan shout, you the man of the house

Men! In my opinion if we gonna start winnin

F'real, we gotta respect women

Every mister, hug your sister, it's the

Time to support your woman and not diss her

It's the, teacher, overstand

I'm like a preacher, reachin your upper man

Man, many don't understand

How important it is to have a plan

[Chorus x2]

[KRS-One:]

All my men that be holdin they house down, true workin

All my men that be holdin they spouse down, for certain!

You spread love when you drivin around town, not jerkin

You a healer, you take away what's hurtin

Cause if a man can't do what a man plans to do, his purpose

Then a man makes plans with empty hands, he's worthless

He can't even understand the plan

What the second or the first is

Let me verse this or reverse this statistic

We gotta think futuristic

Strategic, logistical and even mystical

We need a new ritual

I'm tired of jumpin over buildings

And havin to stop to hold adult hands like children

C'mon, you can do it, c'mon

And when they get paid then they quickly run along

This ain't just another song

This is that fruit that reveals the right from the wrong

It won't be long here, before the storm's here

And real men are gonna have to be strong

[Chorus x2]

[KRS-One:]

Be a MON, stand on principle

Just be a MON, let God live in you

Just be a MON, walk in the spiritual

Metaphysical, political, lyrical

Just be a MON! Understand you not a passing trend

And this is the end

KRS-One Lyrics

"Straight Through"

[Intro: sped up vocal sample]

Tonight's a special night
So remember with pride, these 20 happy years

[KRS-One:]

I can't leave my b-boys alone
I can't leave my b-girls alone
Let's turn this house right into a home
C'mon y'all let's get into the zone
Vibrate or mute or cellular phone
In here they might already be on roam
Minds are blown, I'm showin
You ain't gotta go major you can do it alone
As I look back on all the years, all the tears
All my peers, in fear
I hear, insecurity, the need for clout
Low self-esteem and self doubt
KRS lays out a whole different route
And shows you what hip-hop is really all about
Then we on the route, release self doubt
And sing with the feds when the fear is out now
Clear 'em out now, from the bottom to the tip-top
Take the vow, I am hip-hop
And recreate yourself, love don't hate yourself
Do not deny or lie or fake yourself
You can make yourself, reawake yourself
You can mold remodel and reshape yourself
You gotta take yourself more seriously
Create yourself to what you really can be~!
Yo the villain is free, look at me, I do what I do
I am hip-hop and so are you
Yo we almost through, but before we go
I wanna invite y'all all, to every show
Where the b-boys and girls are kept on their toes
Like the Rocksteady Crew tribute with Fat Joe
So now you know, if you got what it takes
No doubt, show 'em what you really all about!

[KRS-One:]

Yo, now that that is out of the way
Let me continue what I came to say
Breakers, writers, emcees and DJ's
Beatboxers too we've come a long way
Come to the Temple of Hip-Hop today
Our hip-hop week is every third week of May
Hip-Hop appreciation we remember
Hip-Hop history, that's in November
Peace, love, unity, that's the agenda

When I'm on the mic that's just what I send ya
We at the end sir, so what's the answer
Hip-Hop can be more than MC's and dancers
It's time to expand your
Awareness, consciousness, enhance your
Living, tell me, what are you playing for
What are you staying for, what are you giving?
I will demand your respect, with two MC's
Two b-boys, two DJ's on set
Two hour shows you bet!
We get authentically hip-hop as hip-hop can get
Independent, free from debt
2005 you ain't seen nuttin yet
Some like it dry, some like it wet
Some like to give, some like to get
Some like a good soundset
You a b-boy and you ain't been out to the Bronx yet?
No, yes, maybe, someday
Whatever, we bring it to you Sunday to Sunday
Workin for peace love unity and fun day
Just a little somethin to balance off gunplay
So now for the break if you got what it takes
No doubt, show 'em what you all about!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Rockin' Til The Morning"

[Intro: KRS-One]

Yeah, yeah, yeah
This what we live for!
Let it rock, let it
(Big up to all Brooklyn man, all Bronx man)
(Uptown massive, follow)

[Chorus: KRS-One]

We can all be hear rockin 'til the mor-ning
Boom, bap, and rap is what I bring
We love, the clubs and we rock them
Yes all over the world we shock them
Cause everybody knows this flow
It blows your mind

[KRS-One:]

We used to step inna de club with these murderers
Hustlers, thugs, pimps and burglars
You ain't gettin in the spot if they ain't heard of ya
And if you sneak in the spot they might murder ya
I used to be in them spots just servin the
Raw rhymes flows and yes earnin the
The respect from the streets in a circular
Over the years, an MC I turned into

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

Ladies and gentlemen, the most controversial
MC in hip-hop is about to raise your adrenaline
Settle in and grab a seat, they start meddlin I'm a grab the heat
I already grabbed the streets
KRS, you don't find me on your radio station
You find me chillin on them Indian reservations
I spit like cajun spice
You don't know KRS? Your momma must notta raised you right
Man I blazed your type, done raced your type
Man sit down~! You still on a training bike
I'm the crazy type, you the lazy type
Hey yo, look, I blaze these mics; cause

[Chorus]

[Outro: ad libs from KRS and possibly the producer]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Kool Herc"

Yeah, Kool Herc!

Kool Herc, this goes out to you

KRS-One, word up, look

Temple of Hip-Hop, non-stop, we rockin you
This is what them b-boys be poppin and lockin to
Head moves, windmills, and yes uprokin to
From Mr. Wiggles, Boogaloo Shrimp, and Shabba Doo
Uh-oh, time for the truth to start boppin through
Stompin through, with somethin new man, we shockin you
This is what hip-hop'll do, perform the impossible
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody OOOH
I'm philosophical, logical, very topical
These rappers man startin to look comical
But I'mma do what I'mma do and never follow
I'ma do, Amadou, even if it leads to Diallo
Victory over the streets that's our motto
Some gotta work for it, others hit the lotto
But big up Luna, Empire, Beedo and Gato
Watch how I spit fire, it's been a long time yo
But really it's a short time, cause I'm already in 2020
Me and Herc yellin MAKE MONEY MONEY MONEY
Hear me sonny while it's sunny release your rhyme
Get your money, ain't nuttin funny, but get peace of mind

KRS-One Lyrics

"Busy Bee Shout Out"

[Busy Bee]

I told all y'all before
We comin back for more
Givin you more and more
Than what you bargained for
It's my main man KRS-One
The Grandmaster Caz
My man Kool Herc
And this is how it's gettin down
You know me
The chief rocker Busy Bee
This flavor's goin on
And on, and ON!

KRS-One Lyrics

"New York"

[Intro:]

And you say New York City!
Duane 'Darock', KRS

[Chorus: female singers]

It's New Yorrrrrrrrk, and we livin
The whole world, it knows, your name
It's New Yorrrrrrrrk, and we livin
The whole world, it knows, your name

[over Chorus:]

Lenox Avenue, Park Ave
Long Island I see you baby
Jamaican Ave, Queens
KRS, let's go!

[KRS-One:]

New, York, City, get it right, get it tight, get it hype
New York City's in the house tonight
All day, off and on, Broadway
The world's Big Apple is what they all say
Wait, way back in the day
Dudes from the South migrated this way North
Lookin for the higher pay of course
Led by the forces they became big bosses
Like Rick Ross is, the city that never sleeps
Yup, New York is
If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere
What's that?

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]

Flatbush! Brooklyn (we live this)
BX Bronx, c'mon
Gun Hill Road, Grand Concourse

[KRS-One:]

New, York, City, still part of my heart, still part of my start
As you can see it's still, part of my art
Still part of my lesson plan, listen man~!
N.Y., every year we fresh again
I be doin South Bronx everywhere I go
Everywhere I go, every nation know
I'm a New York dude that's not New York rude
All over the world I eat New York food
Ha, I'm at home anywhere, any place
Right now somebody from New York in this place

Yeah, no matter where I be
I'll always be N-Y-C

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]

Coney Island! Brighton Beach
Wooo, Red Hook!
I see you Canal Street, Delancey Street
Hester Street, c'mon, New York let's go

[KRS-One:]

New, York, City, metropolitan life, cosmopolitan life
It put the strength inside of my life
But New York City got it's challenges also
Racism, sexism, crime, you all know!
Them guns that keep goin off bustin
And another one bites the dust when
Conflicts arise and dudes start bustin
And cussin, I gotta speak to this
New York is not unique in this
But if we keep sewing this we gonna keep reapin this
I'm teachin this, we gotta overcome our weaknesses
Remember man!

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]

Big up to the firefighters, rest in peace
World Trades y'know
Brooklyn! The Bronx, Queens
Manhattan! Staten Island! New York love it baby

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]

South Bronx
South Bronx, big 'em up!
Rest in peace Jam Master Jay, Big Pun
Big L, Randy Parker
You with us for life rest in peace my brother

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip Hop"

[KRS-One:]

We need unity in the community
KRS, hip-hop is one
Conscious, gangsters, hustlers
Man

[Chorus:]

Hiiiiip-Hop; I'm livin for that
Hiiiiip-Hop; I'm livin for that
Hiiiiip-Hop; I'm doin it for
Hiiiiip-Hop

[KRS-One:]

Yo - we went from nuttin to somethin, bein real and not frontin
No one was givin us nuttin so we resorted to gunnin
Growin up and we comin, up the ladder not bummin
Dodgin warrants and summons, from the cops we were runnin
Goin to school not for nuttin they teachin lies and assumptions
And they tell us keep comin, comin to school now for what? When
Comin back to a system that's whack and really not runnin
Oh I'm sorry it's runnin, it's not PROPERLY runnin
It's a conspiracy hear me man it's got to be somethin
I can get guns faster than I can get an english muffin
And the black church ain't sayin nuttin
We on our own cousin, I'm stickin to this

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

I'm livin for this hip-hop, I'm spittin for this hip-hop
I'm givin to this hip-hop, my life is hip-hop
Culture, and y'all know that
Hip-Hop in the media, y'all know it's whack
But just like them dopefiends who keep comin back
Like the mayor of D.C., buyin Joey's crack
No disrespect to either one of them but look at that
Study the metaphors in this rap
We bigger than crack, but we keep buyin it
We bigger than rap, but we keep denyin it
Justice, equality, keep cryin it
But the only way to get it is to start applyin it
Fat Joe that's my bro shows 'nuff respect
Talib, that's my bro, shows 'nuff respect
50 Cent that's my bro he shows 'nuff respect
Common! That's my bro he shows 'nuff respect
Snoop Dogg is my bro showed 'nuff respect
Dead Prez that's my peeps yo 'nuff respect
Cassidy's an MC who shows 'nuff respect

Hip-Hop is one, don't forget
I'm stickin with this

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

I'm livin for that hip-hop culture, shape it like a sculpture
Touch it why don'tcha, touch it why don'tcha
Hip-Hop is yours and mine and that's fine
But hip-hop's culture ain't about just crime
You caught up in the image and, don't know they rhymes
You caught up in they bodies and don't know they minds
So I'm, here to bring the truth in the place
Like don't think Common won't punch you in your face~!
And don't think Talib won't hold the heat
To stop the violence you gotta know your street
You gotta know who Tanga Reed is
Fat Joe's a leader, Busta Rhymes a preacher
KRS-One's a teacher
But through Cassidy my lessons are quicker to reach ya
We one community
I'm talkin about unity, in other words you and me
I'm with this

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Heat"

[Intro:]

FRESH~! For 2008, you suckers
Yeah! James Desmond, yeah, ha ha ha ha
KRS, keep bringin that

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Heat, the heat, the heat, the heat
The heat, the heat, the heeeeeeat!

[KRS-One:]

I'm called when all falls and yes y'all stalls
And cornballs wanna get smoked like Pall Malls
I'm on all fours, all year on tours
Place your bets I'm takin all yours
All wars, toppin all scores
Teachin street laws, the teacher because I bring the

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

I'm called when no one is talkin
The truth about what's goin on and on and
When you wanna put that New York talk in
You cause the KRS-One to start barkin
Toward the mic, grab the mic, start barkin
Outside the club spot cars start parkin for the

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

Yeah, get it bumpin now, get it bumpin now
Turn up that da-dumb-dumb-dumb-BLAOW
I know you know how, we doin it right now
People in the club like WOW~! For that

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

OHH! It's gettin hot, don't stop
We just about to reach the top of hip-hop
That's why I'm called, with that yes yes y'all
At this very moment you feel no stress at all
No, I'm not testin y'all, this a real lyric
If you can hear it I'm blessin y'all, with the

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

So we can continue to go down the menu
I send you my poetry that critiques the evil that men do
You better attend to, the AC
When I MC I'm bringin heat lately, now fade me
No ifs ands buts or maybes
I'm not crazy, God made me speak with the

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

That's what I'm talkin about!



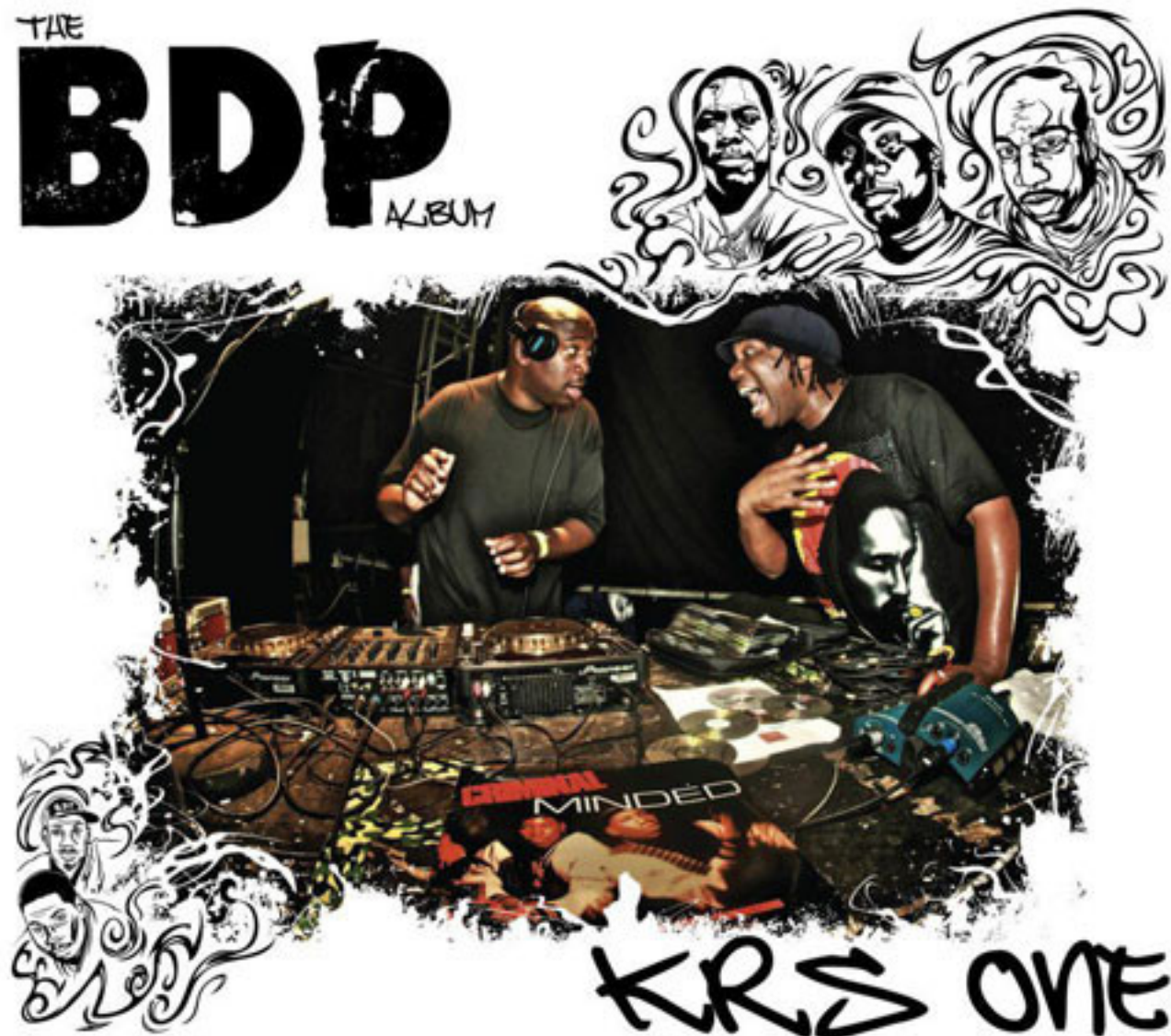
KRS-ONE & TRUE MASTER

META-HISTORICAL



DITC
RECORDS
DIGGIN' IN THE CRATES

THE
BDP
ALBUM



KRS ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tote Gunz"

Yo Kenny Parker what up!
KRS in the building
Yo these cats all talkin' about
They run this, they run that
Motherfucker's don't run shit
KRS-one in this piece
Ya'll wanna battle? Let's go!

[Hook:]

I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget it)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Let's take these cats back)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What ya'll think)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Let's show these cats Kenny)
I tote gunz, I make number runs

They some hoes, watch what they say
There's pictures of they asses with price tags on Ebay
Deja vu the matrix must be havin' glitches
I could have sworn I just smashed these short bitches
You need to look up to me Cause right now all ya'll rhymin' right where my dick is
You just lost, you can't believe
This club is like Iraq you the U.S. you need to leave
Battle Kris? Please I'll blaze two guns
Have yo ass lookin' like Saddam's two sons
This that real shit wild
You look like some kid that got gassed after watchin' 8 Mile
Now pull up your pride neo
How'd I beat you?
Did it have anything to do with the mic I speak through?
No, but if you wanna get far
Don't think you pussy
Know you are
That's why

[Hook:]

I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's right)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget it)

I tote gunz, I make number runs
(New York)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's real)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(New York)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Yeah, in case you forgot)
I tote gunz, I make number runs

Shoot out, shoot out
Everybody wind up
You doubt, you doubt
KRS, well now you fucked Poop out, Poop out
Through your face and your gut
Waive the Glock in your boy face like what
You talk that junk, but you really all punk
I'll smash you and your man
Com'on double up
That's why I got to double pump
So I could buck buck buck buck you up
You a fan of rap
I'm the man of rap
I'm lookin' for where hip hop's next land is at
You gettin' in my way?
Where them cannon's at
First thing you get hit with is a panic attack
Then you feel the steel
Of the gat to your back
Now you wonderin' why you even said all that
You could've left KRS-one way in the back
With his conscious raps and his old school tracks
But now?

[Hook:]

I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's right)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What, ya'll forgot?)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What, you forgot?)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Ooooh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
I tote gunz, I make number runs

See, I'm the same guy that spit out "You Must Learn"

And "Spiritual Minded", but ya'll are not concern
You wanna take shots at me
And disrespect Tryin' to degrade my philosophys
But nope, ya'll crazy
I'll watch your brains ooze out like cracked jars of turkey gravy
God told me to slay thee
And I'm a get to it
No ifs ands buts or maybes

KRS-One Lyrics

"Forever"

(feat. Channel Live)

(Get what I'm saying? Forever!)

Yeah! Kenny Parker in the background! (Forever)
Gimme a little more kick Kenny, Ima about to bounce it like this

Look! Look at him, look at them, look at her
What's about to occur, is what you prefer to occur
While these other rappers sloppily slur
KRS-ONE inspires you to be a street entrepreneur, (forever)
Cause I don't do dance lyrics, I do advanced lyrics
Organize frequencies that advance spirits
So try not to make the mistake again
Of hanging with fakes again
Then comparing them to the ones that created them, (forever)
You should never try to compare me
Unless its to that little kid being held by Holy Mother Mary
I'm a whole different kind of scary
Bring your military, I'll smash you and all your subsidiaries, (forever)
But am I, over your head, You like them others kid
You don't know that you're dead
Its easier, to pass the GED, The G-E-D
Than try to battle me?

[Channel Live:]

I'm down with BDP, you just down with O.P.P.,
I keep planets in orbit, you know, ODB
I'm from E.O., you just a slave to O-E
And you don't even know yourself, how the fuck you gonna know me, (forever)
Knowledge Reign Supreme, Hakim means the wise
But the best part is understanding forever, we will rise
But ya'll stay on ya knees, beggin' please don't squeeze
You thought it was chill to the undercovers that squeeze
Now you all fucked up, this rap zoo is just a tease
With little young niggas runnin' around, claim to be OG's
When they only just ice stuck at thirty-two degrees
And they ain't Just-Ice, Kool G Rap, or Ice-T, (forever)
Like the "T" in Terror Squad, we bring the terror hard
If Hip-Hop is a nation, BDP is the national guard
KRS the national god, and I'm like John the Baptist
I'll watch ya niggas up you even think to try to attack this (forever)

The one, that's wassup number one
Only zero comes before, and that's none
The beginning, you can survive with one lung
And even one kidney, no kidding
One, two, three, four, without one
Two, three, and four are no more, done

KRS The One...

(Forever. Do you understand? Forever!)

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Solution"

Every time I turn on the news it gets depressing
Watch the news it gets, man c'mon!
Y'all know what this is for real,

Time to Wise up!

Time to hold yours

Word Up!

No Time for Givin'up!

Word Up!

WE gotta take control of our own community

That's Word!

We're only spittin' hard rhymes, for hard times

Listen to me closely, it's about to get toasty
I be the speaker of the house like Nancy Pelosi
The challenges we faces on the world is this,
The banks are telling government to do that & do this
No ones taking a truth risk, no ones the looser
WE need to make trades with Cuba
Open up the borders all away to Aruba
Give taxes brakes to all teachers and tutors
But Cats don't like how the teachers be talking
Cause cats don't walk where the teachers be walking
(L) ove (A) need (D) evelop (Y) ourself, that spells L.A.D.Y
I teach it to young girls and woman go crazy!
Philosopher, criticism don't phase me
I walk in the truth even the wind obey me
Standing with a protest sign FREE HAITI!
My rhymes blows your mind like "A380" (Explosion)
I made a million dollars last year didn't change me
I Make money man, the money does not make me
Lately my popularity just heighten, cause Krs-One Enlightens!
I go off the top and I recite what I'm written'
I Write 3 books for you mind to enlighten
I promote stop the violence so we could stop fightin'
If your part of this MOVEMENT, don't just be websitin'
Volunteer somewhere where people just might win
And just lead a little help & support from the right friends

Aight then!,

It ain't about stupid white man with Blacks, Latinos & Asians just act just like them!

Krs-One, I got this style from D.M.C

I take it all away back to 83'

But right now K.P gonna drop the Chorus on Me

And It Goes *[Echo]*

[Hook:]

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

(Hard Rhyme For Hard Times)

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

(Hard Rhyme For Hard Times)

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

REVOLUTION!

Illuminati this!, Bilderberg that!

The White, how long "the dollar" goes way back

If the proof mask the truth, the truth I say that

So the TRUTH is that we in a debt that we can never pay back

So "... The balance the budget..." we can never say that

When the laws are on the flaws the justices lays back

It's the May! Back though, that given us hope

When the "Mercedes Corporation" is trying to stay up float

The whole things a JOKE! & FALLEN PART!

The Only Institution you can really trust is ART

AND WITH ART (Backspin Instrumental, Krs Still Emceeing)

You can start up a Civilization

We're already Worldwide Man! so WHY are WE! Waiting!

Hip-Hop! is THE SPOT where the money be making!

And If We UNITE TONIGHT, WE can start up a NATION

Get Free From The GREED In The Heart Of This Nation

And Create Our OWN NATION from the words that I'm Stating

Hip-Hop MAKE NOSE if you part of this nation & you ain't Gettin' Sucked in the GLOBALIZATION!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Introducing"

(Introducing... the world famous)
KRS-ONE, Kenny Parker
Let's Go

[Hook:]

Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
One (one), one (one), one (one), one (one)

Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
One (one), one (one), one (one), one (one)

When I say "Stop the Violence", what do I mean?
I mean stop with the ignorance of you dumb ass teens
My lyrics are tighter than a hipster's jeans
I got that Malcolm X flow, by any means
Rip any teen
I spit chunky bars
How you hang with me, spitting monkey bars?
When I woo my Tang, I toast the place
My method man, will ghost your face
(Get down)
I hold my space
You rappers capping blanks
That's why you're getting Chased like Manhattan Bank
This isn't even my peak
I'm on half a tank
For your whole rap career, for me you have to thank
I'm an old school writer, out for fame
I be in DJ's mugs, like House of Pain
Y'all rappers' is lame
You're not violent
Cuz corporate tyrants are playing you clowns like clients[?]

[Hook]

I spit yesterday and I spit today
I leave rappers on the side of the road like triple A
When I triple my A's like "Ay, Ay, Ay"
I be in more hoods than the KKK
RS-One, you can see I ain't done
I ain't in, cuz frankly, I ain't them
This word I bring, will burn your thing like Burger King
I'm not the police but you felt the sting
Yes, I helped to bring back the art

Cuz your CD and garbage, I can't tell them apart
Me, I had a hell of a start
I don't hustle my flow to my people
And start calling it art
You rappers are all in the dark
Rapping about money when the world economy is just falling apart
I never was about some chart position
And they not either
You better listen up to this teacher
Well...

[Hook]

Johnny Love in the building
Sean, what's up
Mondo, let's go
(Get down)
(The world famous... KRS-One)
(Get down)

[illegible]

NOW HEAR THIS

A person wearing a yellow hard hat and glasses is sitting at a desk, writing on a notepad with a yellow pencil. In front of them is a black and white electronic keyboard. To the left of the keyboard is a black folder or book. To the right is a glass of yellow liquid. The background is dark and out of focus. The overall lighting is warm and yellowish.

KRS ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Now Hear This (Intro)"

This for them real go-getters, real mic spitters
Real head spinners, you know what this is
This for the people now to get up, the mainstream's a setup
I know that you fed up, you know what this is

Parked by the seashore, I'ma see more
Believe now, when we tour, I'ma be raw
This another project, I'ma drop three more
Got the crowd going up and down like a seesaw
Entrepreneur, I can never be poor
When you enter the cypher, dude, you better be sure
Or take a detour, I'm down by the law
Consistently working like one, two, three, four
So give me some room, I'm above your average
When I see you and your man, I'm thinking same sex marriage
You talk coke, but KRS is dope
You're like a bitch and a biter so I call you Ms. Quote
You're about to get smoked, you're fake and you're broke
Your mixtape's a joke
You wanna hang? Here's the rope
I spit the lethal, that's the issue
'Cause I will split you where I broke the piece, our love's gonna get you
People still asking, "Is KRS still dope?"
If your body's full of holes, don't the frame still float?
Watch how I eat you, you ain't a legend
You're just ordinary people
I'm the original story, you're the sequel
I'm the dirty version, you clean, man, they bleep you
I stay the classic section, nobody needs you
I write the books of knowledge, nobody reads you
You got it twisted, homie, we not equal
I'm the whole motion picture, you're the preview
I'm that boom bap, you're the dee-do dee-do dee-do
Soft as Saran Wrap, man, I see through
I'm only trying to free you, but you're too busy tryna be illegal
You don't even know what real Gs do
Why don't you just be you and build that?
With no drugs or money in your rap, now where your skills at?
North, south, east and west of it, I'm the best of it
You wanna know my name? KRS is it, One is the rest of it
You can see with emceeing I'm blessed with it

This for them real go-getters, real mic spitters
Real head spinners, you know what this is
This for the people now to get up, the mainstream's a setup
I know that you fed up, you know what this is

This for them real go-getters, real mic spitters

Real head spinners, you know what this is
This for the people now to get up, the mainstream's a setup
I know that you fed up, you know what this is

KRS-One Lyrics

"Drugs Won"

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

Flashlights, canine dogs and crooked copper's
Automatics, tear gas, rams and helicopters
Off of marijuana, on the east coast every year
While California selling that high grade everywhere
It's crazy how the east coast considers herb the enemy
While every corner in LA is a dispensary
The country been split on this issue now for a century
Why would a natural harmless herb lead to a felony?
New York need to catch up
The pace need to pick it up
You know them prosecutors got big spliff litted up
Switch the philosophy think of the economy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won
[x2]

People taking risks
Cause they know that money gon' come
The drug game is global
Paying off twenty to one
Who you telling?
Don't you think these politicians they selling?
Doctors ain't sellin', cops ain't selling
While rocking your melon?
Cop cars smelling like Cali blue dream
In New York brothers like "what do you mean?"
I mean switch the velocity
Think of the economy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum

We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

Brothers on that lock down
Sisters in that lock up
Things were good in the hood
Till them D's popped up
Brothers getting shot up, cause the systems unjust
Segregated justice
It's just them and just us
Cops roam around like a gang trying to jump us
Into the plantation prisons they wanna dump us
Cause they're really prisons for the poor
It's about the money, not the drugs
That's what I'm getting handcuffed for
It ain't about the law, it ain't about the crime
Cause banks are paying fines for their crimes all the time
Huh it's a setup, switch the philosophy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

[x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Duty"

[Chorus:]

Duty is called, I'm leaving you once more
I will be back, right back when I'm off from the tour
The tour is your
Duty is called for the raw and the raw one is me
It's me you see
All of them told me "Kris you're too old bro"
When they step to the mic
None of them could hold me

Rhymes never running out, you know what KRS about
I'm all up in the game like Jordan when his tongue is out
The streets is mine these youngins busting is buggin out
You don't see no stars when the sun is out I'm coming out
Who you think the sun round here?
All that soft thug pop shit know but don't get done round here
I'm only making my uniqueness kris-style clear
So your head, I don't have to put a missile there
I do preach peace tho, I am hip hop
But when the Glock pops your brain goes into a dropbox
I keep the crowd jumping like hopscotch in the party
I'm the dopest emcee and I'm dressed like anybody
I show up, wanna fight, unshaven naughty
Battle a platinum rapper and take his Bugatti
Sell it in the hood, provide for everybody
Next week another rapper giving up a Ferrari

[Chorus]

What they call dope today is wack, I'm sorry
I'm raw, sushi style I spit the wasabi
I'm at the corner store, gas station shopping
Go "where these other rappers really be at I don't know"
But everywhere our crews at people want the boom bap
Boom bap and we ain't taking nothing from no new cats
But KRS-One I come from where your shoes at
Where your soul at, this that real street new jack
Who's that, the masta with the blasta
I don't write song for cash, I write songs that last
They call me the teacher cuz I'm from a different class
I preserve hip hop
These the the two kings, these are the greatest
These youngers claiming king and ain't even made this
When the true king touchdown you know it
No talk, no hype, just skills and we show it

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"You A Millionaire"

Let me introduce myself properly
I am the original, I'm read, it's not a lot of me
Knowledge reigns supreme, that's the vibration I'm coming with
People ask me, "What you think about rap?" Well it's some other shit, but
This style's exposing the corruption of the government
This ain't every rapper's style, KRS some other shit
For years we teach the people 'bout knowledge from the pavement
Street knowledge, a complete college, we called it edutainment
Education through entertainment, that's what we named it
But corporations of all sorts wanted mass enslavement
Program directors got the music but didn't play it
They knew about the movement but they still chose to betray it
So ask yourself, why the radio just play the same shit?
They part of the conspiracy, we gon' have to face it
All types of emcees spitting out the illest rhymes
And we only get to hear five rappers a millions times?

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

You's a millionaire with a million there and a million here
You got a million shares
Shoes, you got a million pair
You do what you do, you don't even care
Let 'em peep and stare
They not even there
You in your easy chair, the millionaire
Your fragrance fills the air
Which costs more than they'll make in a year
But you don't even care
Hit the brakes, red lights in the rear
The pastor anoints them
While poor people appoint them
Driven by envy, they don't see how the rich people exploit them

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

I can be a millionaire
A millionaire for sure
If I hoard my money and ignore the cries of the poor
If I opened up a company and asked for hood loyalty
Then when the money came in, I would not pay out the royalties
I would be a millionaire

Maybe I would love it
But what they do with a thousand dollars, I can do with a hundred
I don't cost that much to live
So I got a lot to give
Keep a surplus, positive

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

KRS-One Lyrics

"Sound Man"

(Fresh)

The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x8]

Bass, treble, c'mon, look around, man
The thump, the level, all that's the sound man
When the boom bap dumps hard on the ground, man
It's a good sound, man, that's never caught pounding
Fingers on levels, eyes on the session
Pump the bass bottom, [?] that compression
Sound engineer it, you've got to have the ear and
You've got to know what you hear, never overbearing
You bring the sound blaring hot like you ain't caring
The level's in the red, but no, you ain't staring
You pushing more bottom, you make the sound crack
Like the snare going "blap" on a boom boom bap
Sound man, I hear you, better yet, I see you
Yeah man, you free to adjust the EQ
Pump up the reverb, mess with the delay
Gimme more [?] and turn up the DJ

The real hip-hop is

The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x3]

From the time I come out, I do a line check
I spit a freestyle to get you in the right mind set
It ain't time yet to spit a rhyme yet
My right frequency the sound man he didn't find yet
So while he searching for it, I'll keep on working on it
We want that big sound before they close the curtain on it
So let's turn it up, so let's turn it up
Don't be afraid, turn it up, word is up
We wanna thank the sound people that's with me
When the music is low, they turn it up quickly
When the sounds are low, they brighten and lift me
When the feedback comes, they killin' it swiftly
The sound can be tricky when you see me play
No computers, just a mixer and some [?] DJs
Never no frontin', we showin' all y'all something
Sound man, just keep the music bumpin'
It ain't nothing

The real hip-hop is

The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x3]

(Fresh)

I'ma keep rapping while tours they keep happening
Got a [?] of rhymes for people to keep [?]

Boom bap beats with rhymes to keep attractin' 'em
That's why the sound man gots to have rap in 'em
Cordless, hardwire, fifty-eight mics
Wring 'em out 'cause all rappers don't sound alike
I found a light, it's at the end of the rear
It's the sound engineer that really cares about what he hears
It's the bass and snares, he understands the music
He's a fan of the music, he makes plans for the music
He sets the EQ, how his hands gonna choose it
It's not a band, but he still plans for the acoustics
This is the sound man that I be looking for
These are the dudes that I request when I'm booking tours
So if you like the sound of this brown man
Give it up for the sound man
Overstand

The real hip-hop is
The real hip-hop is (fresh) [x7]

Give it up for the sound man

Give it up for the sound man

KRS-One Lyrics

"American Flag"

Symbols of injustice and hatred
Confederate flag (bring it down)
Symbols of human enslavement
Confederate flag (bring it down)
But what about the red, white and the blue
American flag (bring it down)
Racists flew that flag when they captured you
American flag

I ain't here for selling shit
Me I came for telling it
I tell it like it is
So my people stay intelligent
We ending it
Racism, slavery, we ending it
This is why we bringing down the flag of the confederate
I share the same sentiment: Slavery is bad
But slavery was established by the American flag
Follow me
The American flag it flew in every colony
To break down the confederate only ia a hypocrisy
You bringing down one flag to raise up another
When both flags enslaved my sisters and my brothers
Yea man there were others
African, French, the Portuguese
The English, the Spanish, enslavers for all of these
So why raise any flag that killed my mom and my dad
Invaded my lands with plans to take up all that they had
I'm glad, the confederate flag is banned today
But the American flag is still flown by the KKK

Symbols of injustice and hatred
Confederate flag (you gots to bring it down)
Symbols of human enslavement
Confederate flag (you gots to bring it down)
But what about the red, white and the blue
American flag (you gots to bring it down)
Racists flew that flag when they captured you
American flag

KRS, the right teacha
In the street I might see ya
Under the American flag blacks had no rights either
Women had no rights either, natives had no rights either
White abolitionist had to fight against white preacher
Red, white and blue should mean red, white and black
Blue was our indigo color, coming from way back
But the system is racist, when the murderers are acquitted

So we ride in the streets, then you say we shouldn't have did it
"they destroying their city", man you don't get it
If this was my city I wouldn't be getting shot in it
Stopped in it, harassed, unemployed and always locked in it
While the guns, the pollution and drugs are always trapped in it
Turn the TV off man, don't listen to all that
You a global citizen, you got to know all the facts
You a global citizen, you got to know how to act
Ask yourself, what does the American flag mean to Iraq?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Biterz"

[Chorus:]

We know, yeah it's all in they flow
Yeah it's all in they show
They some bite, bite, bite, bite, biterz
[x4]

Everybody know KRS-One, he is a writer
Original lyrics and routines
No biting, no biter
Prime reciter
I gets the news because I'm tighter, graffiti writer
But now I'm talking about these biterz
What's a biter?
A biter's unoriginal, a biter's predictable
Skills minimal, yo these dudes are pitiful
They conserts are wack, I don't even try to go to them
They open they mouth and I hear the radio all over them
Remember in them early days when we was coming up
You had to be original, yep with dope lyric and your cut
Every day and every night you had to practice and come up
With the dopest rhymes that'll make a crowd of people say buck-buck
Everybody had they own style, ran they own lane
Everybody had a profile, ran they own game
Every DJ had his own style, broke his own name
Now it's lame, everything rap was against it became

[Chorus x4]

Listen to they lyrics and they style, you know they biterz
They listening to the radio, then they claim they write it
But it does get deeper, all the wheeling and dealing
When the society we live in, is all about stealing
And these ignorant rapper they bring creativity down
Now one is using they mind, they just scrounging around
So a biter is a unoriginal style stealer
They see you drink tequila, so they wanna drink tequila
You say mommy or poppy, they say mommy or poppy
They really have no original ideas, they just copy
And people walking around, hollow like that
If death was the new sting, they would follow the path
They not led by the inner, they led by the outer
So they led every hour by anybody with power
Be original, be authentic, be you
But every emcee test the mic with a "one, two"

[Chorus x4]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Lingo"

Ling, ling ling, ling, ling, ling, ling

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling

I got that lingo, the street lingo I bring yo
Acronology now the society to bring to
Too many people think so
I'm not just an O.G., I'm an Original Hustler, you like, "OH!"
Follow Life's Outcome Willingly, that's FLOW
WISDOM, When I Simply Decide on Moe, or More
I'm bringin' it to raw like a razor
FAITH, Focus And Ignore These Haters
Acronology is dope
Here is another one for FAITH, write it down, "For All It Takes, Hope"
Broaden your scope, it's Tha Teacha', you heard of me
I represent the struggle in the 'hood most certainly
But STRUGGLE's more than a word to me
Here's a Situation That Reminds Us God's Grace Lasts Eternally
LADY, Love And Develop Yourself
HLAW, Health, Love, Awareness, and Wealth
Acronology is not just BRB or Be Right Back
You gotta check the words you usin'
Like RELIGIOUS
It could mean Realizing Every Life In God's Image Offers Useful Solutions
So why you cruisin' lookin' for a snack
Think DIET, "Did I Eat That?"
Put down the cake, Seek Help And Proper Exercise
Rewind that, that spells SHAPE
These definitions go beyond the intellect
Like MIND, "May I Now Direct?"
A new philosophy called acronology
I say it the word, the word inside of me, oh!
The heat is on, you can't leave it alone
This whole thing's created by G. Simone
Even KRS is a acronym
It means, "Knowledge Reigns Supreme," spin it back again

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling

You can have so much fun with this
You can even take offensive words and give it a twist
Like BITCH, offensive to the ear

Now switch it, "Because I Take Charge Here!"
With acronology, you gotta win
Here's another one for BITCH, "Because I Totally Challenged Him
Or Her," you can't stop the edutainment
'Cause these types of rhymes keep you out of your enslavement
It might not hit you or overstand
I'm takin' you HOME, "Here Our Mind Expands"
So before Departin' for Earth Aimin' for the Heavens
Which spells DEATH, you need to check these life lessons
They like weapons, the foundation is under me
I open up your mind to see how others see
Like GOSSIP, Givin' Out Someone's Secret Information Publicly
Or MUSLIM, May U See Love In Me
I see the CROSS and ask my wife
She says, "it's a Constant Reminder Of Self-Sacrifice"
This is acronology, brothers and sisters
You FAMILY, For All My Intelligence, Love Ya

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling



KRS-One Lyrics

"Show Respect"

Okay
Okay
Okay let's do this
Uh huh
Before I spit the verse I'm versed up
I got to take a moment for some ancestor worship
Scott La Rock all day
Ms. Melodie all day
[?] all day
Kwame Toure okay
They watching over KRS today
There's so many ancestors with me
Man watch what you say
You don't even know how I got here
So many dudes are not here
So I do not fear
When the roads is not clear
We are not alarmed with it
[?] in the darkness I'm the spark in it
With every sentence your intelligence I sharpen it
Like a knife or a box cutter you cut the carpet with
Spark that shit
Dudes don't know how deep Chris Parker get
You hear the art I spit
Cause I was at the start of it
The cypher is hyper when KRS is part of it
The same cypher's incomplete when apart from it
Show respect

(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying
Yeah
Yeah
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying

Let me make this really clear
They are not us
All these wack twitter rappers I do not trust
They will pull out the gat but they will not bust
They will witness injustice but they will not fuss
They sitting at home thinking they can stop us
I'm flicking ashes on these asses leaving them in the dust dust
Criminal minded

Spiritual minded
Political minded
My lyric you can time it
Watch how I rhyme it
Spit, shine, and grind it
Autograph and sign it
No corporation behind it
Free man, free MC, and free-minded
You looking for authentic and real
Well I'm it
These critics be amazed they don't know what it means
KRS still ripping it in 2017
On to 2018, 2019
Its a crazy scene, I'm all in their face like Maybelline
Show respect

(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying
Yeah
Yeah
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying

KRS-One Lyrics

"Same Shit"

Ladies and gentlemen
Its time to kick ass

Yeah
Same shit
Yeah
Same shit
Wake up
Listen

Terrorists and governments play the same game
Banks and big business take the same blame
Open your brain
The Klan and the cops are the same
Slave quarters, blocks and prison blocks are the same
They only separated by name
Overrated by fame
What's in a name?
A colonist is the same
People can't really see it
Because they're blocked by the name
But really Nazi Germany and your black is the same

Look
Wall Street and Main Street
Really that's the same street
Drug talk, corporate talk
Really that's the same speak
Boom bap, boom bip
Really that's the same beat
A throne or a chair of your own
Really that's the same seat
I wrote and recorded this album in the same week
California and Barcelona
Its got the same heat
I walk the same street
Put no trust in the game
Good cop, bad cop
They one and the same
Same shit

You know
Listen

Rapper and politicians they want the same thing
To kneel before their master and kiss the same ring
But Solomon and Selassi them are the same king
So from [?] I spit the same swing
Ding ding ding, there goes the bell
I'm the same as heaven, these dudes the same as hell

I'm the same as the plane at liftoff, fly
They the same as a rip-off, a lie
I remind you
Don't let the criminal mind blind you
Instead let the spiritual mind find you
See I'm you
Just twenty years ahead
Its to your advantage to hear KRS-ONE and rewind what he said
Its the same shit
Its the same shit
Look

Drug cartels is what sells the medical
Drug spots and drug stores are identical
Y'all need to wake up and join with the woke folk
Ignorance is only gonna keep you with them broke folk
KRS is on some cool shit
I ain't nothing to fool with
I teach more kids than the school gets
Game over stupid
Its like we at the eight ball corner pocket
And I got the pool stick
You can say whatever, me I'm living better and better
Getting cheddar, out in Greece getting feta
Up in Catalonia only eating paella
Up in Italy getting bread, call it brusketta
I spit
They cruise cars, I cruise ships
Democrat and Republican that's the same shit
Its the same shit

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Ever Stop"

(feat. Janiece)

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you beter know
(Yeah) don't ever stop

Never let 'em pull you down
Never let 'em lie to you
Never let 'em take your crown
Never let 'em cry to you
Never let 'em in your heart
Never let 'em give you money
Never let 'em hope you starve
Never let 'em find you funny
Never let 'em follow you
They don't need to side with you
Never let 'em ride with you
Pull out what's inside of you
Never let the system get you
Feed you, eat you, spit you out
Never let 'em know what you doin'
It's time you figure out
Never let 'em teach your kids
Never let 'em see you fear
Never let 'em blow your lid
Never let 'em take you there
Never let 'em break you up
Never let 'em break you down
Never let 'em shake you up
Never let 'em in your town

Never let a charoulette tell you what is excellent
Never let embetterment regard for what's irrelevant
Never let 'em tell you that KRS "oh, he dead, stop"
Never let 'em tell you that the radio plays Hip Hop

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you beter know
(Yeah), don't ever stop
Don't stop
Don't ever stop
Don't stop
[x2]

(Hey)

Got the rhymes, borderline's rapper
I'm that other kind with tons of rhymes
Spit flames hotter than the summertime

People want to undermin but stay under mine
Under my mind under my thoughts, caught in another time
They in the past I'm in the right now
Thirty city tours these critics be like "how? Wow!"
They be tryin' to get rid of me since back in the day
But the more they push me down the higher I raise
When I did criminal minded they had something to say
When I said self-destruction they had something to say
When I did edutainment they had something to say
That's the devil I ain't concerned with nothing they say
They was frontin' in the 90's and they still frontin'
They know the cost of everything but the value of nothing
I keeps it pumpin' like a trucka
That's why I'm fresh for 2017 you sucka

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you beter know
(Yeah), don't ever stop
Don't stop
Don't ever stop
Don't stop
[x2]

Never let 'em make you doubt
Never let 'em break you
Never let 'em take you out
Never let 'em tempt you
Never let 'em employ you
Never let 'em lead you
Never let 'em boy you
Never let 'em deceive you
Never let 'a snitch or traitor
Know what's going on
Never let 'em know the plan
Freedom's only for the strong
Never let 'em in the jam
This is how they stole our songs
Never let 'em corrupt you
KRS ONE I'm gone

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Ain't Got Time"

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

Politics is a pile of tricks
Eight years, what do we get out of it?
More chatter, more gun splatter
More dumb rappers, and dumb athletes and actors
My name's revolution, open your eyes
I'm not on TV, cuz the revolution will not be televised
They telling lies, we better rise and get a plan
The US President? He's endorsed by the clan
Damn

You don't understand what's going on?
Slavery coming back and most of y'all just gonna go along
Not me, they ain't veiling me
You can see, I ain't vote for the president or Hillary
America tryin' to put the fear in ya
They the reason for the fake war there in Syria
So when I grab the mic, I spit a full-clip
Wake up, you ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

This what the boom bap sound do
Since way back in the Bronx, I had a sound view
If you hearin' this, the truth, it just found you
I'm in his town, her town, your town too
Man, I stay ahead like a crown do
Look around you
Knowledge reigns supreme, this is what it comes down to
People talkin', but ain't doin' nothin'
KRS ain't about frontin', let me tell you somethin'
We need unity at all cost, or everything is all lost
These lessons are hard, that tweeter shit is so soft
Brothers killing brothers killing brothers with the sawed off
No remorse, brothers are hauled off up north
We off course, believe in the hype
Honesty, we ignore; but that deceiving, we like
These rappers are corny, but you like "He aight"
You lyin' from the pulpit
You ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)

To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

I formerly was a criminal. I formerly was imprisoned, I'm not ashamed of that
You never can use that over my head. And—that—He's usin' the wrong stick, I don't feel that stick

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Like Me"

As long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me [x4]

If I'm talkin bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me [x4]

But the second I start with the state of the economy
Black leadership, Black gods and Black sovereignty
That's when you can't seem to follow me, confusion
You feel like you losin, I'm no longer amusin
This song's about choosin, choosin why you cruisin
Either Black entertainment or the Black Revolution
People love to see a young Black man rap
Until he wakes up and realize he's caught in the trap

So as long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me [x4]

If I'm talking bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me [x4]

But the minute I get in it bout the way these rappers spit it
The minute I start spittin that truth here comes a critic
I freestyle off the top like removin ya yankee fitted
But they not really checkin for skills, they want the gimmick
Many of the challenges we face, we could solve em
But there's no trust, no unity, and that's the problem
Black people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem
White people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem
US foreign policy is simply just bomb em
Rebels against they own government, the US arms em
Then when things get outta hand, yeah they try to calm em
More money, more diplomacy, just charm em
If that doesn't work then they move to "Osama"
Turn him into a terrorist, so they can disarm em
Through the corporate media, we don't stand a chance

But too many people wanna us to just stand and dance

So as long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me [x4]

If I'm talking bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me [x4]

You like me, you like me, you like me
You like me, you like me, you like me

KRS-One Lyrics

"Put Ya Ones Up"

Why these people always gotta front
Why people can't be real from the jump
I'mma be blunt so inhale it
My flow is like the ocean, I sail it
Metaphoric oceanic flow, run it
Like the ocean I'mma stay current
From the first time I rhyme they spun it
Any MC test BDP sound we up on it
They just begun it, we the veteran
Better than any of them and we keep it 100
I'm the blast master but faster
I'm the same that influenced the game I'm named after
Hip-hop, don't fight the hunch, spike the punch
Take it back to the Castor Bunch
I'm having these rappers for lunch
I'm giving their captain a crunch
Munch, crunch, hunch up
You feeling KRS, put your ones up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Keep Flowin'"

I represent leadership, readership, teachership, speakership
Culture keeper cause the culture we're keeping it
Truth I'm speaking it, critics want to weaken it
Printing gossip and bullshit and the people believing it
Gather 'round now for the freshest guy
If you're new to hip-hop KRS is I
I don't tell no lie, that bullshit that they're talking online
That's the tactics of the FBI
Y'all falling for the same old disunity thing
That's why Malcolm X couldn't link with Dr. King
Why William DuBois was against Marcus Garvey
Together they could have built a strong black army
But not hardly arguments between Bobby Seel and
Huey P. Newton rocked the Black Panther party
We need to wake up these strategies are old
Unity that's the goal let's go

That real shit just keeps flowing
That real shit just keeps going
That real shit just keeps flowing
That real shit just keeps going

Line after line after line after line
Since 1989 I been way ahead of my time
But it's frustrating hearing all the hating and debating
And the faking and the waking, man we got to reawaken
The time that we be wasting, debating and fighting
We can see we unenlightened, man look what we writing
You got the most advanced technology in the palm of your hand
And all you can do is turn around and diss your man
That's like a baby with a loaded gun
Thinking its a load of fun, me, I'm a little older son
We done seen dudes dies and cry and get by
We done seen cops shoot down blacks and just lie
So when Latifah put up U-N-I-T-Y
Why didn't anyone comply, y'all living a lie
The truth is the proof and we got to get it straight
Revolution only works for those that participate

That real shit just keeps flowing
The real shit just keeps going
The real shit just keeps flowing
The real shit just keeps going

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip Hop Speaks From Heaven"

Yo, 2Pac once asked, "Is there a Heaven for a G?"
Well, now there is, word, 'cause he's up there to see
Moving around, he's chilling with Prince and James Brown
If our people are up in Heaven, their loving is raining down
The only force to save us from city was hip hop
The only force that made us grimy and gritty was hip hop
We all respect the world's religions and the laws they laid
But I know Scott La Rock's gonna come to my aid
See, these saints are great, but they're not where my heart be
When I call on the angels, I'm calling on Marcus Garvey
I'd rather call on Bob Marley, oh yes, sir
Kwame Ture, that's my real ancestor
Why call upon the spirits of oppressors
When you can call your own angels when you under pressure
See, when it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson
Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping

So when I think of California, I'm seeing Eazy-E
When I think of Brooklyn, New York, I'm seeing B.I.G
When I'm thinking about the Bronx, I'm seeing Scott La Rock
We gon' praise they name forever and we gon' never stop
It's forever 2Pac, it's forever Heavy D
It's forever Big Pun, it's forever O.D.B
They was live, now deceased, from the West to the East
It's forever Phife Dawg, Big L rest in peace
What happens next, we shouting out Professor X
Shout out to Freaky Tah, shout out to Proof, big respect
We can't forget, so we bubble with joy
When we reminisce over you, Trouble T-Roy
Shout out to Keith Cowboy, Ms. Melodie all day
Shout out to J Dilla and Jam Master Jay
It's love I'm sending to you
Shout out to Guru, and Mr. Magic from the Juice Crew

Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping

Forget who's the best guy
This that time to think about Pimp C, Buffy, and Lisa Left Eye
Frosty Freeze breaking in the breeze
Big Bank Hank still inspiring MC's
We'll never be free until we free up our mind
We praising our enemy's God's fallen behind
Yo, it's all in the rhyme, the past is gone
But I can still feel the spirit of Master Don
Yo, many have been lied to, so here's what the wise do
Praise your own people, the force is inside you
Like a late fog in the mist
I see MCA and rest in peace Nate Dogg
They names and they natures will last
Like Chris Lighty and my man Bill Blass
When it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson
Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping

KRS-One Lyrics

"The World Is Mind"

You know
Whatever the brain doesn't have a word for it can't see
I teach you this all the time
The world is mind
M-I-N-D

There were two patients laying in the hospital
They shared the same room both fighting health obstacles
The first patient had his bed by the window
He could see outside and feel how the wind blow
The second patient, his bed was by the wall
No window, he couldn't see nothing at all
So in summary there was no sun to see
He was laying in the dark looking for recovery
He could see the other patients looking outside
And jealousy took over his pride he couldn't hide
He said to the patient by the window
"Hey! Tell me what you see outside there today"
The patient by the window started saying
"I see people walking, talking, I see children playing"
"Cars going by with the booming systems"
But the patient by the wall could only lay and listen
Bedridden, he couldn't see it for himself
But the descriptions he was given was improving his health
Everyday the patient by the window would say what he saw
And everyday the patient by the wall wanted more
But what he wanted even more instead
Was to be in the patient by the window's bed
He wanted the same bed that the patient had
If he could just exchange beds it would make him glad
So one day the patient by the window was gone
And the patient by the wall knew something was wrong
But he still asked the nurse if he could be first
To get the bed by the window, and what's worse
He did get the bed by the window
But the shock instead was a wall full of brick stone
No cars, no people, no scenery
No light, no flowers, no greenery at all
It was like just a brick wall facing the window
He said to the nurse "I was tricked yo"
The nurse said "Tricked? You'll be fine"
But a view of a brick wall he didn't have in mind
And what really blew his mind
Is when the nurse said, "Cheer up
"The previous patient, he was blind"
He realized right at that time
You create your reality, the world is mind

STREET LIGHT

First Edition



KRS ONE

BETWEEN DA PROTESTS



KRS-ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Opening Remarks"

Yes

I want to welcome you all to the 23rd album

Between Da Protests

We gon' have to rise on this ya'll

But just before we begin

Lemme spit on these cats

Fake rappers I respect none, DJs too

You know my way, we ain't you

5, 4, and three are taken and we ain't two

33 years later, we ain't through

Black lives been mattered yo cause we ain't blue

Selling out the culture is something we don't do

They call me the teacher that be so true

Cause I mastered the element of MCing like CO2

We so new, you know what we been through just to survive

All this debate about the top five, put it aside

Here's the real top five list

It's KRS, Blast Master, KRS-One, The Teacher, and Chris

Rappers going through some type of identity crisis

G-O-D is my image of life 'cause they don't like Chris

My mother is Ahset better known as Isis

I drop on the set like Horus, where the mic is

I'm the difference between what the real and the hype is

What the wrong and the right is

What the darkness and the light is

But rappers want to fantasize about battling me

They sleep and I'm over their whole head like a canopy

I'm chilling in Atlanta sipping Daiquiris

Don't come after me, I rapid fire rap-rap-rapidly

It's a catastrophe you not as fast as me

OG rappers coming after me, they're in back of me

You wanna come after me here's the truth

I'm invading your space like Al-Andalus, let's get loose

You can't hang, I got the noose

When I train on tracks I'm the engine you're the caboose

I'm sipping the Remy Ma while I salute Papoose

I don't battle young rappers that's child abuse

I'm tightening the noose, put my hands on you like a masseuse

And De La your soul like I'm Posndous

You'll be calling for a truce while I'm cooking your goose

Got the deuce-deuce for when you chickens come to roost

Man I'm mobile like boost while they're failing

So Imma put 'em down under like these dudes was Australian

Rappers couldn't see me in the 80's or the 90's

Thirty years later they wanna act like they're grimy

Now they wanna find me in the new millennium

But I'm a cannibal, I'll breakfast lunch and dinner them

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tight"

Let the drums rip
Woo
Yeah
Turn my voice up a little bit
I don't deal with silly shit
I am not illiterate
Gun clapper, street rapper this is what you're dealing with
Boom bap, new rap only the real feeling it
Truth I'm revealing it, beef I ain't dealing with
Others put their bread to the beat and make a meal of it
I'm the quiet type, banana clip I'm concealing it
Kick up on you with the banana and start peeling it
Hit the captain and America, no time for shielding it
Their crew got nicked with the fury, I'm real with it
Flow so sick I should be healing it
But instead I'm on the German autobahn wheeling it
You heard these millionaire, now hear a skillionaire
Rich with the skill and the cut, people I drill them there
Yeah savage, you can hand them out
No silverware, true legend
No jewels, black gorilla wear
Yeah where them skills at, Imma drill that
Too many rappers claiming OG and still wack
They sleeping and you can see how they act
Red pill, blue pill, I gave the red pill back
So I hear what they mumble 'bout me me but it don't penetrate
Young rappers want to be large and diss whoever's great
Me, I'm a legend been busting weapons since '88
Blast off the top of your dome, let it ventilate
Skills I will demonstrate, lyrical rap heavyweight
You ain't never heard of this feature, you bitches hella late
You better wait, KRS is never fake
That wack shit that sells out the culture I'll never make
That boom bap raw speak op who generate
I stay ahead, like you 8 o'clock, I'm ten to eight
I got ends to make with the bass kicking
These rap turkeys are fishing for beef but stay chicken
My rhyme style finger licking, keep mixing no quitting
No need for a vacation you tripping
Tock ticking, Imma spit this right
Like handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight

Let me get to it
Yo
Drum ready I'm about to begin
You've been living without well try living within
You heard these others speak but I am not them
They talk paper but here's what I do with the pen

Sword in the air I don't fear anybody
We was criminal minded when they was on the potty
Been spiritual minded the devil can't stop me
Been political minded, nope they can't lock me
This is an original, not a copy
Me and the mic we got together like swordfish with aki
Mashing any jam, and club, any party
Same shoes, same views, black tee, hair knotty
You could be stoned and you still can't rock me
You could be wood and you still can't knock me
Properly fulfilled and they still want to mock me
Behold it's obvious, the universe got me
Skill, that's my credential
When my words get sent to your mental they turn sentimental
No I will not be gentle
Most rappers are followers
The only thing they lead was a pencil
Money won't defend you
When I A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M end you
I'm that raw shit, hip hop call of war shit
That DJ and MC shit tagging, breaking on the floor shit
Street lyric you heard it I never lost it
Like Yasiin Bey I'm bringing you more shit
Double metaphors it's hard to target
Effortless I flow like a shower no need to force it
You saw it real shit you the witness, the listener
I stand behind my bars like a prisoner
Yeah Imma spit this right
And like them handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight

Ah shay
To the ancestors
Ah shay
Let them drums rip

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Fall For It"

Don't you fall for it
Don't you fall for it

Keep your head up, never let up
Never let them get you fed up
You just step up, get your rep up
Get your cash up, get your check up
The whole system's a setup, it's time we really get up
We been about this revolution from the time we met up
Take it back, I got my fist up, Malcolm X in '88
But revolution only work for those that will participate
You are great, they are fake
Yo, it's time to demonstrate
Higher level mental states
Conscious people, congregate!
Show the love, not the hate
This is basic, no debate
But these people are debating and they hating, they should wait
It was bickering amongst ourselves that got us in this state
Yeah, the truth is inconvenient, but the truth is never late

You can't see what they be doing?
How they thinking? How they moving?
You can't see what they pursuing?
Making claims, none are proven

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

We can see who is the enemy
Sovereignty's the remedy
You don't need telepathy
It's white supremacy

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

Bringing it raw, doing a tour
Government officials breaking the law
You never see what you never saw
303, open the door
Knowledge reigns, that is the game
Ignorance, that is insane
Don't fall for it, the Reps and the Dems are the same
This one's shooting us up, that one's locking us up
This one got us stuck, that one's outta luck
You could front if you need to, the cycle never ends
No justice, but in four years they hyping us again

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

If you thinking that you earning
And you drinking and you burning
And you really not concerning
With the news and what they learning

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

If you love it, never hate it
You agree and don't debate it
HBCU educated
Your degree is highly rated

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't you fall for it, don't fall for it

Yo, me, I'm not a fake dude, I'ma keep it real real
They see through it all, that "America needs to heal" deal
America ain't really sick, this is what it really is
Gunshots and cages for black and brown little kids
Now they acting like they not the cause of how we live
Do not tell me what you gonna do, I can see what you did
Look at her, look at him, look at them, look at me
Do you see our interests represented in society?
No you don't, and you won't 'cause democracy's a joke
Every four years these same people asking us to vote
Nothing changed but the Range Rover switching lanes over
I remain the flamethrower, knowledge reigns, game over
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Rodney King, George Floyd, man, we all saw it

So don't protest with defiance
But don't move with self-reliance
While the soul is being silenced
For the religion of science

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

If you thinking that you earning
And you drinking and you burning
And you really not concerning
With the news and what they learning

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

There's no justice in the courts
We are always taking shorts

They can shoot us like a sport
And it's our trust that they want?

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

Take it up!
Take it low now

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

KRS-One Lyrics

"Black Black Black"

Don't be afraid, don't be ashamed. We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power. (Black power!)
We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!)
We want black power! (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!) That's right, that's what we want,
Black power, and we don't have to be ashamed of it.

This is not the regular
This is that boom-bap, bap, bap!
Some, they call it secular
I just call it Black, Black, Black!
Marcus Garvey, Boukman Dutty
Bring that army back, back, back!
Malcolm X and Kwame Ture
This is where I'm at, at, at!
If you wanna talk to me
Talk to me about Black, Black, Black!
Haile Selassie The First
Negus Nagast, let's talk about that, that, that!
Kaboom, Nanny Maroon and all the Maroons
Let's talk about that, that, that!
The real Underground Railroad
The first subway for Black, Black, Black!
The freedom train begets what you bring
Getting on track, track, track!
Whether justice or injustice
How do you react-act-act?
Can you stand there laughing
While they shoot us in the back, back, back?
This is what some rappers sound like
Every time they rap, rap, rap!
I'm raising up the red and the green
And the black, black, black!
Even with no cops in the hood
We still hear "click-click, clack-clack-clack!"
I cannot forget my ancestors
Just because I rap, rap, rap!
Look at me from top to bottom
KRS is Black, Black, Black!

Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what Black about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what I rap about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!

Reach up, reach out!
Too many selling out
Get up, get out!
Reach up, reach out!
Lift up, lift out!
Get out!

Time to ask the question now
Are you really Black, Black, Black?
It is not a mystery
We under attack-tack-tack!
If you chatting fuckery
You hold our people back, back, back!
Time to put aside the fantasy
And deal with fact, fact, fact!
This is not the time to be talking
All that crap, crap, crap!
Those who talk that crap, crap, crap
Are those that don't fight back, back, back!
You can say what you like but real skill
I never lack, lack, lack!
Black is more a consciousness
The way you think and act, act, act!

Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what Black about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what I rap about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
Too many selling out
Get up, get out!
Reach up, reach out!
Lift up, lift out!
Get out, lights out!

We have stayed here, and we begged the president, we begged the federal government. That's all we've been doing, begging, begging. It's time we stand up and take over, let's take over. We have to do what every group in this country did; we gotta take over the communities where we outnumber people so we can have decent jobs, so we can have decent houses, so we can have decent roads, so we can have decent schools, so we can have decent justice.

KRS-One Lyrics

"Boom Bye Bye"

Watch them (Watch them)
They all tell lie
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye
Social injustice, they the reason why
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye
Now you want to come and act like you my guy
I stay woke with that boom bye bye
I'm taking aim with my one third eye
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

Yo

Blackness, it's not just February
It's everyday from your birth to the cemetery
Revolutionary, they could never ever get me
They couldn't tempt me with the Maybach or the Bentley
They couldn't shut me up my soul is never empty
I've been spitting this game since By All Means Necessary
They asking for more but giving so much less today
This is what our ancestors got to say

Watch them (Watch them)
They all tell lie
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye
Social injustice, they the reason why
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye
Now you want to come and act like you my guy
I stay woke with that boom bye bye
I'm taking aim with my one third eye
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

Yo

Look at the media, they all on some new shit
Black lives matter now, they all want to use it
It's all in the news and the music
What we seeing is the corporate co-opting of another black movement
Their whole economy, they're now about to lose it
How can a black life matter when you already abused it
Black life is the economy
It's been that way since black ancestors were white property
That's why they ain't liking me
I'm not the soldier getting paid
I'm a warrior fighting for free
They type you don't see on TV
The real revolution will not be televised for all to see
You know me
Let me get my voice on
What they pushing as hip-hop
Is soft porn

They asking for more but giving less today
This is what the ancestors got to say

Watch them (Watch them)
They all tell lie
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye
Social injustice, they the reason why
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye
Now you want to come and act like you my guy
I stay woke with that boom bye bye
I'm taking aim with my one third eye
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

KRS-One Lyrics

"Murder We Just Saw"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

Fuck this there is no justice
And it's a shame because America is above this
But it's really not because these cops they are racist
The very foundation of America is racist
Yeah we all know it but nothing ever changes
They part of the system that puts us in cages
Time to break out every race, all ages
This is not anarchy, this is what change is
You don't have the right to tell me what my pain is
Or tell me how to protest or what my aim is
You the fucking problem, that's where the blame is
Cops killing black people, that's what insane is
Weak politicians we know what your name is
You can vote while I'm getting choked by a racist
All the actualizations against us are baseless
And falsifying the evidence and burying the cases
FTP

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw
Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

Fuck that, criminal justice they run that
They can have guns but ask me where my gun at
They the criminals but it's me they want to come at
Who's telling them to put their gun back, fuck that
When it's gonna end?
Being killed by a cop is the sixth leading cause of death for black men
And then the courts don't convict them
When the camera shows they the criminals and we are the victims

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw
Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war

Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

And they'll always be one more
As long as white society holds the monopoly on all law
Either or

That's the only law we follow
Cause colonial custom is what we trained to model
Shots in the air, this is just another day for me
Modern day slavery still requires the bravery
Street photography making slavery plain to see
We used to die aimlessly now the camera aims at me
One shot saving me, the other shot slaying me
But how is this condition any different from slavery
White supremacy is still trying to enslave us
When our voices ignored unless white folks save us
I appreciate the protests for sure
But when we gonna end the monopoly of white law
We follow their laws while they follow none
We're told to be peaceful while they're busting a gun

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

KRS-One Lyrics

"Turn The Volume Up"

Class in session now
Most can't take it but Imma spit it anyhow
Young 'uns getting money, it's funny they think they're ready now
Old folks gossip and bickering sounding petty now
This is why the universe threw this verse it has sent me now
Just to let you know if you spit that flow keep it steady now
Do not be distracted by this one, that one, or other sounds
You can talk that hate but it's better to spread that love around
This is just that wisdom I give to those that's listening
Yeah I keep it gangster but consciousness Imma mix it in
This is KRS let me warn you I'm not the normal
I'm that part of hip hop that edutains and informs you
You can talk that murder, that mayhem but let me warn you
I know the game, you reap what you speak that's how they caught you
Take a minute and listen to the flow that supports you
When I spit it, your spirit it rises like it ought to

So turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
Up, up, up, up

I am the primitive, native, indigenous, savage
Aboriginal, KRS-One is not the average
Barbarian, heathen, and pagan
Burnt faced negro, original man that's what you're facing
Haitian, Baysian, Jamaican black Asian
Knife in the chest of the colonist that's still slaving
The Indian, the Simian, the maroon, the pygmy them
The Ethiopian, the black Carthaginian
Why focus on a continent when the Earth's my domain
The ancient ones are my ancestors and I live with them
Kushite, Kemite, mapping the stars in the night
Divine minds guide us from the sciences of living right
Europa before Jehovah and black Noah
The agriculturalist, I am the reaper and the sower
The higher and the lower, the all-seer and the knower
I been here already I'm just doing it all over
Reincarnated, the holder of a boulder
The black Atlas holding the whole world on my shoulders
Money folder, much older, street soldier
KRS we will be here forever I told you

So turn the volume up

The devil's time is up
Turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
Up, up, up, up

Up on the last verse, blast first a Nazi
You know how long these industry fools trying to stop me
But they not me, they copies, they not free
I'm the pharoah, bow and arrow [?] they can't top me
The ancient one, I talk to [?] watch me
Laying on the set, these rappers turning punani
Cause they know they mocked me, now I'm in my armor
Spear to the throat, now what my name, Chris Parker
There's no computer screen, I am dope, you the fiend
Your name is what a loser mean, you on the losing team
I come back spitting raps, I am looking super clean
My name is what knowledge means, your name what stupid mean
Nightmare, right there, I don't fight fair
Man it's quite clear, you want the truth keep it right here
People always telling me these rappers are under me
That's true, I'm coming up on album number 23
Fuck with me, I don't sound like nobody, I'm no copy
I am no Gotti, a Nazi, I don't wait in no lobby
You know where to find me if you look look
These rappers are shook shook
Knowledge reigns supreme, my gats go buck buck

So turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
Up, up, up, up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stay Real"

Yeah

You know an artist paints with his mind, not with his hands

Wake up

It ain't easy being a lyrical legend
I'm the average old-schooler
I stay sharp with this lyrical weapon
My main art's in the spiritual section
But some dudes ain't hearing this lesson
So I buck shot with the smith and wesson
Clips go into the weapon
If I bring the Mac 10 from the west coast
I'm aiming it into your section
Rip rhymes with a Tech-Nine and a 40 Glock
When I'm teaching a lesson
I'll even bring an M1 and leave an impression
A mean one, a clean one, you never seen one
Til I sweep up with a machine gun
When the teachas come, you see them run
First I be coming with the peta guns
For my peace love and unity, I'ma have to see your funds
Why you be so dumb
You need to run, look around
My delivery is hot, like when the pizza come, don't fuck around

(You talk to em)

If you continue to ignore the word
You gonna go through the same deal
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word
You putting seeds in your brain field
Corporations treating you like sheep and like [?]
But KRS-One, he stays real
Listen to the teacher as he speaks out the word
You gonna rise if he stays real

(Watch this. Stay real)

It ain't easy being a lyrical icon
When I turn my mic on
Rappers start shaking like fiends when their pipe's gone
I'm squeezing the mic like a python, you got it quite wrong
The guru, step into the arena with the teachas and your life's gone
These rappers are immoral, they write wrong
KRS-One is immortal, his career is quite long
This won't take long, I'm spitting on mics cause I'm made for this
Be clear, I speak that lyrical hip-hop lyrical craziness
The bar-tender, the airbender, I spit you see the waviness

I don't criticize or knock nobody's style, but I'ma stay with this
The traditional and lyrical is everyday for Kris
I'll strip these beats down to their nakedness
Ain't nothing fake with this

(Stay real)

If you continue to ignore the word
You gonna go through the same deal
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word
You putting seeds in your brain field
Corporations treating you like sheep and like [?]
But KRS-One, he stays real
Listen to the teachas as he speaks out the word
You gonna rise if he stays real

They know that I'm spitting the truth everywhere
Or proof that I'm raising the roof everywhere
Off the top like I don't have any hair
Observe, you might just learn something here
My word is a clear, oh you forgot, 22, 45 uzi or Glock
I don't give a fuck if you choose me or not
First time fiends are new to this drop
Fail to receive when I [?] to the spot
Salutes all day when I cruise in the block
True, Fuck if you feel me or not
Don't claim to be a legend if you really a not
I'm real with the rock, skills are tight, real hip-hop, keep it real tonight
Got the will to fight, whether day or night
Gonna stay alright, cause I stay in the light
I'm the [?] and the hype man
I'm cooking and shaking and baking the mic
When I walk in, rappers jetting like they taking a flight
KRS-One, blazing the mic
Aight!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Medu-neter"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Real spitters out there hold tight (Yeah)
Heaven sent me evidently
Positive lyrics ever ready
Spirit charged, never empty
Devils charms can never tempt me
The level they on could never dent me
The enterprise could never rent me
Keep the drive without the Bentley
I-N-N-O-C-E-N-T
Truth is hard but I speak it gently
Squeeze my shit 'til the clip is empty
Demons and angels, they all protect me
Goblins, goons they all respect me
Walk in the room with the instrumentals
Superior MC skills essential
Spit with a hit quick I was meant to
Trump your card and intellect you
I got drive, I will wreck you
Band on the fact, rappers I will check you
Disrespect you, disconnect you
Bring the tech to you and who you next to
Say what you want yo I don't care
My crew charge in like da-da-da-da
Now you laying on the floor over there
As you can see all the raw right here
You would have seen it if I toured last year
But that's ok I bring it all in here
Strictly queens, no whores in here
And got King Negus all in here
Ain't no beggars, we all got gear
Lions, chewing up the goats and the deers
You don't want truth, close your ears
God, the devils supposed to fear

Speak Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Just speak medu-neter no less
Speak medu-neter, speak medu-neter

This that raw from the culture corp
You want that raw shit, we got some more
Come inside, lock the door
Some of y'all never heard hip-hop before
So here we go yo, the truth is short
Rappers be frauds like Manafort
You can see they amateurs

He ain't David, what you holding their banner for
David Banner, that's my boy
I can't wait for the day that we rap on tour
Back to the raw, my skills are better
Rap so sick I hope you're feeling better
Resurrector
They spit rap, I spit medu-neter
Medu-neter
Lyrical ruler holding a scepter
You diss love, love's gonna get you
Temple of hip-hop that's the school
I don't wanna learn, that's a fool
Ignorance, that ain't cool
I'm flowing, get in the pool
We teach the golden rule, while they hold a tool
The platinum rule while they act a fool
God is the headliner
So ignorance KRS-One is coming after you
Straight blasting you not asking you
Then pray over the body like a pastor do
To hell they dragging you
You front so hard you can't even look in back of you
Your history is gone but this is what I came to do
Bring it back to you
You know we devour cowards
When these rappers talk we are not empowered
All they do is shout it
They ain't master the P, they ain't 'bout it 'bout it
I mastered the power and I'm proud about it
This cypher is getting crowded
Uh huh
Uh huh
Yeah

Speak Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Just speak medu-neter no less
Speak medu-neter, speak medu-neter

Ok
Look

Street runner, feet pumper
Everything hip-hop we cover
Some of the rappers in a deep slumber
KRS-One will hover
Over nearly everyone, you never seen a better one
I'm crazy with the letters son, you dealing with a veteran
I'm fly like a pelican, I reign 'til I'm wet again
I'm always a gentleman, show up with the venom and
[?] what you hearing now is the melanin
You can see now by stars who the better man
Temple of hip-hop, culture develop and

Peace, love and unity we selling them
Some of these dudes [?]
So in the interim we hit 'em with the minimal
Alpha omega, beginning and ending them
Raw shit, we gonna keep hitting them

KRS-One Lyrics

"Organize"

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

Realize that we have already been here before
Protests in the streets 'cause we seeing we all at war
Burning police cars and we shooting, looting these stores
You may not agree but you see they changing these laws
The only thing they understand now is our city burning
They acting like they shocked with these cops, they just learning
Seeing Mr. Floyd on the ground it got 'em squirming
Now we can see they are the Nazis, we the German blacks

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

Yeah we always wake up but then we go back to sleep again
In between the protests is when we be getting weak again
We hear about the looting, another shooting this week again
This give the police another excuse to hit the streets again
White police, black population could never be your friend
Our mothers and our fathers, they be seizing them
They the overseers, we the S-L-A-V-Es to them
We gotta rise to the level where we ain't needing them
Everybody

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

Yes you have to follow me, follow me, follow me
It's my philosophy that white law monopoly makes democracy hypocrisy

In a capitalist economy there's no democracy
I demand a return to my sovereignty, no apology
Independence, autonomy, no need to mommy me
I could run my own country if you could just stop bombing me
Give me my land back, give me my gold back
My heritage, my birthright, you outright stole that

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

KRS-One Lyrics

"We Are The Gods"

New books, new facts, new hooks, new tracks
New tools, new gats, you fools should move back
Original boom bap, mystery school rap
Within the Pythagorean harmonics crowds, I move that
Whos that? The one who rocks this mic and a thousand others
For further evidence, you can check this very album cover
I'm about to smother the ignorance out you motherfuckers
You sleepin on this Teacha, let me get you out them covers
No time for sleeping, no choking, stay awoken
African still beat when the stick's broken
I'm flowing, mind open, chakras glowing
I realize the all seeing being is all knowing
[?] clean, no interruption [?]
From heaven we came from, so to heaven we going
We the first agriculturalists, we reap what we sowing
Know who you are, not just what the TV's showing

I came to find you, we are the gods!
I came to remind you, we are the gods!
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

Grow up, feed the needy, avoid the greedy
No one but us look like Akhenaten/Nefertiti
Not the painted bust of Nefertiti, but the Nefertiti
On the temple wall seen by all in Ancient graffiti
Heed me, 33 years ago, god freed me
Then she said she needed me to spit the truth for her weekly
Freely, easy open mics now don't teach me
My face gets sweaty, palms get all greasy
I start flashing shit, all you see is feces
Written shit, spitting shit, KRS a different species
This boy beast, he's slow and he's low
That is the tempo, when you know you know
Rappers come and go always claim they run the show til they feel that
Thunder blow, straight from the mother flow, gutter flow
Faced with bullshit, I spit the other flow, but bullshits a
Fertilizer, maybe they'll help these brothers grow, I don't know

I came to find you, we are the gods!
I came to remind you, we are the gods!
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

Queen mother, wake up. King father, wake up
You sleeping on this teaching, it's you I got to shake up
Wake em up, we the return of the Christ
Christ is not a man, it's a symbol of a community brought back to life

They got you looking for a red or white or blue savior
But here comes the black savior, Krishna gat blazer
Tongue sharp like that razor, original rap flavor
I speak in general terms cause I'm that major
Still got to paint you privately, don't lie to me
God is the Motorola mobilizing inside of me
My sheep know my voices, they choice and they flock to me
When knowledge reigns supreme, ignorance you not gon' see
Unite with me, and I'll unite with you
Don't fight with me, and I won't fight with you
Establish law, that's what we gotta do
The future's dependent on us, maybe this is not for you

I came to find you, we are the gods!
I came to remind you, we are the gods!
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Who You Are"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Imma switch up on y'all real quick
Racists in these places only see me as cattle
But I'm more like D'Jango on the horse with the saddle
Put a racists head in the gravel with the burner
Harriet Tubman, John Brown and the one Nat Turner
I'm a learner, I keep my head in a book
So when a racist start talking I could never be shook
I can never be took because I'm knocking their block off
Like crack dealers used to say let's get this rock off

You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy, you are

People ask why are you looting the stores
Why you burning down the business and city that's yours
First of all the city ain't mine it's yours
Democracy's a joke when capitalists write the laws
You critique my flaws and don't speak of yours
You only show the effects and never speak of the cause
I got no money, no help and no voice
With no way out I only got one choice
Brick through the glass, rock through the window
Tear gas moving anyway that the wind blow
Rubber bullets overhead, now we got to get low
But this was how slaves were treated from the get go
Robbery, invasion and rape
These are not criminal acts, these are the acts of the state
If you just waking up to this fact you a little late
For justice how long you think we gotta wait
Yeah, c'mon
Yeah, yeah, yeah, c'mon

You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy you are
You're claiming unity
This time it's time you see who you are

Liberate you mind, living ain't a crime
Innovate the time, renovate the rhyme
Every line and rhyme you're using
Generates confusion and bring your people a revolution
Winning not losing
Helping not using
Oppression, aggression and hate we refusing
If you really want change rewrite the constitution
But that's the one solution that they are not doing
So we sharpen the blade, clean out the barrel

Pick up the rock and the bow and the arrow
Pull out the gas mask and the protest apparel
For justice Imma go into battle

You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy you are
You're claiming unity
This time it's time you see who you are
Who you are
Who you are
You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy you are
You're claiming unity
This time it's time you see who you are
Who you are
Who you are

A close-up portrait of KRS-One, a Black man with a serious expression, wearing a black beanie and a black t-shirt. He has short dreadlocks visible at the sides. The background is a bright, clear blue sky with some faint city buildings visible in the distance on the left. The text 'KRS-ONE' is in the top left, and 'I M A M C R U 1 2' is at the bottom.

KRS-ONE

I M A M C R U 1 2

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Beginning"

Yo check your mic, let's check these levels
Check check check check
Ok word we got the sound, let me know when the break is coming in
Nah, there's no break I am just going straight through
Aight kick that shit

Heaven-sent I can prove this
Any crowd turn me up loud
KR will move this
Long before Easy- E is MC he was ruthless
Kickin rhyme, spittin 'rhyme, freestyle, I does this who's this
You don't know me homie I am the one and only
I turn you two into a toll and tell you, you owe me
You ain't gotta go to the past to know me homie
I'm KRS-One, my power is now add control
These rappers are phony and lonely
I catch 'em coming out of show me's
I don't Oscar or admire they baloney
No phony, I spit for the time from the mind
So when I spit on the head of course I am ahead of my time
Yes I am better with rhyme and it's evident I'm
The lyrically benevolent kind, this shit you never gonna find
I am spitting plenty medleys, this is work not a job
Rappers are crying like a boss or a verse they soft
That is when they get robbed and disappointment
They not anointed, I get em set up like an appointment
I spit the same heat you light the joint with, fire
Spit the truth no liar, heaven-sent this is higher
The might cooks, I write books, the heavyweight champion
This song becomes a knockout with the right hook
I am raw, meaning not cooked
These fake rappers heads are down
Because into the face of KRS they do not look
40 cal. style, rampampam like big drums
When I heat up the cup of the 420 it's done
Light up the Cheech with the Chong
I teach when I come
Knowledge reign is supreme
What these rappers is speaking is dumb
It's a treat when I come
I'm not what you used to
I'm the return of Khufu all over these tracks like Choo-Choo
I am the Guru, so when my teaching premiers it's Gang Starr
Hitting you and your man in the same car
These wack rappers, fuck who they are
KRS is like a hooligan, hittin' em all with the same bars
Hooligans, hittin em with the same bars
Yo' wack style just ain't ours, Venus to Mars

I'm teaching with bars, spitting these bars
But young'ns under 21 can't even get into these bars
So I don't blame 'em if they not seeing these bars
'Cause when I hit 'em with my universe all they seeing is stars
Speaking of bars when I spit one
You can see it's all about impact over and income
The big one, multi-directional and exceptionable
10 of my first 20 albums are all collect-able
You feel the heat when I am next to you
Truly legendary, underground undetectable and revolutionary
Most of what is going on today, you know we knew already
I try to teach our people of poverty
And took to many and shook to many
We can see what a curse is so I reemerge
So these young'ns who the first is
The minister, frying rap chickens like churches
And the worst is seeing your temperature taken by nurses
IV-bags, your family picking out hearses
It's like you at the ball-place center and you won't survive these verses
Sprite means spirit so I obey what my thirst is
The whole planet of this so called Earth is what my turf is
KRS-One...

Ok ok, hold on hold on, I got this
This shit is gon' be fire
Levels is on point
You sound good out here
Let's get this project started

KRS-One Lyrics

"Raw Hip Hop"

Let's go back (Let's go back, let's go back)
Back into time (Back into time, back into time)

Back in seventy-three in the borough of Bronx
Man, you couldn't be weak, man, you had to be smart
See, we talkin' 'bout streets, now we talkin' 'bout art
When we talkin' 'bout beats, man, we talkin' 'bout heart
We was rockin' a hard beat live in the park
Guns spark in the dark, it was all just a part
Of the eighties Bronx scene that created all
"How you know, KRS?" 'Cause I was there from the start
Sixteen-hundred Centric Avenue, that was the spot
Fifteen-twenty, hip-hop started right on my block
This original hip-hop whether you like it or not
I'm remindin' through this rhymin' 'cause you might have forgot

Drop on the spot, b-boys start pop
Live on the block, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, graf writers don't stop
Bottom to the top, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, MCs make it hot
Microphone pop, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, DJs on the chop
Cut, mix, scratch, this is raw—

See, when we would begin, think where the heroin in
They was really determined that we was never gon' win
But by lookin' within, we began to believe
That we was breakers and writers, DJs and MCs
We was so damn poor, we was eatin' free cheese
But that made us raw, we started eatin' MCs
This before the fees and the MTVs
When you walked in New York and your ears would freeze
Wildin' beats and [?], my necks and Ts
Night-long BVDs, we was fuckin' with these
We was fuckin' with this, we was fuckin' with that
But when the eighties came in, we started fuckin' with crack
And along with the crack came a big ol' gat
And along with the gat came a big ol' stack
'Cause if you ain't had that, you was the next to get jacked
This the way that it was, I'm just takin' it back

Drop on the spot, b-boys start pop
Live on the block, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, graf writers don't stop
Bottom to the top, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, MCs make it hot
Microphone pop, this is raw hip-hop

Drop on the spot, DJs on the chop
Cut, mix, scratch, this is raw—

This the way that it was, this the way that it went
Man, you had to survive, caught up with the rent
When the nineties arrived, eighties' money was spent
All them dudes that was live? To the prison they went
And the dudes that survived? They began to repent
Then they realized in rap, there was money to get
So gangstas became rappers, rappers became gangstas
Fake became the real for the payment

KRS-One Lyrics

"Krazy"

Yeah

My lyrics is crazy
They must be crazy
My lyrics is crazy

Kris is the Pharaoh, with bow and a arrow
We double the barrel gorilla apparel
The mightiest pharaoh don't think of a battle
My lyrics is comin' so crazy
Spittin' immaculate the actual factual front to the back of you
Clappin' and crackin' you hackin' the mac for you
Look at them laugh at you
Lyrics is coming so crazy
Spittin' with me now you see what I am teaching
Your mind I am reaching with all that I'm teaching
That love and that peace and it never will weaken the truth I am speaking is crazy
Truth I am speaking get used to repeating
The youth I am reaching
With proof of this teachin' I speak for a reason
So they can believe in the truth of MCin' it's crazy
Crackin' the back of these rappers
I'm passin' these actors, I'm faster
Spittin' metal natural rippin' clubs forever
We be coming better, spreading love forever, crazy
You hearing a pro, I'm spittin' the flow that you know
Higher level thinking I come to show
Knowledge of self is a thing you must know
You see what they playing, they steady betraying
The culture we making, exploiting and taking
Look at them faking what we are creating
Now you mistakin' what's real and what's fakin'
This thing they do for the money they making
They sell out their people, their culture, their nation
Sell out their soul for a radio station
So they could be playing in heavy rotation
You see what I'm saying, our culture they taking
But that's not enough, it's our spirit they breaking
And only the culture can see what I'm saying
'Cause only the culture will see them betraying
You see what they playing, you see what they saying
And you can not see us, our people they slaying
Well, maybe you do, and then maybe you don't
And then maybe you will and then maybe you won't
But it's our community, that's who's at hope of
The greed and the crime and the police are chokin'
The TV is playin' that okely-doke while our people are dyin'
You seein' them choke with that cheatin' and lyin'

They tellin' our people, now this is they hope
But did anything change with the last vote?
The time before that did we pass something?
All we've been getting is Chapter 11
While racists with weapons are shooting our reverends
A message from Heaven with all that you getting
Get understanding, overstanding this lesson
With all of the blingin' and cash that you getting
You stumble for sure it's the poor you neglecting
The thieves and the liars they all in your section
I'm bringing my people in different directions

Crazy
My lyrics is crazy
I'm coming so crazy
Ha, they must be crazy

Yo
So here goes another my sisters and brothers
It's obvious KRS ain't like these others
I've been out the bed while they under the covers
I spit off the head while they babble and stutter
Not three and not two but the one is my number
I'm spitting my written I tour every summer
With every year I get younger and younger
But some want to doubt and continue to wonder, is crazy
They continue to blunder, is crazy
They continue to slumber
What I'm teaching is what I'm expressing
I'm teaching the streets that the mind is a weapon
Like anything you can perceive in perception
It's what you will manifest all in your section, it's crazy
Set up your own direction, crazy
Don't get caught up on complexion, crazy
This is that reason I'm spitting and books getting written
'Cause you be forgetting, it's crazy

Crazy
My lyrics is crazy
I'm coming so crazy

KRS-One Lyrics

"Can You Dance"

Can you dance?
I wanna see everybody on the dance floor right now
I'm 'bout to put you all on the test
Let's go!
Do you know the dances?
Do you know the hip-hop dances?
Let's see

This one is the raw for sure, takin' no chances
Bringin' back them old-school dancers, here's the answers
Whether you remember or you're new to this endeavor
Dance is a major part of this culture forever
What are we preservin' if the children ain't learnin'?
Culture ain't about just numberin' and just wordin'
Sometime you gotta show the culture and the art
Let's start with the Biz Mark dance—come on, everybody

After the Biz Mark, the party 'bout to get sparked
This is that moment you get live, get courage, get hard
I spit art, I'm one of a kind, they not me
I'm digitally underground like Shock-G
Speakin' of Shock-G, when I jump, we jump
That's Kris Kross but I'm talkin' 'bout Humpty Dump
When you up, you up, what? This is your chance
Come on, everybody, let's do the Humpty Dance, let's go!

Whoo

Now that was the Humpty, now let's get it chunky
Like Biz used to say, "Yo, let's get funky"
Funky with the funk flow, we don't stop
Right about now, we gonna take it to the wop
Remember the wop? Feet slide, shoulder drop?
We did it in the clubs, we even did it on the block
Ready, set, go—stand on your spot
Take it to the top, come on, y'all—let's do the wop

Watch this

Woppin' non-stop in hip-hop and we drop it
We ain't even get yet to poppin' or lockin'
It's shockin' how many dance moves we came in
Obviously me and the ancestors got the same gift
The same lift, the same rift and the same spliff
Like Bob Marley said, "When the music hits, it's painless"
You can't tame this or hate this, you gotta love me
Come on, y'all, let me see you do the dougie

Whoo
That's right
That's right
This that part where we go freestyle
Some of y'all doin' the Cabbage Patch
Some of y'all doin' the Running Man
Let me see what you got, come on
Freestyle!
Free, free, freestyle, come on, y'all
Yeah, where all my b-boys at?
Where all my b-girls at?
Okay, we out

KRS-One Lyrics

"Achieving The Levels"

(Ok I see how you doin' it, that was dope
I got this gutter shit lined up, I know you ain't tired)

(What? Ha ha ha. Really?)

I ain't even tryin' or peekin'
I just ripped a club down last weekend
I'm no trick but I'm treating rappers like Halloween
They all costume no substance and that's what hollow means
They really empty like a lot of fiends
They holding a hundred but they don't really know what a one dollar means
They slaves to slave economies
Sellouts and traitors posing as hip-hop, we got a lot of these
So I be spittin' my philosophies with evidence
No doubt this is the route so why the hesitance?
Is it because I'm spittin' with divine intelligence and excellence and you hearing rhymes that are irrelevant?
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, KRS is how I'm spellin' it
The top one of the top five and that's the end of it
I judge my pen when I sentence it
Then imprison your mind with my penmanship, but here's some better shit
Get with me, you forgot? Let me jog your memory
I'm a poor righteous teacher and a public enemy
Fake ass DJs, they do not play or even mention me
I'm scary, revolutionary. Fake? I will never be
Real I'll forever be
I'm a whole different entity
I spit rhymes by the mouth and by telepathy
Health love awareness and wealth, that's the recipe
I'm 50 and 20 year olds can't match the energy
On stage I'm in a rage, yeah it's like 10 of me
Disrespect the teacher, you know the penalty
KRS-One, I'm from a whole different century
I'm paid in full so you can ch-ch-check out my melody
Murderin' mics, they chargin' me with a felony
But I can't be caught because the ancestors dwell in me
Movin' with hesitancy when you mentionin' me
I'm an original MC, get your T-I-C-K-E-T
The mic grabber, beat stabber, street grammar, heat blaster
I stay chunky and hungry so I eat faster
Gobble gobble gobble most rappers are hollow
So KRS-One becomes that hard act to follow
Hard beats, hard rhymes, hard cuttin'
"Wha-dot-dot-dot-dang!" gets the whole place jumpin'
This is that original Boogie Down Productions
Last of them true MCs that still function
Boom bap, boom bap
When the mic turns on, dudes be like, "Who's that?"
Crowd rushin' in, security's like, "Move back!"

Real skill, that's what a lot of you lack
I'm turnin' on my mic to reveal a new batch
Rappers say they great, but compared to Kris, who match?
Amber alert on the phone when you snatched
How you a DJ? You ain't even start from scratch

(Yeah I know you waitin', I'm just messin' with the reverb a little bit, just keep goin' and I'll tell you when to stop)

You still here? It ain't over yet
Knowledge reigns, so I'ma leave 'em soaking wet
If you listenin' to a legend, this is what you supposed to get
Real skill, my utmost respect, or a broken neck
Flawless rawness I pour this through the cordless, all this is lawless
I'm the tallest, people say, "Give me more Kris!"
You can't ignore this you know you saw this, the extensive tallest is flawless
We on this because dope is what they call this
So from the gutter the number one, he comes from under from the hood when the hood was a hood and it
peaked in summer
We used to speak our rhymes to Funky Drummer
We called it The Dozens, a competition of words, jokes about your mother
Now knowledge reigning supreme like no other
The soul brother whose beats and words so gutter
No wonder this brother when he utters you don't blow
Not with the gun though, with the one flow, you like, "Fuck no!"
This no luck though, I'm one bro
You can now catch me teaching in Brick City at 55 Ludlow
Dudes be like, "Uh oh, we in trouble"
King of the jungle, no time to mumble, kingdom's gonna crumble
I step they stumble I be like bumble a one-two to run to a traitor like fuck you and bring the truck through
I gets down but you can't see what I'm up to
I'm tacklin' rappers like, "Hut one! Hut two!"
When I come through

(Ok ok we good, let's change up the flow)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Knock Em Out"

Wooh, oh
Joe Riggs, what you saying

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

Yeah, I'm spitting truth, ain't nothing fancy
Fake — I can't be, with this microphone I'm handy
Radio and video bans me, they can't stand me
I'm the opposite of these hoes dancing in panties
Truth seeker, I write for people, not a grammy
The true Teacha, teaching about ancestors and family
The proof seeker, bringing evidence, not the fallacy
The new leader, bringing solutions to the insanity
This strategy avoid calamity and tragedy
Do not let technology run off with your humanity
I deal with reality, not Lemon or Hannity
This is why most of these rappers is not matching me
It's a catastrophe that got you looking at a screen
And the screen is showing you scenes of what your culture means
As for society and poverty, drug dealers and fiends
These ain't the images that tell you what your culture means
Rappers like KRS-One are nowhere on the scene
They promote rappers than contradict Dr. King's Dream
These acts are deliberate, they're part of the same scheme
Cops shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny, so don't you dare laugh
Just another case about the wrong path
Straight and narrow or you will not last
Slick Rick told y'all, goodnight

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

Knock Em Out the box Kris, Kris already got this
This is what Hip Hop is, spitting my synopsis
A sellout? I am not this, pull out and cop this
Revolutionary topic right over the hot shit
Video is for your optics, that's why you watch this
But it can become hypnotic if you do not stop it
Your mind you must unlock it from their phony topics
Focus on the truth, with proof, use your logic
Words are like purpose, character, you got it?
Or got 'em, invisible forces, can you spot 'em?

The blind continues to lead the blind to the bottom
Destroying their cities like Gomorrah and Sodom
I rock 'em with truth 'cause Knowledge Reigns Supreme
Cops shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny, so don't you dare laugh
Just another case about the wrong path
Straight and narrow or you will not last
Slick Rick told y'all, goodnight

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

Out the box Kris, like a stone I rock this
The beginner just eating dinner, no I am not this
I take it back to Schoolly D and Super Lover Cee
Steady B, I'm Three Times Dope or dope times three
You know me, I ain't stutter

Why do you think they never promote the original culture they putting us under

We all know the truth about Hip Hop and what it really is
But we sit and settle for what they peddle to little kids
I'm piping like a kettle, this mental man will flip your lid
Take it back to when we used to rap and DJs zig-a-zig
When you reverse EVIL, believe me people you really LIVE
Help, love or witnessing wealth, that's what I'm here to give
No I do not think of my self, I think of these future kids
Everything we doing today will determine how they live
Many DJs cutting and mixing but they ain't playing nothing
Many rappers, ripping and rapping but they ain't saying nothing
Corporate yelling, "Black Lives Matter!" but they stay fronting
That's why this Black Lives Rapper he keeps in way bumping
It ain't nothing, no assumptions, just facts
It seems Knowledge is Reigning Supreme and that's that
Bring it back, rappers rapping like we ain't under attack
They traders and our neighbors, which makes it doubly wack
Look at that while these corny ass rappers serving their fiends
Cop shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny, so don't you dare laugh
Just another case about the wrong path
Straight and narrow or you will not last
Slick Rick told y'all, goodnight

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

KRS-One Lyrics

"I M A M C R U 1 2"

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

You spell it out as each letter I said to you

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

That's the title of the project that I'm sending to you

It's a message to MCs that whatever you do

Keep your skills tight, the future is depending on you

Never spit for only money or what they're handing to you

Spit for the people, try to predict what your man going to do

Get hungry on them, look at rappers with a cannibal view

I roll with an animal crew and we battled a few

But these days I'm spiting in a party after it's through

Cypher style, keeping it in with a spectacular view

You ain't attacking a crew, in fact we're clapping at you

I wish they would, so I could snap these rappers in two

I be rapping from the sound of the Kalamazoo

Smacking rappers around like the tennis racquets they do

I be spitting what's legitimate, factual, actual and true

Put the mic down for another sound, I am not going to do

I was there in the beginning, I'll be there when it's through

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

If you got a chance to spit it, what you gonna do?

I'm too hot to handle, too hot for fans too

When I spit my MC light, they say "we cram to understand you"

I stay hot like the Sudan do

Open your mind, I plan to

With real knowledge, nothing you can't do

Knowledge Reigns Supreme on these fakers I trample

Show up at the spot while they mumble and ramble

Pull out the wax, burn these rappers down like a candle

Watching them scramble, this is just a little example

The street teacher type, at the peak of height, the leader type

The street preacher type, culture keeper, divine speaker type

Truth seeker type, deeper type, seeking freedom type

The eager type, KRS-One, that's what he is like

Making sure the family eating right while we're seeking light

Real skill when I squeeze the mic you're gonna see tonight

146 and Broadway, that's the throwback

Broadway RT 86, that's where the show's at

Jump on the mic with no skill? You get your nose cracked

Me? I was drilling them, killing them, man, you know that

All Across 110 Street, Bobby Womack

Youngins saying "That's the OG, that's the ol' cat"

That's the teacher speaking that new rap and old rap

I'm giving you your heritage back, youngin, hold that

Uh huh

Uh huh

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

I like the sound of it

Only a few heads ever come around and shit

No getting around this shit, I'm pounding it

When I Ad Rock, I get so Beastie Boy I start growling spit

You drowning in it, my flow is like the OG Kush

You loving every ounce that you get

I made it out of the pit, no glam and no glit

This may be Run's House, but I'm the handyman pulling hammers real quick

You can't touch this, with a hand or a grip

Rappers avoiding the smoke like a cigarette after it's lit

I spit the tactical, mathematical, actual shit

After I spit, it's a grip I'm about to go get

Got skills? You a rapper? This the question for you

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

Turn to your friends, if they spit it, ask them too

I M A MC, R U 1 2?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Think Bigger"

(feat. G. Simone)

Gather round (oh yeah)

Think bigger

Think bigger

(This is about life)

Life

(Real life)

Real life

Your life

My life

Real life

Young and strugglin' out there buggin'

Let me sing a song for you

This song ain't for everybody, this is for the chosen few

Those that's born with purpose never worthless this is all for you

You hearin' me at this moment 'cause the spirit is calling you

Somethin' pressing inside revealing it's truth is calling you

But if you don't understand the acronym Simone brought to you

The media will lead your mind to do things you don't want to do

Like dissin' your own heritage and the lineage that belongs to you

This is what a colonists about, dissin' all of you

The past, the present, the future, and what you gonna do

It's not just about now, it's about tomorrow too

You are the cultural foundation of those that will follow you

Just like you model the past, the future gonna model you

So what from this era are you tellin' the future it has to do?

When the future looks back, will they really respect or laugh at you?

These are the real questions that real life will be asking you

But if you distracted by the temptations that they flashin' you

You won't see the opportunities that steady passin' you

This is why despite despite their criticisms I bring the class to you

Because culture ain't about now, it's about who comes after you

Think bigger

Think bigger

Think love

Hear me on this second take

KRS is never fake

Go ahead get your dinner plate

But let me now get somethin' straight

Ain't nobody hatin' on you youngins how you do your do

But you too young to see how these corporations are usin' you

Culturally abusing you, pickin' and choosin' you

Programmin' your mind through the music lines you cruisin' to

Think about the future you, the higher you, the super you

Or will the future you turn out to only be the stupid you?

Knowledge reigns supreme learn this theme it never goes away
The culture keeper, the teacher, this what I'm supposed to say
There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day
B-boys gettin' blown away but comin' outside anyway
We tried again outside in Cedar Park
Power from a street light made the place dark
But yo we didn't care, we turned it out
I don't know if you understand what I'm talkin' about
Remember Bronx River pullin' triggers countin' figures pourin' liquor
Lyric spitter shake and shiver glam and glitter
The mic mixer
I'm just a party ripper
OJ vodka sipper
Here's a little advice: think bigger

Think bigger
Think bigger
Think bigger
Think love
Think peace
Think life
Think free
Think bigger